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ON THE COSMIC RELATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

ON THE COSMIC RELATIONS

BY

HENRY HOLT

VOLUME II

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ON THE COSMIC RELATIONS

BOOK II, CONTINUED

CHAPTER XXXIV

HODGSON'S SECOND PIPER REPORT, 1892-5 (*Concluded*)

IV. Hodgson's Conclusions

CARRYING to an extreme the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, I will now give a few slices and some crumbs from Hodgson's masterly presentation of the considerations which led him, from a fuller knowledge than has yet been possessed by all other men put together, to put a spiritistic interpretation on Mrs. Piper's phenomena. I give these extracts, however, with considerable reluctance, because they cannot fall far short of being a positive injustice to the cause he had so much at heart, and to his presentation of it. To get the full force of his arguments sometimes requires pretty hard reading. Occasionally, to facilitate quotation, I transpose a word or two, or bracket in a phrase unencumbered with my initials, but never so as to affect the sense.

(Pr.XIII,323f.): "This recognition of friends appears to me to be of great importance evidentially, not only because it indicates some supernormal knowledge, but because, when all the circumstances are taken into consideration, they seem to point, in G. P.'s case, to an independent intelligence drawing upon its own recollections.... At the outset of the communications from G. P., he was particularly anxious—I describe it as it seemed *primâ facie to be*—to see the Howards and his father and mother for the purpose of clearing up some private matters.... On April 29th came the explanation from G. P. about the difficulties involved in the act of communicating, and I believe that I emphasized the importance of his always recognizing any friend of his who happened to attend a sitting, no matter what other communications he might wish to make. From that time onwards he has never failed to announce himself to, and to recognize, with the appropriate emotional and intellectual relations, the sitters who were known to G. P. living, and to give their names in one form or another, with one exception. This exception, however, seems to me to be as noteworthy as if the

recognition had been complete.... At Miss Warner's second sitting... January 7th, 1897... G. P. asked who she was. I said her mother was a special friend of Mrs. Howard.

"'I do not think I ever knew you very well. (Very little. You used to come and see my mother.) I heard of you, I suppose. (I saw you several times. You used to come with Mr. Rogers.) Yes, I remembered about Mr. Rogers when I saw you before. (Yes, you spoke of him.) Yes, but I cannot seem to place you. I long to place all of my friends, and could do so before I had been gone so long. You see I am farther away.... I do not recall your face. You must have changed.... (R. H.: Do you remember Mrs. Warner?) [Excitement in hand.] Of course, oh, very well. For pity sake are you her little daughter? (Yes.) By Jove, how you have grown.... I though so much of your mother, a charming woman. (She always enjoyed seeing you, I know.) Our tastes were similar (about writing?) Yes.... Ask her if she remembers the book I gave her to read. (I will.) And ask her if she still remembers me and the long talks we used to have at the home evenings. (I know she does.) I wish I could have known you better, it would have been so nice to have recalled the past. (I was a little girl).'

"[R. H.] The very non-recognition seems to me to afford an argument in favor of the independent existence of G. P., as contrasted with the conception of some secondary personality depending for its knowledge upon the minds of living persons.....

"There are thirty cases of true recognition [mine may make thirty-one. H.H.] out of at least one hundred and fifty persons who have had sittings with Mrs. Piper since the first appearance of G. P., and no case of false recognition.... The continual manifestation of this personality,—so different from Phinuit or other communicators,—with its own reservoir of memories, with its swift appreciation of any reference to friends of G. P., with its 'give and take' in little incidental conversations with myself, has helped largely in producing a conviction of the actual presence of the G. P. personality, which it would be quite impossible to impart by any mere enumeration of verifiable statements. It will hardly, however, be regarded as surprising that the most impressive manifestations are at the same time the most subtle and the least communicable."

At the first sitting of his most intimate friends, the Howards, on April 11, 1892, some six weeks after his death (Pr. XIII, 329f.),

"using the voice directly, he showed such a fullness of private remembrance and specific knowledge and characteristic intellectual and emotional quality pertaining to G. P. that, though they had previously taken no interest in any branch of psychical research, they were unable to resist the conviction that they were

actually conversing with their old friend G. P. And this conviction was strengthened by their later experiences.... At one of his early communications G. P. expressly undertook the task of rendering all the assistance in his power towards establishing the continued existence of himself and other communicators, in pursuance of a promise of which he himself [*i.e.,* his control? H.H.] reminded me, made some two years or more before his death, that if he died before me and found himself 'still existing,' he would devote himself to prove the fact, and in the persistence of his endeavor to overcome the difficulties in communicating as far as possible, in his constant readiness to act as amanuensis at the sittings, in the effect which he has produced by his counsels, to myself as investigator, and to numerous other sitters and communicators, he has, in so far as I can form a judgment in a problem so complex and still presenting so much obscurity, displayed all the keenness and pertinacity which were eminently characteristic of G. P. living.

"Finally, the manifestations of this G. P. communicating have not been of a fitful and spasmodic nature, they have exhibited the marks of a continuous living and persistent personality, manifesting itself through a course of years, and showing the same characteristics of an independent intelligence whether friends of G. P. were present at the sittings or not... [From early in 1892] up to the last series of sittings which I had with Mrs. Piper (1896-7), in a sitting which Evelyn Howard had in November, 1896, and in a sitting which Mrs. Howard (just then returned to America after between three and four years' absence in Europe) had since my departure from Boston in September, 1897, the same persistent personality has manifested itself, and what change has been discernible is a change not of any process of disintegration, but rather of integration and evolution.....

"But there were also failures [see Pr.XIII,331f.] which do not, however, seem to me to afford an argument against the 'identity' of G. P. I refer to prophecies and to descriptions of events occurring in our world after his death, and to attempts to find objects that were lost.... Nor, so far as I know, is there any indication in these groups of incidents that the wrong statements made depended telepathically upon the expectations of living persons.

"There is another type of incident yet [relating to the doings of absent people. H.H.] where G. P. made at least two notable failures and two notable successes.... These incidents point to a failure of supernormal power to see what is going on in our world as we see it, and suggest rather some form of perception of scenes in the subliminal consciousness, perhaps of telepathic nature.... On the whole this group of incidents appears to me to strengthen the evidence pointing to G. P.'s 'identity.'"

The failures were with average friends; the successes were

with his closest friends and his family. Hodgson very properly says (Pr. XIII, 335):

"That G. P. could get into some closer relation with his father and the Howards than with Miss M. or myself is intelligible; but it is not so obvious why Mrs. Piper's *secondary personality* should.....

"G. P. seemed to be able to distinguish much better than Phinuit which communicators were friends of a sitter, and which were, for the time being, outsiders, and he would, as it appeared, sometimes tell such outsiders to go away and not interrupt, and at other times make it clear that they were not connected with the sitter, and would give their messages in an 'aside,' as it were, to me."

(Pr.XIII,341f.): "I know of several instances where other communicators have had the opportunity of frequent communication through Mrs. Piper's trance during a course of several years, and at many of these sittings I have been present. They have strengthened my conviction that primarily depended upon the communications from G. P., but the sitters regard them as too personal for publication. The best things can obviously never or very seldom be reproduced; if they could be, they would prove themselves, by that very fact, to fall short of being the most convincing. And hence all one can offer is a few dry bones instead of a living and breathing personality, to use the words of the lady who prepared the following account. I shall call her Mrs. M.....

"'It is very difficult for me to explain—as Mr. Hodgson has requested me to—just what general effect the "sittings" have made on my mind. If I had never had a "sitting" with Mrs. Piper, and this report had been written by someone else, I am sure I should say: "There's not enough evidence here to prove that the living personality of the man called Roland ever reached his wife through Mrs. Piper's 'mediumship'; there is little beside coincidence, suggestions unconsciously made by the sitter to Mrs. Piper during the highly susceptible condition of her trance state, incidents that can be fully explained by thought-transference from living persons," etc., etc. I am quite sure I should never be convinced by any such report as this of the reality of "spirit return." Yet I am convinced of it, but it is because there is much in my "sittings" which *might* help to convince a stranger, which is of too personal a nature to quote, and perhaps the most convincing thing is the accumulation of little touches of personality which make the "sittings" so *real* to me, but which it would be almost impossible to reproduce in print. Peculiarities of expression in the writing and of manner in that wonderfully dramatic *hand* of Mrs. Piper's. Anyone who has had *a good sitting* with Mrs. Piper will know exactly what I mean. One feels the hand is alive with a distinct personality

very different from "Phinuit" (who has "controlled" the voice in all my sittings). The behavior of the hand when it is controlled by my husband or my brother is as distinct and as characteristic of the two men as anything of the kind could possibly be.

"'There is a great difference in the *quality* of the sittings; at some of them no irrelevant matter would be written, and at others much which sounded, as I have before said, like the odd scraps of conversation one might hear over a telephone wire. I have generally found that the poor sittings were on days when either Mrs. Piper or I was not up to our normal physical condition.'"

Was all the dramatic arrangement of the following a put-up job? If it was, who was the great dramatist that did it? If it was not, what was it? Hodgson writes:

(Pr.XIII,353f.): "The friend whom I have called Mr. Hart, to whom in the first instance G. P. manifested [in 1892. H.H.] ... died in Naples on May 2nd, 1895.... I heard incidentally on May 3rd [of] the death of Hart. My assistant Miss Edmunds went out to Mrs. Piper at my request to arrange a sitting for me for the next day.... I did not tell Miss Edmunds the reason, and she made a totally erroneous conjecture concerning it. The announcement of the death however, with the place, and cause of death (inflammation of the heart), appeared in a Boston evening paper on May 3rd. At the sitting on May 4th, after a few words from Phinuit, G. P. wrote and gave several messages from friends, and then asked what he could do for me. I replied that I had something for him to do, but could not tell him what it was. He made a brief reference to his father and mother, and then to a friend of my own, and then came the following:—

"'Hold, H. See all of these people bringing a gentleman. [R. H. thinks this is *unintentionally* written, and doesn't repeat the words aloud.]

"'Read ... do you see them, H.? (No.) He is coming here. I think I knew him. [R. H. can't decipher after *think*.] That I knew him. Come here and listen, H. He has been here before and I have seen him since I passed out. (Who is it?) John. "Do you see me, H.?" He says this. (No.) "What about my health, Oh George, I am here, do not go away from me," ... not to you, H., to me. (Yes, I understand.) "I thought I should see you once more before I came here." (What is the full name?) John H. (Give me the second name in full.) Did you speak? (Write the second name in full.) Hart. (That's right, Hart, old fellow.) "Will you listen to me, Hodg.... [Much excitement in hand, and letters jumbled over. G. P. writing throughout, but at times apparently much perturbation introduced.] George knew I was here and met me but I was too weak to come here and talk H."... Yes, H., but the dear old fellow is short breathed.... "I expected to see you before I came here, H.

(Yes, I hoped to have met you in the body again) but you see I was failing. How are you?" What [apparently from G. P. to Hart.] "I brought Ge—— here first.... I am a little dull, H., in my head." (Isn't the *light* good to-day?) Yes, but it is I, H., my (you mean *you* are not in good trim, George?) No no I Hart no, H. I Hart (I see, Hart is dull, Hart can't do so well.) [H. is the initial of Hart's real name. 1898. This date, often repeated, is of additional annotations made shortly before publication. H.H.] [Thump with fist. Much thumping with fist during sitting indicative of assent at different times.] ... Will they send my body on to New York? (I don't know.) I hope they will. They are now talking about it." [I learned later that the desirability of taking the body to America was discussed.]'

"When I asked, 'Why didn't George tell me to begin with?' he replied, 'because I told him to let me come and tell myself.' This was like Hart, and so was the statement quoted above that it was he who brought G. P. first."

It will be remembered that G. P. first appeared to Hart as sitter. It is worth noting that as G. P. had in the "other world" no intimate friend in the habit of communicating, it took a month to put in an appearance here through Phinuit, but Hart, on arriving there, at once communicated through his intimate friend, the practised communicator G. P., to his other intimate friend Hodgson, and apparently was enabled or assisted by G. P., to communicate himself. This fits in with the general drift of suggestion. In time we may know what weight to attach to it. It certainly raises the sort of presumption that invites a faith that the "evidential" difficulties will sometime be explained. Hodgson resumes:

(Pr.XIII,357f.): "In my previous report on Mrs. Piper's trance (*Proceedings,* Vol. VIII) in discussing the claims of Phinuit to be a 'spirit' and to be in communication with the 'deceased' friends of sitters, I urged that there were almost insuperable objections to the supposition that such 'deceased' persons were in direct communication with Phinuit, *at least in anything like the fullness of their personality.*... I am now fully convinced that there has been such actual communication through Mrs. Piper's trance, but that the communication has been subject to certain unavoidable limitations, the general nature of which I shall shortly indicate.... With the advent of the G. P. intelligence, the development of the automatic writing, and the use of the hand by scores of other alleged communicators, the problem has assumed a very different aspect. The dramatic form has become an integral part of the phenomenon. With the hand writing and the voice speaking at the same time on differ-

ent subjects and with different persons, with the hand writing on behalf of different communicators at the same sitting, with different successive communicators using the hand at the same sitting, as well as at different sittings, it is difficult to resist the impression that there are here actually concerned various different and distinct and individually coherent streams of consciousness. To the person unfamiliar with a series of these later sittings, it may seem a plausible hypothesis that perhaps one secondary personality might do the whole work, might use the voice and write contemporaneously with the hand. ["If you believe that, you'll believe anything." H.H.] ... I do not, however, think it at all likely that he would continue to think it plausible after witnessing and studying the numerous coherent groups of memories connected with different persons, the characteristic emotional tendencies distinguishing such different persons, the excessive complication of the acting required, and the absence of any apparent bond of union for the associated thoughts and feelings indicative of each individuality, save some persistent basis of that individuality itself."

(Pr.XIII,360): "I do not find any evidence tending to show that the bond of continuity in the case of the most successful communicators depends for its existence upon the minds of living persons.... The mixtures of truth and error bear no *discernible* relation to the consciousness of the sitters, but suggest the action of another intelligence groping confusedly among its own remembrances. And as further light appears in this confused groping, the bonds of association appear more and more to be traceable to no other assignable personality than that of the deceased. It is not this or that isolated piece of private knowledge merely, not merely this or that supernormal perception of an event occurring elsewhere, not merely this or that subtle emotional appreciation for a distant living friend,—but the union of all these in a coherent personal plan *with responsive intellect and character* [Italics mine. H.H.] that suggests the specific identity once known to us in a body incarnate."

(Pr.XIII,361f.): "'Why,' they [objectors] will say, 'if discarnate persons are really communicating, do they not give us much more evidence?... Take the communications as a whole, and we find them coming very far short indeed of what we should expect from the real friends who once lived with us.'.....

"It may well be that the aptitude for communicating clearly may be as rare as the gifts that make a great artist, or a great mathematician, or a great philosopher. [Why not a great medium? H.H.]... It may well be that, owing to the change connected with death itself, the 'spirit' may at first be much confused, and such confusion may last for a long time.... If my own ordinary body could be preserved in its present state, and I could absent myself from it for days or months or years, and continue my existence under another set

of conditions altogether, and if I could then return to my own body, it might well be that I should be very confused and incoherent at first in my manifestations by means of it. How much more would this be the case were I to return to *another* human body.... Now the communicators through Mrs. Piper's trance exhibit precisely the kind of confusion and incoherence which it seems to me we have some reason *à priori* to expect if they are actually what they claim to be. And G. P. himself appeared to be well aware of this. Thus he wrote on February 15th, 1894:—

"'Remember we share and always shall have our friends in the dream-life, *i.e.,* your life so to speak, which will attract us forever and ever, and so long as we have any friends *sleeping* in the material world;—you to us are more like as we understand sleep, you look shut up as one in prison, and in order for us to get into communication with you, we have to enter into your sphere, as one like yourself asleep. [Is this the twaddle that so many friends say G. P. could not have talked? H.H.] This is just why we make mistakes as you call them, or get confused and muddled, so to put it, H. [R. H. repeats in his own language.] Your thoughts do grasp mine. Well now you have just what I have been wanting to come and make clear to you, H., old fellow. (It is quite clear.) Yes, you see I am more awake than asleep, yet I cannot come just as I am in reality, independently of the medium's light. (You come much better than the others.) Yes, because I am a little nearer and not less intelligent than some others here.'"

(Pr.XIII,371f.): "The complex mass of manifestations falls into systematic order if we relate them to the supposed still existing personalities of the dead, and they fall into no systematic order in relation to the consciousnesses of the living. There are perturbations in the results which vary according to the invisible personalities who claim to be there, and not according to visible living persons.....

"The sitter who hopes for a communication from a 'deceased' friend can scarcely expect to get it unless his thoughts and emotions are directed towards that friend with longing sympathy. [I got at least the semblance without any thought of who was to communicate, and shut off any communication that threatened to come from anyone specially dear to me. But perhaps I did not need any 'longing sympathy,' as Phinuit says I am a medium. H.H.] It may well be supposed that such a friend though living in 'another world' may be conscious of such an appeal, but it would be unreasonable to suppose that the 'dead' are perpetually waiting upon the living, whether the latter are longing for their presence or not. And it may even be that the state of mind of some persons is actually repellent to the efforts which their 'deceased' friends make to communicate, as I have witnessed, I believe, on more than one occasion.....

"There are of course many cases where communicators appear who were not in the conscious minds of the sitters, and these taken together point as a group to the existence of independent intelligences.... [Once as] Mrs. Piper was coming out of the trance, the voice shouted excitedly, 'Tell Aleck Bousser [pseudonym] ... not to leave them alone.' Miss Edmunds [the sitter] knew nothing of Aleck Bousser, but he was well-known to me.... I sent the message immediately to A. B., and received the following reply:—

"'There certainly do happen to be some people I just was happening to have been debating about in my own mind in a way that makes your short message perfectly significant and natural. I am sorry thus to be obliged to feed your credulity, for I hate your spirits.'

"..... That Madame Elisa should select some significant circumstance in connection with living friends or relatives is intelligible; but to suppose that a fragment of Mrs. Piper's personality selects it is not intelligible,—it is not explanatory, and suggests no order."

Of confused communications from persons who had had long illnesses or disordered minds, he says (Pr. XIII, 375f.):

"To suppose that the mass of facts associated in my mind, supraliminal and subliminal, with A., and bound by strong sympathy, should result in incoherencies of expression from 'A.' when contemporary communications from other persons were clear, is not explanatory. The circumstances suggest a confusion in the actual communicator A., and when we remember that his head frequently troubled him for some years before his death, and when we find a similar confusion manifesting itself in connection with other communicators who suffered for a long time under confusing bodily conditions, the facts begin to fall into order.... Prolonged bodily disturbance, especially if associated with mental disturbance, in the communicator while living, seems invariably to be followed by confusion in his early attempts at communication.....

"In all these cases the confusion persisted through varying conditions of Mrs. Piper's trance, and while clear communications were received from other persons; and yet, so far as the sitters' minds were concerned, there seemed no assignable reason why the communications were not clear originally, or did not soon become clear, if dependent upon living persons.... We get all varieties of communication; some of them, purporting to come from persons who when living were much mentally disturbed, suggesting the incoherency of delirium; others of them, purporting to come from persons who have been dead very many years, suggesting a fainter dreaminess; others, purporting to come from persons recently deceased whose minds have been clear, showing a corresponding clearness in communication....

My own conclusion as to what might be anticipated in such cases, where the communicators when living suffered from prolonged bodily weakness or extreme mental disturbance, is a late induction of my own, forced upon me by experience, and strengthened by various statements of the communicators themselves concerning the causes of confusion."

(Pr.XIII,377f.): "Again, that persons just 'deceased' should be extremely confused and unable to communicate directly, or even at all, seems perfectly natural after the shock and wrench of death. Thus in the case of Hart (p. 517), he was unable to write the second day after death. In another case (Pr.XIII,440) a friend of mine, whom I may call D., wrote, with what appeared to be much difficulty, his name and the words, 'I am all right now. Adieu,' within two or three days of his death. In another case, F., a near relative of Madame Elisa (Pr.XIII,335), was unable to write on the morning after his death.[1] On the second day after, when a stranger was present with me for a sitting, he wrote two or three sentences, saying, 'I am too weak to articulate clearly,' and not many days later he wrote fairly well and clearly, and dictated also to Madame Elisa, as amanuensis, an account of his feelings at finding himself in his new surroundings. Both D. and F. became very clear in a short time. D. communicated later on frequently, both by writing and speech, chiefly the latter, and showed always an impressively marked and characteristic personality. Hart, on the other hand, did not become so clear till many months later. I learned long afterwards that his illness had been much longer and more fundamental than I had supposed.

"[1] [Note.]—The notice of his death was in a Boston morning paper, and I happened to see it on my way to the sitting. The first writing of the sitting came from Madame Elisa, without my expecting it. She wrote clearly and strongly, explaining that F. was there with her, but unable to speak directly, that she wished to give me an account of how she had helped F. to reach her. She said that she had been present at his death-bed, and had spoken to him, and she repeated what she had said, an unusual form of expression, and indicated that he had heard and recognized her. This was confirmed in detail in the only way possible at that time, by a very intimate friend of Madame Elisa and myself, and also of the nearest surviving relative of F. I showed my friend the account of the sitting, and to this friend, a day or two later, the relative, who was present at the death-bed, stated spontaneously that F. when dying said that he saw Madame Elisa who was speaking to him, and he repeated what she was saying. The expression so repeated, which the relative quoted to my friend, was that which I had received from Madame Elisa through Mrs. Piper's trance, when the death-bed incident was of course entirely unknown to me."

(Pr.XIII,380): "There is often a confusion in result which

is not the confusion of the communicator's mind.... Thus when 'Mrs. Mitchell' was requested to repeat words which we had difficulty in deciphering, she wrote:—

"'No, I can't, it is too much work and too weakening, and I cannot repeat—you must help me and I will prove myself to you. I cannot collect my thoughts to repeat sentences to you. My darling husband, I am not away from you, but right by your side. Welcome me as you would if I were with you in the flesh and blood body. [Sitter asks for test.]... I cannot tell myself just how you hear me, and it bothers me a little... how do you hear me speak, dear, when we speak by thought only? But your thoughts do not reach me at all when I am speaking to you, but I hear a strange sound and have to half guess.'

"[H.] Of such confusions as I have indicated above I cannot find any satisfactory explanation in 'telepathy from the living,' but they fall into a rational order when related to the personalities of the 'dead.'"

(Pr.XIII,382f.): "Much light seems to me to have been thrown upon Phinuit's mistakes and obscurities and general method of trying to get at facts, in what were on the whole bad sittings, by comparison of the results obtained from the various communicators writing directly or using G. P. as amanuensis; and I feel pretty sure that much of Phinuit's 'fishing' was due to the confusions of the more or less comatose communicators whose minds had let loose, so to speak, a crowd of earthly memories. And in cases where we should *a priori* be led to expect that the communicators would certainly not be confused, or, if they were confused, the confusion would not make much difference, Phinuit was particularly successful. These cases, in which there was also a little direct communication with the voice, seem to me to afford a special argument in themselves in favor of the 'spirit' hypothesis. They may be contrasted with the type of extreme failures which I have connected with chronic morbid habits or disruptive dominant ideas. The cases I refer to are those of little children recently deceased."

This seems to me a very strong point. Its force will be realized by most of those who read the Sutton and Thaw sittings. Phinuit, "the preposterous old scoundrel," is eminently "the children's friend."

(Pr.XIII,390): "In very good sittings of the old type, the sitter's surname was rarely given. What is it, then, that in the G. P. communications happened to give the surnames of the particular group of persons known to G. P.? What is it that selected the thirty persons recognized as G. P.'s friends and knew their appropriate relations with G. P. living? Why should the supposed Mrs. Piper's telepathic power succeed so strangely with these G. P. recognitions, and be so failing and uncertain in

the case of so many persons who happened to be unknown to G. P. living? What was it that picked out the old associations of Marte and the club with Mr. Smith, and yet, with all this supposed telepathic capacity failed to recognize Miss Warner, who had changed so much that G. P. living would probably not have recognized her, but who knew well herself, as I did also, that she had met G. P. in years gone by? . . . It suggests the existence of something which has the perceptions and memories of G. P. . . . Otherwise we must make some such extraordinary supposition as that all G. P.'s friends were good telepathic agents with Mrs. Piper as percipient, and . . . that they showed this united telepathic capacity only as regards their relations with G. P."

(Pr.XIII,367): "It will be obvious, I think, upon such considerations as these, and similar ones, that the confusion and failure which we find in Mrs. Piper's trance communications, are so far from being what we should *not* expect, that they are exactly what we *should* expect, if the alleged spirits are communicating."

Hodgson sums up his conclusions as follows (Pr. XIII, 391f.):

"The persistent failures of many communicators under varying conditions; the first failures of other communicators who soon develop into clearness in communicating, and whose first attempts apparently can be made much clearer by the assistance of persons professing to be experienced communicators; the special bewilderment, soon to disappear, of communicators shortly after death and apparently in consequence of it; the character of the specific mental automatisms manifest in the communications; the clearness of remembrance in little children recently deceased as contrasted with the forgetfulness of childish things shown by communicators who died when children many years before,—all present a definite relation to the personalities alleged to be communicating, and are exactly what we should expect if they are actually communicating under the conditions of Mrs. Piper's trance manifestations. The results fit the claim.

"On the other hand these are not the results which we should expect on the hypothesis of telepathy from the living. That persons who must be assumed on this hypothesis to be good agents otherwise, should fail continuously and repeatedly with certain persons as 'communicators'; that first communicators of a clearer type should show, especially when themselves professedly directly communicating, the peculiar strangeness which they do even to experienced agents who are familiar with the *modus operandi* of the communication; that there should be a special temporary bewilderment shown in cases immediately after death and that this should be followed in a few days by a comparatively complete clearness in various cases where there is

no assignable change in the agent (unless it were a *diminution* of his telepathic power); that there should be specific mental automatisms which suggest, not the mind of the supposed agent, or the mind of the supposed percipient, but the mind of the 'deceased' person; that memories of little children recently deceased should have a special telepathic agency,—such results we have no reason to expect from what we know or have reason to surmise concerning telepathic action between one incarnate living person and another.

"Further there are certain kinds of successes with particular communicators connected with their knowledge and recognition of friends, shown most notably in the case of G. P., but exhibited to some extent by others also (*e.g.,* Madame Elisa and Louis R.) which suggest the recollections and continued interest in personal friends living which we should naturally expect from the alleged communicators themselves, but for which there seems to be no adequate cause in Mrs. Piper's percipient personality.

"In general, then, we may say that there are on the one hand various *limitations* in the information shown through Mrs. Piper's trance, which are *primâ facie* explicable on the assumption that it comes from the alleged communicators, and for which we can find no corresponding limitations in the minds of living persons; and on the other hand, that there are various selections of information given in connection with particular communicators, which are intelligible if regarded as made by the alleged communicators themselves, but for which discrimination there is no satisfactory explanation to be found by referring them to Mrs. Piper's personality. With one class of *deceased* persons Mrs. Piper's supposed telepathic percipience fails; with another class it succeeds; and it fails and succeeds apparently in accordance with what we should expect from the minds of the deceased, and not in accordance with what we should expect from the minds of living persons acting upon Mrs. Piper's percipient personality.... I do not think that there is evidence enough producible to make this pointing a certainty. But, so far as it goes, it suggests that the 'natural grouping' of the facts affiliates them to the personalities of the dead.....

"If the information given at the sittings, both in matter and form, was limited by the knowledge possessed by the sitters, we should have no hesitation in supposing that it was derived from their minds, telepathically or otherwise; but enough examples are cited in this report alone to show that the information given is not so limited. We must then make the arbitrary suppositions that Mrs. Piper's percipient personality gets into relation with the minds of distant living persons, (1) who are intimate friends of the sitters at the time of the sitting (*e.g.,* Pr.XIII, 297, Hart's sitting and references to the studs and the Howards, etc.), and (2) who are scarcely known, or not at all known, to the sitter (*e.g.,* MacDonough messages, p. 340, and Aleck Bousser

message, p. 372). And many of these distant living persons had, so far as they knew, never been near Mrs. Piper. These cases then compel us to assume a selective capacity in Mrs. Piper's percipient personality, and not only selective as to the occurrences themselves, but discriminative as to the related persons; that is to say, attaching the various pieces of knowledge respectively to the fictitious personalities whom, if real and living, the events in question would have concerned. If now we widen this supposed percipient personality of Mrs. Piper, and differentiate its parts so as to cover all the various successes of the communicators described in this report, with the verisimilitudes of the different personalities of the 'deceased,' and so as to cover also all the types of confusion and failure, and so as to allow for the yet increasing number of new communicators, we reach a conception which goes as far as the 'spirit' hypothesis itself."

To the point touched before—the liability of the sympathetic sitter to be fooled—Hodgson contributes as follows (Pr. XIII, 396):

"If the investigator persistently refuses to regard the communications as coming from the sources claimed, he will not get the best results. If, on the other hand, he acts on the hypothesis that the communicators are 'spirits,' acting under adverse conditions, and if he treats them as he would a living person in a similar state, he will find an improvement in the communications.... To describe it as it appears, the 'spirit' in the attempt to communicate seemed like a living friend wandering in his mind owing to an accident. To clear such a person's mind we should soothe him, not bother him with questions, but let him unburden his mind of whatever his dominant ideas were, remind him of strong associations that were dear to him, express sympathy, etc., etc.; but to ask him one question after another, to put him through a cross-examination and expect him to have all the answers ready at once, would obviously not be conducive to anything but a worse confusion. And having tried the hypothesis of telepathy from the living for several years, and the 'spirit' hypothesis also for several years, I have no hesitation in affirming with the most absolute assurance that the 'spirit' hypothesis is justified by its fruits, and the other hypothesis is not."

(Pr.XIII,398-9): "Since Phinuit's 'departure' [explained below] the voice has been used on a few rare occasions only, and almost exclusively by communicators who purported to be relatives of the sitters, and who had used the voice before Phinuit's 'departure.'... But there never seemed to be any confusion between the personality using the hand, whether this was 'clear' or not, and the personality using the voice."

This consideration and those before associated with it seem

to me more for the spiritistic hypothesis than any others which we have met so far.

I may have occasion to quote farther from this Hodgson report.

We have seen the explosion of the Imperator gang. We now have the honor to assist at its reconstruction. Make out of it what you can: it's too much for me. The puzzle is that the thing *worked*. Hodgson thus refers to Professor Newbold's sittings (Pr. XIII, 408f.):

"In the summer of 1895, when a friend of mine was having a series of sittings with Mrs. Piper ... statements were made by G. P. denying the so-called 'obsession by evil spirits.' My friend referred to the alleged 'Spirit Teachings' published by W. S. Moses, and ... later on W. S. Moses purported to communicate. ... He was confused and incoherent ... gave entirely wrong names ... concerning the real identity of the Imperator, Doctor and Rector mentioned in his 'Spirit Teachings,' and failed later ... to answer test-questions. ... Later still, however, he did furnish some private information unknown to the sitters and afterwards verified. .....

"I pointed out to G. P. the importance of making W. S. Moses 'clear.' ... The final result was that W. S. Moses professed to get the assistance of his former 'controls,' who ... demanded that the control of Mrs. Piper's 'light' should be placed in their hands. ... 'Imperator' claimed that the indiscriminate experimenting with Mrs. Piper's organism should stop, that it was a 'battered and worn' machine, and needed much repairing; that 'he' with his 'assistants,' 'Doctor,' 'Rector,' &c., would repair it as far as possible, and that in the meantime other persons must be kept away. ... Phinuit's last appearance was on January 26th, 1897. Later on, other alleged 'communicators' were specified as persons who would not injure the 'light' ... and various persons who have had sittings in previous years with Mrs. Piper had opportunities of being present, and ... were all struck by the improvement in the clearness and coherence of the communications. ... Most remarkable has been the change in Mrs. Piper herself. ... Instead of the somewhat violent contortions ... when Phinuit 'controlled,' she passes into trance calmly, easily, gently; and whereas there used to be frequently indications of dislike and shrinking when she was losing consciousness, the reverse is now the case; she seems rather to rejoice at her 'departure,' and to be in the first instance depressed and disappointed when, after the trance is over, she 'comes to herself' once more in this 'dark world' of ours. ... Various attempts by these new 'controls' to describe contemporaneous incidents occurring elsewhere in this world have been notable failures. On

the other hand there have been a few cases ... where opportunity has been given for tests purporting to come from recently 'deceased' persons ... the results as a whole have been much clearer and more coherent than they were in similar cases formerly. 'Imperator' occasionally purported to produce the writing, not, however, as amanuensis for any other person, and seemed to be free, in a way that no other communicator was free, from 'writing' the disturbing thoughts of other communicators. [This accords with his claim to superiority. H.H.] The chief amanuensis now purports to be 'Rector.' G. P. would occasionally write a little, making some personal inquiries, etc."

Regarding Imperator and his companions, James says something which goes to the root of the whole business, and which, though it is episodic to the Hodgson narrative, may as well be considered here (Pr. XXIII, 3):

"Dr. Hodgson was disposed to admit the claim to reality of Rector and of the whole Imperator-Band of which he is a member, while I have rather favored the idea of their all being dream-creations of Mrs. Piper, probably having no existence except when she is in trance, but consolidated by repetition into personalities consistent enough to play their several rôles. Such at least is the dramatic impression which my acquaintance with the sittings has left on my mind. I can see no contradiction between Rector's being on the one hand an improvised creature of this sort, and his being on the other hand the extraordinarily impressive personality which he unquestionably is. He has marvelous discernment of the inner states of the sitters whom he addresses, and speaks straight to their troubles as if he knew them all in advance. He addresses you as if he were the most devoted of your friends. He appears like an aged and, when he speaks instead of writing, like a somewhat hollow-voiced clergyman, a little weary of his experience of the world, endlessly patient and sympathetic, and desiring to put all his tenderness and wisdom at your service while you are there. Critical and fastidious sitters have recognized his wisdom, and confess their debt to him as a moral adviser. With all due respect to Mrs. Piper, I feel very sure that her own waking capacity for being a spiritual adviser, if it were compared with Rector's, would fall greatly behind."

"With all due respect" for Professor James's opinion, I think I do "see 'a' contradiction," and I see the contradiction because, with Professor James, "I feel very sure that her own waking capacity for being a spiritual adviser, if it were compared with Rector's, would fall greatly behind."

If the Imperator band were merely, as James suggests,

"dream creations . . . consolidated by repetition into personalities," and if in "her own waking capacity" "compared with Rector's" she would "fall greatly behind," how could she make anything "consolidated by repetition" so superior to herself? How can she do better as Rector than she can as herself? The whole scheme seems to me akin to the DuPrel and Myers scheme of making a man lift himself higher than his head by his own boot-straps; and beside it the spiritistic hypothesis seems simplicity and probability themselves. But this does not prove the spiritistic hypothesis the correct one, though it does add probability to the hypothesis of the cosmic soul with telepathy of varying degrees between its individual components.

Considerable study of reports of séances, and a little experience with Foster and Mrs. Piper, have failed to give me any reason to believe that Mrs. Piper, in either the normal or the trance state, manifests, *from her own mind,* a power of characterization equal, if not superior, to any other ever manifested on earth, and a fertility certainly unequaled. She has either been the mouthpiece of actual characters, or has made many more characters than Shakespere did, including the Rector whom James so praises—all of them individual, distinct, and vivid. I fail even to see any adequate reason why, in her trance state, she should, *of herself,* manifest powers so immeasurably superior to any that she shows in her ordinary state. The simplest individual, incarnate (or discarnate?), of course manifests *himself* in a way that the most skilful dramatist could not equal, and it may well be questioned whether it is not more rational to assume that the hundreds of alleged personalities dramatized in the words and gestures of Mrs. Piper are manifestations by the personalities themselves, than that they are creations of some as yet unknown kind of genius residing in some layer of Mrs. Piper's consciousness, and getting its material from fragments among her own memories or those of other living persons, present or remote.

Hodgson closes his report (Pr. XIII, 409):

"It has been stated repeatedly that the 'channel is not yet clear,' that the machine is still in process of repair; and it has been prophesied that I shall myself return eventually to America and spend several years further in the investigation of Mrs.

Piper's trance, and that more remarkable evidence of identity will be given than any heretofore obtained."

He did return and continue his beloved work for several years. We shall meet him again in the second instalment of Professor Newbold's notes heretofore unpublished. (Chapter XXXVI.) After that we shall know him only as an alleged denizen of the spirit world, and perhaps his testimony in that capacity was part of the "more remarkable evidence of identity" promised.

CHAPTER XXXV

PROFESSOR NEWBOLD'S REPORT

In 1891-5 Professor William Romaine Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania had twenty-six sittings with Mrs. Piper, and investigated the details of seven others held on his behalf by Hodgson. They are reported by the Professor in Pr. XIV. The report is given as Part II, Hodgson's report in Pr. XIII being Part I. It is short and attractive in both material and editing, and therefore makes Part XXXIV of Vol. XIV peculiarly available for a reader who wants merely a good specimen at first hand.

Professor Newbold says (Pr. XIV, 7):

"With regard to the origin of the information given, I have no theory to offer. I can frame none to which I cannot myself allege unanswerable objections.... Even without resorting to the assumption of a telepathic relation between the sitter and the 'medium,' no one who has seen how readily an acute 'medium' will construct an appropriate 'spirit' message upon the suggestions furnished by a sitter's looks and words will be easily convinced by any such record as I here offer.

"This is a legitimate objection, and to some extent impairs the value of the evidence.... The alleged spirits of those who had but recently died, or who had died a violent death, or who had been bound to the sitter by strong emotional ties, nearly always display great excitement and confusion."

This fact is of course not restricted to Professor Newbold's sittings, and it may make a little for the telepathic hypothesis, as, other things even, the sitter's vivacity would be greatest regarding those most recently living. But there are obvious reasons why it makes even more for the spiritistic hypothesis. Remember this when you come to the Hodgson control. Professor Newbold continues (Pr. XIV, 9):

"Individual scraps of information may be ascribed with some show of plausibility to a telepathic or clairvoyant origin, the arrangement of these scraps into mosaics of thought, which,

however defaced, still often irresistibly suggest the habits, tastes, and memories of some friend deceased—for this I know of no telepathic or clairvoyant analogy. For example, the demand made by 'aunt Sally' that I should identify myself by expounding the significance of 'two marriages in this case, mother and aunt grandma also,' admits of no satisfactory telepathic explanation. The fact was known to me and might have been got telepathically. But why is the dream personality of the only communicator who died in my childhood the only one who seeks to identify me?"

In this case of "Aunt Sally" G. P. says (Pr. XIV, 34f.):

"'Your aunt . . . at first she could not make you out. . . .' [Here come confused statements.] Finally the hands stops writing and motions to me. After several changes of position, which seem unsatisfactory to G. P., I get on my feet and the hand feels around the lower edge of my waistcoat, pausing to write] excuse this uncanny procedure [finally presses firmly on median line about the lowest button of my waistcoat and writes] ask mot[her?] she remembers this, Will. . . . [My aunt died of the effects of an operation for the removal of an ovarian cyst.] . . . . .

"There is or was two marriages in the elderly lady's family. ['Sally' was gray when she died] which they do not seem to be able to unravel just now (I understand, Mr. Pelham.) O. K. . . . just say this for their satisfaction so they may be quite sure you understand them and that you are you. [I explain that my paternal grandfather was twice married, that his second wife had a younger sister whom my father married many years after his father's death; she is my mother. The elder sister is still living, and is therefore both my aunt and my step-grandmother.] Yes, yes, yes, O. K. now you know what the aunt grandma meant together: aunt and grandma if you recall were given at the same time. [This is a very interesting incident. My grandfather died more than forty years ago, only eleven months after his second marriage. We only recognize the tie of blood, and many persons do not know that my aunt is also his widow. The supposed speaker was another sister.]"

Regarding all this Professor Newbold asks (Pr. XIV, 9-10):

"Why does she allude in so indirect a fashion to the mode of her death? Certainly no stratum of my personality would have felt hesitation in alluding to so commonplace a matter as a laparotomy, or would have lacked suitable language in which to express the allusion. . . . Why was the faded personality of this almost forgotten maiden aunt evoked at all? I was not ten years old when she died, and she had been dead twenty years. . . . Why

were these dim memories so clearly reflected, while others, far stronger, produced no effect? Why were my memories, in process of reflection, so refracted as to come seemingly not from my masculine and adult point of view but from that of a spinster aunt who could not at first recognize me with confidence, and who, taking it for granted that her little nephew of ten had not been informed as to the precise cause of her death, expected him, although grown to man's estate, to convey a very obvious allusion to his mother for interpretation without himself knowing what it meant?.....

"Evidence of this sort does not suggest telepathy, it suggests the actual presence of the alleged communicators, and if it stood alone I should have no hesitation in accepting that theory. Unfortunately it does not stand alone. It is interwoven with obscurity, confusion, irrelevancy, and error in a most bewildering fashion. I agree with Dr. Hodgson that the description given by the writers themselves of the conditions under which they are laboring would, if accepted, account for a very large part of this matter. But, even after the most generous allowance on this score, there remains much which the writers cannot explain. Easily first comes their almost total inability to observe and report the phenomena of the material world, coupled with their reiterated assertions that they can and will do so. Second should be put, perhaps, the unaccountable ignorance which they often betray of matters which upon any theory should have been well known to them. [This tends to exclude telepathy. H.H.] In the third place, the general intellectual, as distinguished from the moral and religious, tone of the more recent communications is far lower than we would expect of beings who had long enjoyed exceptional opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge. Concrete descriptions of the other world can be had indeed *ad infinitum*, but of organized, systematized, conceptual knowledge there is little trace."

Perhaps their opportunities are overestimated, and perhaps it is not in the system of things that such knowledge, even if possessed by them, should reach us.

"From such inconsistent material one can draw no fixed conclusions. But there is one result which I think the investigation into Mrs. Piper's and kindred cases should achieve.... Until within very recent years the scientific world has tacitly rejected a large number of important philosophical conceptions on the ground that there is absolutely no evidence in their favor whatever. Among those popular conceptions are those of the essential independence of the mind and the body, of the existence of a supersensible world, and of the possibility of occasional communication between that world and this."

Of course there could be no direct evidence of the existence

of a supersensible world, but I hope the presumption, even as presented in the first book of this humble treatise, is not too insignificant to be worth taking into account. I may say the same of the ultimate independence of the mind and the body as suggested in my early chapters. Professor Newbold continues:

"We have here, as it seems to me, evidence that is worthy of consideration for all these points. It was well expressed by a friend of mine, a scholar who has been known for his uncompromising opposition to every form of supernaturalism."

When people say they don't believe in "the supernatural," what do they mean? No intelligent person would mean that there is nothing knowable in the universe but what we already know. This has been contradicted by each new acquisition of knowledge, from the amœba's first recoil from a contact, down. The only other possible meanings seem to be the infrequent one that there is no intelligence but the incarnate one we know, and the more frequent meaning that human intelligence can have no communication with any other intelligence than the incarnate. Poets, musicians, and nature-lovers are not apt to admit the claim. An "opposition to *every* form of supernaturalism" is a pretty big undertaking.

Professor Newbold goes on (pp. 10-11) to say that his friend, who was opposed "to every form of supernaturalism,"

"had a sitting with Mrs. Piper, at which very remarkable disclosures were made, and shortly afterwards said to me, in effect, 'Scientific men cannot say much longer that there is no evidence for a future life. I have said it, but I shall say it no longer; I know now that there is evidence, for I have seen it. I do not believe in a future life. I regard it as one of the most improbable of theories. The evidence is scanty and ambiguous and insufficient, but it is evidence and it must be reckoned with.'"

The alleged spirit of a friend, "F. A. M.," said to Professor Newbold (Pr. XIV, 14):

"'Billie what are you doing here.' [hand reaches up and feels my face, strokes, and grasps my beard, pats me appreciatingly, and writes] changed a little. [I had seen F. A. M. only once in about five years. Prior to that I wore a mustache only. On that one occasion we took dinner together and I then wore a beard. The hand throughout betrayed a great deal of emotional excitement which, as well as the affectionate expressions. was very unlike the F. A. M. whom I had known.]"

I have an impression that the controls generally show much more affection than their professed originals did in life. G. P. certainly did with me. It reminds me of a phenomenon I had often noticed: at the clubs, on returning to town after the summer, you can generally tell which men have been abroad, by the unusual effusiveness of their greeting. This seems to make for the genuineness of the controls. At a sitting two days later, says Professor Newbold (Pr. XIV, 16):

"While G. P. was writing Phinuit was talking to me [*i.e.*, the medium had two controls at once. See p. 462. H.H.] Several times he made remarks such as, 'Now, don't be in a hurry, you'll have plenty of time to talk soon,' which I could not understand. I asked him what he meant, saying that I was not in a hurry and never said I was. To this Phinuit replied that he was talking to a young man in the spirit who was in a great hurry to begin communicating."

After much interesting matter, the young man says (p. 17):

"'Do you know, dear fellows, you will ever be rewarded for helping me to reach you in this light and trying to free my poor imprisoning mind. [R. H. explains this remark to us. Writer is struck with his ready comprehension.] Yes.... Yes, exactly, sir,——who are you?—— I cannot touch you sir, or reach you, sir. [R. H. moves his head forward; hand feels his head.] Do not know you sir.' [It is explained who R. H. is.]"

The idea of *Mrs. Piper* not knowing Hodgson strikes one as very funny. Those who call the whole exhibition fraudulent would at least admit this to be very good play-acting. The same young man continues (p. 17):

"'Ever since then I have been trying to reach you, Dick. [Brother present. H.H.] I saw a light and many faces beckoning me on and trying to comfort me, showing and assuring me I should soon be all right, and almost instantly I found I was. Then I called for you, and tried to tell you all,—where I was... after all)) after all, sir,—put this)) after the word all) [N. guesses at meaning.] Not at all... after the) after the) [meaning understood, *viz*, comma after *all*.] Yes, I never used to write badly, what's the matter with me now, Dick, don't I write well?'"

Perhaps these trivialities may be more apocalyptic than they seem: for they indicate pretty strongly that there is something more than telepathy at work. The sitting concludes:

"'Oh, Dick, I did not mean to do anything wrong . . . stick . . . yes, sir, I will go in presently. (R. H.: You mean *out*.) Out, sir . . . Dick . . . love to Ma . . . Dick, God bless you and B. always . . . must I go . . . good bye . . . not good bye . . . not good bye. I'll see you again . . . fid' [find?] P [?] H. [Hand takes pencil again later, and writes Pistol.] [D. M.: Death resulted from a pistol shot.]"

Is this drama telepathy?

At a later sitting on June 26, 1894, Phinuit said (Pr. XIV, 25):

"'Oh, Hodgson, if you only knew what people said of you here! (What do they say, doctor?) They say you are a brute, Hodgson. I tell you that lady [a control. H.H.] won't come back for you now. Why did you speak so roughly to her. [H. expresses his regret and says it was necessary that she should go and she did not do so when asked, etc.] You ought to coax and not drive her away. George and I have been trying to coax her to come but her feelings are hurt and I do not believe that she will.'"

Is this telepathy?

CASE IX. (Pr.XIV,36f.)

W. Stainton Moses.

"[At the sitting of June 19th, 1895, (Present: W. R. N.) George Pelham was telling me how the future state of the soul is affected by its earthly life]—It is only the body that sins and not the soul (Does the soul carry with it into its new life all its passions and animal appetites?) Oh no indeed, not at all. Why my good friend and scholar you would have this world of ours a decidedly material one if it were so. (Do you know of Stainton Moses?) No, not very much. Why? (Did you ever know of him or know what he did?) I only have an idea from having met him here. (Can you tell me what he said?) No, only that he was W. Stainton Moses. I found him for 'E.' and Hodgson. [E. was the alleged spirit of Edmund Gurney. Why couldn't he find Moses for himself? My old friend George Pelham seems to have succeeded Mercury as general messenger—about the last function I should have expected him to venture. H.H.] (Did you tell Hodgson this?) I do not think so. (Did he say anything about his mediumship?) No. (His writings claimed that the soul carried with it all its passions and appetites and was very slowly purified of them.) It is all untrue. (And that the souls of the bad hover over the earth goading sinners on to their own destruction.) *Not so.* Not at [all] so. I claim to understand this and it is emphatically *not so.* Sinners are sinners only in one life.

"[The next day, June 20th, I said] (Can you bring Stainton

Moses here?) I will do my best. (Is he far advanced?) Oh no, I should say *not.* He will have to think for awhile *yet.* (What do you mean?) Well, have you forgotten all I told you before? (You mean about progression by repentance?) Certainly I do. (Wasn't he good?) Yes, but not perfect by any means. (Was he a true medium?) *True, yes,* very true. (Had he light?) Yes. (Yet not all true?) Yes, but his light was very true, yet he made a great many mistakes and deceived himself. [The reader is advised to have in mind these qualifications. H.H.] [At the close of the sitting I said:] (I want to see Stainton Moses.) Well, if I do not bring him do not be disappointed, because I will if I can find him.

"[On the 21st, I asked again about Stainton Moses.] I cannot bring Stainton Moses because he is not in my surroundings yet. (Can you explain this further?) Well, of course I cannot bring every known person here just when you wish. (How about your surroundings?) This is a large sphere. I have the doctor after him now. [To some forgotten question] No, wait patiently and I will wake him up when he arrives. (Is he asleep?) Oh, B—— you are stupid I fear at times, your mind is like a lightening... machine... I do not mean wake him up in a material sense. (Nor did I.) Well then, old man, don't be wasting light. (I'm not wasting light but I'm bound to find out what you mean.) Well, this is what I wish also. (Stainton Moses has been nearly three years in the spirit—a long time.) Yes. (Do you mean to say that he is not yet free from confusion?) No. (Do you mean that he will be confused in getting at the medium?) Certainly, a little, this is why I use the expression, wake him up.

"[On the 22nd, Phinuit said], do you know Billie, George is talking to such a funny looking man; he has a long double coat with a large collar and cape,—a long beard, large eyes with drooping lids, [fairly shouts with laughter] [i.e. Phinuit does. H.H.]"

And now who should turn up but our old friend Stainton Moses? The description just given, and what follows, left me with the impression of an almost comical figure of an eccentric recluse. That figure was not out of accord with what I knew before, or with the strong and almost majestic portrait of Moses after death, in Pr. IX. Judge my surprise, then, on getting over a copy of Moses's *Spirit Teachings,* to find the portrait of Moses which serves as frontispiece that of a man turned out by a very good tailor and very good barber, with a gardenia in his buttonhole. The book contains also a portrait of him at about G. P.'s age at death.

Since I wrote that last sentence, I have received an argu-

ment for spiritism beside which all others I know seem, for the moment at least, to sink into comparative insignificance, and all against it to impotence. I took the younger portrait to my wife, who is a remarkable judge of likenesses and draws them well, covered the lower part of the long beard with my hand, and asked her whose portrait it was. She said: "Hodgson." I said: "No: look again." She said: "It isn't George Pelham, is it?" I said: "No, but it's much more like him than Hodgson: it has George's softer and more contemplative expression, and lacks Hodgson's air of resolution." She answered: "Yes, perhaps you're right." The difference of expression prevented my being reminded of Hodgson at all.

The three most prominent alleged delegates, then, from the world beyond our present ordinary senses to the world of sense, are the alleged discarnate souls of three men who, when here, looked so much alike that a portrait of one of them was thought by an expert to be a portrait of either of the two others. The implication is so startling that at first I find it confusing, as perhaps the reader will, and he therefore may not think it banal for me to try to put it in terms.

Suppose a body of explorers to be divided in a storm. Communication would be restored by those having certain qualities of voice, and certain ingenuities in the construction and use of signals—fires, torches, heliographs, etc. The men having these qualities would inevitably have certain qualities of countenance in common, and the more the qualities required for the special means employed are peculiar, arduous, and pervasive of the entire character, the more alike the inevitable effects of character on countenance. It does not then seem a forced conclusion that if the methods employed were very peculiar and difficult, the few men able to use them would have extraordinary points of physiognomical resemblance.

Now if bodily death is but a separation of discarnate spirits from incarnate, and if communication between the respective bands is difficult—so difficult as to be possible to but a few, and through a few mediums, we would have in that regard just the conditions of our separated explorers—a few "spirits" able to communicate, and a few persons able to

act as mediums for the communications. Moreover, the few communicators would have in common a rare and marked set of psychical characteristics which, during their earthly careers, would have been attended by marked physiognomical characteristics in common—they would have looked alike. Now that characteristic of the men on earth was so marked in the faces of Moses, George Pelham, and Hodgson, that, as already remarked, an expert says that a portrait of any one of them serves well for either of the others. Does this not lead directly to a presumption that the communications alleged to proceed through Moses here, and from him and G. P. and Hodgson hereafter, the latter communications abounding in the characteristics which marked the men here, are really what they purport to be? Does telepathy or teloteropathy or a medium's divided personality offer credentials nearly as strong as this one? Is not the force of all apparent objections to the communications being what they profess, materially diminished by this circumstance? I confess that it throws a heavy weight into the spiritistic side of the scales that I have been holding with varying ups and downs for many years.

Since writing the foregoing, I have shown my wife another portrait, first covering an unusually heavy mustache. She said: "Well, I suppose it's another one of Hodgson or George. But of course I'm sophisticated in saying that, after what you have just told me about the first portrait. But according to the clearest judgment I can form, it would do for either George or Hodgson, or the original of the portrait you showed me before."

It was Foster!

Some hours later I showed her another portrait, asking her if it reminded her of anybody. "Why, Hodgson!" she exclaimed.

It was Stainton Moses—the frontispiece I have already described. I had, you remember, previously shown her only the younger portrait. She knew Hodgson, by the way, long before his death, and had not seen him during his last years.

The resemblance of the other men to Foster, of course adds to the probability of all being genuine communicators, but I have not learned of Foster's alleged spirit communicating from the other side. His failure to show up may have some-

thing to do with the fact that at his death all his faculties had disappeared in connection with softening of the brain. But one rebels at the idea that if there be a survival of death, his strange genius and kindly nature should not have a part in it—a greater part than that of commonplace souls.

I should add that the resemblance between these four men is more marked in the black-and-white portraits than it was in life. Hodgson was sandy-haired before he grew gray, and burly. His eyes were bluish. Foster was burly, dark-haired, dark-eyed. George Pelham was small and slight, with dark hair and light eyes. Moses was burly.

I have often wondered why, of all people who have died since G. P. reached maturity, he should have been the one to show up through, or be shown up by, Mrs. Piper. In habits and appearance he was an exceptionally unobtrusive personality. In a roomful of people he was perhaps the last one to impress a stranger or be engaged with a friend, except as his presence became noticed through his ingenious and tenacious support of some theory opposed to the convictions of the majority. If the room were not full, but shared with him by only a few congenial persons, his presence would at once be felt as of value. Had he lived longer, his literary and philosophical tastes might have made him widely known. He had a few close and warm friends in intellectual circles in both New York and Boston, but to the world in general he died unknown, and to the average members of the more intelligent polite world who were friends of his exceptionally prominent family—historic on both sides, he was the retiring, somewhat eccentric, comparatively unknown member.

If the men of his grade of intellect in New York and Boston had been called upon to pick out the one of themselves most apt to be determined by natural selection for the place he has filled in the annals of Psychical Research, he would have been as apt as anybody to be at the foot of the poll.

And now the mystery of his being placed by Nature in the first rank, has been provisionally explained: his resemblance to Moses, Hodgson, and Foster shows that he had the same qualities which made them leaders in that mysterious department on earth, and has continued either reflections of them

(with the exception of Foster) or their surviving personalities, as leaders since they departed from the sight of men. What, then, are the implications from their common resemblance and their common alleged communications after death with survivors?

One theory is that, although G. P., as above explained, did not usually impress himself at all, that type of man does so impress himself upon virtually everyone he meets that hardly one of them can sit with the "medium" who happens to have lately been first, without making her act as if she were herself the man of that type with whom the sitter had come into contact—or, more improbable still, that although Mrs. Piper had seen G. P. but once (when probably she didn't see him, being in trance most if not all of the time that he was present), after his death, years later, there was a period of still more years during which hardly anybody could be near her in trance without making her act and talk like G. P.

Between these positions on the one hand, and, on the other hand, the position that a surviving G. P., and not the sitter or her memories, was the cause of Mrs. Piper's phenomena, there seems as yet no other position visible. Regarding which is the less strained of the positions that are visible, the reader will have his impressions, as I have mine. But suspension of judgment is still in order.

To return to Professor Newbold's Piper-Moses séance. Phinuit continues (Pr. XIV, 37f.):

"'George is shaking his fingers at me. He sent me after that gentleman. I found him in another part of our world. (Far away?) It would be a long way to you Billie but not so far to me. George had difficulty in having him come but they had a long talk and George made it all right with him. He didn't understand what we wished of him. (Who is he?) I don't know his name. George called me and sent me after him—you understand Billie—said: "You go and find him for me, doctor." (How did you know whom he wanted?) He said, "I want you to find a friend of mine who used to be a medium in the body," used the light, you know. Oh he has a great deal of light, more than anybody. (Do spirits have light too?) What d'you mean Billie? Spirits are all light. (I mean does a person who has light in the body have in the spirit also more light than others?) Yes indeed. (Tell me how George made you know whom he wanted.) He described him. (And his influence?) Of course.

(You know it's very hard for us to believe in spirits at all. Do you remember your life on earth, doctor?) Oh yes, but I've been here a very long time. (Did you believe in spirits while you were on earth?) [Phinuit gives a short derisive laugh.] Not much. Not I. (Then you should sympathize with us.) Oh, I can't put myself in your place.' [The above description of S. M. answers to the notion I had of him at the time, derived from portraits.] "

Professor Newbold had apparently seen portraits made under the auspices of a different tailor and a different barber from those concerned in the frontispiece of the latest edition of *Spirit Teachings.*

" [G. P. writing:] 'Here is Stainton Moses, do you wish to see him? (Yes.) Well, now let me give you a bit of advice. Speak slowly and distinctly, making sure that you articulate properly, or in other words well. (I know my articulation is very bad.) Yes, then he will answer to me all questions distinctly. You see he is talking to me now. Fire away. (Tell him I have read with interest his book, *Spirit Teachings,* but find in it statements apparently inconsistent with what you say, and I would like to know his explanation of the fact.) Believe you in me and my teachings? [Moses has taken hold, or G. P. repeats for him. His quaint phraseology peters out before the end of their interviews. H.H.] (I was much impressed with them, Mr. Moses, especially as your statements and Mr. Pelham's agree in the main. But how about the inconsistencies?) Contradict the genuine statements made by our friend Pelham, whom I am delighted to meet. (I did not say contradict, although it appears so. Can you explain them?) I do not understand your question. (Will you explain these seeming contradictions?) What are they, please sir? (You taught that evil spirits tempt sinners to their own destruction.) I have found out differently since I came over here. This particular statement given me by my friends as their medium when I was in the body is *not true.* (The second is that the soul carries its passions and appetites with it.) Material passions. U N—*true.* It is not so. I have found out the difference. (Thank you.) Not at all. (Would you like to make any other corrections in your book?) There are a few. One is I believe that our thoughts were practically the same here as in the body, *i.e.,* that we had every desire after reaching this life as when it... but I find that we leave all such behind, in other words it dies with the body. You will understand I do not mean thoughts, but only evil [thoughts]. [All this corresponds with G. P.'s statement to me, and several others. H.H.] (Are you willing to give me as tests the names of your 'guides.') Guides, well I object to the expression. [He uses it himself freely four days

later. H.H.] (Indeed.) I do now, yet I did not before. (These names have never been made public since your death. If you are willing to give them I would be glad to know.) I will give you one. [I hand a new pencil. Hand turns and twists it some moments before writing.] Pencil—well, well—oh I see. (Who was 'Rector?') Dr. —— (I repeat, Dr. ——?) Yes sir. Rector applied for convenience instead of Dr. —— (You mean the true name of the spirit Rector was Dr. ——?) I do mean just this, but I had no authority to speak of Rector as Dr. —— (But there was another spirit known as Doctor.) I was obliged to distinguish one from the other according to their wish. (Who was the spirit 'Doctor'?) X—— [X supplied by me, as the dashes alone were confusing. H.H.] (Indeed. No one will be told of this save Mr. Myers and Dr. Hodgson.) Thanks. (May I tell the latter?) Certainly sir, if he is reliable. (He is.) I'll ask Mr. Pelham.... Certainly sir. X—— was a very good man sir and was always with me. Have you these? Did you hear me? (Yes. Now are you willing to tell me the name of 'Imperator' also?) Well, I have never divulged this name to anyone. I'll think it over and let you know. [Moses professed to have divulged it to Myers. H.H.] (These names have never been made public and they will afford excellent proof of your identity.) I understand sir.... I know Albert... I do—never mind... this had to do with... understand... (How about the physical phenomena produced through you?) It was not done by any effort of mine or on my part. (Could such be produced through this medium?) [They never have been. H.H.] Oh I do not know sir. Generally the intelligences have their own phases sir and work accordingly. (In your book, Mr. Moses, you made certain statements about some historical personages, such as Abraham, Moses, the Prophets, and Jesus Christ. Do you wish to modify any of these?) *Not at all* (All are true?) To the letter sir (You recollect nothing else in your book that you would desire to change?) *Not at all sir* (Have you any messages to send to friends?) I have had a wonderful experience here sir and I am extremely happy and I consider myself extremely fortunate sir to have been brought here by this gentleman... Spear [I spell it, s p e a r. Hand writes] e (Oh you mean s p e e r?) Certainly... letter... my thoughts are not quite clear, sir, yet... Speer... I have a friend... recollection of speer [Writing is growing dreamy. I say] (You mean Charlton T. Speer, the musician?) [Cf. p. 189. H.H.] [Excitement and pounding.] Yes, yes, why certainly, give my love to my affectionate brother worker in the body, my dearest love, *love*... yes sir, I do wish to give it very much this reaches every chord in my soul sir. (Do you remember Mr. F. W. H. Myers?) Oh I think I do sir. Are you he? (No. I am a stranger to you. He is editing and publishing some of your MSS.) *Good, good, good*.... I think I do... thanks sir for giving me this informa-

tion regarding my book (I wished those names as proof of your identity.) [Question misunderstood] Certainly I am Stanton [only one stroke for n] Moses. (Do you remember Richard Hodgson?) No, I think not sir, are you he? (No. But he was a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research while you were.) [At or about the word 'Society' the hand displayed great excitement.] [It will be remembered that Moses broke with the society. H.H.] Of course I remember him. (He went to America.) Yes, I remember he went there some time ago. (You are now in America, near Boston.) Well, I longed to go to America and this will open up a great field to me. (Good-bye. Will you come again and speak to Dr. Hodgson?) I am of course a little strange here, yet nothing would give me greater pleasure than to prove to the world my identity I am sure. I was a great sufferer physically and I could not do altogether as I wished in consequence, yet I am strong and well here and as I can see through this light clearly I should be pleased to help you all. (You will come again?) Yes sir. (And then explain the reason for your mistakes?) Certainly sir. Oh I am so pleased to return.' [Further writing, on personal matters, by G. P. At the close of the sitting Phinuit returns. Speaks with difficulty] 'George has been teaching that man a lesson, showing him how to use the light.'"

"[Sitting of June 24th, 1895. Present: R. H. and W. R. N. Mrs. Piper goes into trance easily, without the usual struggles. [Suggestive, as she is coming under the control of a powerful influence, that she should do so with special ease. H.H.] R. H. remarks that this is a new control. Her hands move aimlessly about, touching her eyebrows and temples with the finger tips and feeling Hodgson's face. Gasps, peculiar rattling in her throat, her face is very much contorted. [These are not "the usual struggles." H.H.] Ineffectual attempts to speak, finally gasps out] 'Moses [Hodgson encourages communicator. Head nods] (H.: I'm Hodgson.) [Head nods, she groans and grunts, hands move about. Right hand begins to write. R. H. asking questions] I am W. Stainton Moses I am he in reality. Oh my dear sir I am so very delighted to find this bright path to earth. (I'm very glad indeed.) I am here in every organ of a human body. (Yes, you're occupying the medium's body.) I am a medium also. (Yes, we know.) I did see my spirits plainly. How strange you look. Are you still in the life on earth? (Yes.) You must necessarily be I am sure. (Yes.) Do you remember one of our friends and fellow workers Dr. Wallace? (You mean Alfred R. Wallace?) Certainly, very well, my friend Wallace. (In the body?) Yes, give him my love. (I will certainly.) Also Myers (Yes indeed) whom I remember well. [Four days before, he said: "I think I do." H.H.] (Yes I certainly will) all right. I had a spirit once named Wallace. You never knew —— did you? (No I didn't.) He was one of

my guides when on earth. (What name did you give him, *i.e.*, ——.) Rector, and not Dr. as I had explained to some friend of yours. Rector was —— (——?) *Yes* distinctly, he was Rector. (Who was Doctor?) Not Wallace, but a Dr. —— whom I used to know at college. [R. H. pronounces and spells the name over.] Yes sir. It is very singular how the names of my former friends and guides run in my mind... run through my mind just now, at this moment. (Mr. Moses, I wish to tell you something that will interest you. Mr. F. W. H. Myers, whom you knew) quite (has been publishing a full account of your life experiences in the *Proceedings* of the Society for Psychical Research.) Viz., S.P.R.... good... oh glad I am to meet you here... I will help you in your work. (We shall be glad indeed. I wish to ask you one important question) let me clear up all my thoughts and I will help you. (Do you wish to write your own thoughts or answer questions?) I would like to become acquainted with these conditions. (Good.) Myers what about Myers. (Myers has been publishing a record of your experiences and has referred to Rector, Doctor and Imperator, but explains that the persons whom these names represented are not to be mentioned.) Private. (But I understand that Myers knows.) Yes, he *must*. (We are not going to publish them.) Do not. (But you understand if we tell Myers who Imperator is, it will be strong test of your identity.) Yes... Rector... I know... the name was taken expressly for distinction, *i.e.*, to distinguish one from the other, and Dr. was Dr. —— whom I knew very well at college. (Could you tell us, if it will be kept private, who Imperator was?) I should hope so. Question, I did not catch sir. (Can you tell us who Imperator was?) Certainly, a young lady friend of mine. (Are you sure? I mean the famous communicator from the spirit world whom you spoke of as Imperator.) Oh no, but she in my spirit teachings is mentioned. (I mean the Imperator also mentioned in your *Spirit Teachings*.) *Yes*. Yes. Must I tell you who it was. (Let me explain. I wish you to use your own judgment. Mr. Myers knows) he does (and we do not know. Nobody in the United States knows. If you tell us and we send it to Myers privately, it will be a very good test of your identity, being information to him which nobody possesses on this side of the water.) Y——. [Initial supplied by me. H.H.] (Y——?) Certainly. (Y——?) *Yes. Now I know wherein I speak.* I never during my illness when being helped by him told or divulged his name to *anyone* and I only left it written (Y——) in my MSS. (Very good, Mr. Moses. This will be a splendid test) in or among my private papers. (Good. That's first rate.) No more sir. (You are getting exhausted, aren't you?) [Here the left hand becomes convulsed and rubs Mrs. Piper's right cheek in a manner characteristic of Phinuit.] I wish to change my position sir if you please. (Yes, do so.) Help me to remain here I wish very

much to continue my remembrances. (Yes, we shall be very glad too.) I remember Mrs. Speer very well.' [While the last sentence was being written Phinuit remarks to Newbold:] [Viva voce? H.H.] 'That gentleman's a nice fellow, he's a clergyman.' 'Give my love to all on earth.... yes... who can deny my existence... oh my existence I say, who can deny that I exist? (We do not.) Stainton Moses. (Can you write your full name?) What Stainton... W... Moses always Stainton Moses and always will be.....'

" (Now we wish your explanation of certain things. What was the origin of this mistake about evil spirits taking possession of men and leading them on to do wrong?) 'Experience here has taught me the difference. This was more my own theory. (You mean that when you were in the body you misunderstood the communications?) Yes often, especially when I was not feeling well. (The thoughts of the communicating spirit got confused with yours?) I mean of course to go back to the body *i.e.*, to go back to my earthly experience.... Yes and not so much that altogether as that I misunderstood. (You misunderstood yourself, so to speak.) Certainly, materially. (You had your own theory and misinterpreted the communicator's meaning?) Yes exactly, as I thought this very strongly I felt sure of having been told this. (Were all those physical phenomena that you got due to spirits?) No not all. They were due to material causes, etc. as well. (Do you mean persons in the body produced them?) Not at all, I mean to say that from the energy which they took from my own body, medium power etc. they were moved. (Were they moved by the action of spirits?) Action of spirits? Oh yes. (I'll state my impression. Certain spirits used the 'electrical' in connection with your body to produce the physical movements.) Yes, this is what they did. Objects etc. raps... (If you have anything special to say to us we shall be glad to hear it, but if not, we have something especial which we wish you to do for us.) Well [writing begins to look dreamy] I must say that I will have many things special to say to you, but I am forced to admit that this is all new to me now and it seems very strange indeed... I am (we shall be grateful to you for help in proving to the world the truth of spirit communications.) Yes, glad I will be to be able. (Can't read that word) enabled to communicate, giving tests etc. in my own language. (Do you think you could translate some Greek into English?) Do what? Greek ... why I used to be as familiar with Greek as English. (Better wait for next time.) Well, yes. (Think up your Greek and the next time we will give you some to translate. Everybody knows that the medium does not know Greek and if you could translate some for us it would be good proof) what could a medium have to do with me and my Greek. [R. H. explains further that proofs must be got that the medium's manifestations are not fraudulent.] Well I suppose they said the same of me. (Mr. Moses,

aren't the conditions getting strange? Don't you think you had better go now and come to us another time?) Yes I do [scrawls] auf wiedersehen' (auf wiedersehen.)"

Professor Newbold comments:

"In this case we have the difficulties which attach to the spiritistic theory brought out in the highest relief. The general tenor of the communications, the allusion to Mr. Speer, the reception of the names of Myers and Hodgson, have an air of verisimilitude. The communicator then gives us, with the most solemn asseveration of their accuracy and with apparent consciousness of the importance of his statements to a cause which he had in life much at heart, three names which the real Mr. Moses must have known and which of all possible things would seem to be the hardest for the spirit to forget—the names of the spirit friends who, as he claims, opened his eyes while still on earth to the realities of the eternal life. And not one of those names is true or has the least semblance of truth! Furthermore, of all the points touched upon during the sitting this was the only one that was unknown to both the sitters—another item in favor of the telepathic theory. To my mind this failure on the part of the alleged Moses is an obstacle to the acceptance of the spiritistic theory which has not as yet been set aside and which must be satisfactorily explained before that theory can be regarded as meeting the requirements of the case."

My theory, if you care to know it, is, as before stated, that we are not yet, if ever in this life, going to have absolute verification. But if the case for survival were before any court, the part of Moses' evidence relating to Imperator & Co. would simply be "stricken out" as self-contradictory, and the jury would be directed to decide on whatever evidence might be left. The fact of his self-contradiction would probably be held to weaken, but not to destroy, the rest of his evidence. This of course would include what is not self-contradictory, and that would have weight where it is backed up by such witnesses as are cited for most of the occurrences I have reported from Moses.

Moses was a man living more than most other respectable people of recent times, in imaginations and, probably, illusions. Such a man's testimony may be good or may be bad. A court would consider it when corroborated, but no court would pay any attention to it when respectably contradicted, especially by himself. Is it not possible that the psychical researchers pay too much attention to that part of it in the Imperator case?

Professor Newbold's notes continue: CASE XIII. (Pr.XIV,45f.)

Apparent Knowledge of Foreign Languages.

".....At the sitting of June 22nd...I asked G. P.....

"(Will you translate Greek for me?) 'Certainly Greek. (You remember it?) I ought to. [I then said the first scrap of Greek that happened to come into my head:—Πάτερ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς.] (Did you catch it?) No, not exactly, slowly. (Πάτερ), Parter...I say...Pae...Pater...pater...good (ἡμῶν) hemon ...[illegible] he...hemon...urano is...and translation... Good...love [?] [illegible] Love [?] Love [?]...father is in ...that is right...(All right but go ahead.) I cannot quite catch that B——...yes...Patience...well you have it B——. [Throughout, both Mr. O—— and I frequently repeated the words and spelled them both in Greek and English.] Father is in...tois ou ou nois our...B——. Patience my boy...Father is in Heavens. (One word is left out, George.) Spell it slowly. (Greek or English?) Greek of course. [We do so, ἡμῶν.] Father is in the Heaven...I [do] not catch [it]...slowly now, speak those letters separately my boy...ae...emon. (Rough breathing, now, ἡμῶν.) Heaven...Yes...too bad old chap... [I read bad as 'hard.'] Bad I say, I'll catch it. [Hand points to O——.] Now you say it, let me see if it will reach me any better. [O—— says it. Hand gesticulates and twists so as to get O——'s mouth close to outer side of hand just below the root of little finger.] My ear. [I explain he means that his spirit ear is located there.] Certainly, my ear...E M O...that is what bothers me...Father is...was...now...no...Father ...our. [Quickly and with excitement.] O U R O U. [Then slowly and reverently, in capital letters.] O U R F A T H E R I S I N H E A V E N. (Good.) [We all shake hands over it.] (W. N.: We generally put it, 'Our Father who art in Heaven.') [Excitement.] Yes, I remember that too. Well, if you only knew how difficult it is to catch the sound of your voices you would wonder how I could speak at all to you because I have difficulty in making you hear also, when a thing is very clear to me. (Shall we try another?) One more (Shall it be in Latin?) ...yes. (What pronunciation did you use, Roman, English, or Continental?) Roman. I asked for Greek, but never mind old chap...wait...I am not quite satisfied...But you mentioned the fact which I wished to explain. (Go ahead then and explain.) [Slowly.] W H O A R T I N...OK. fire away...' [We have scarcely given the new sentence *Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito* before G. P. changes the subject by introducing two or three Latin and French words which he knows will be significant to me but not to Mr. O——. He then asks that Mr. O—— should go out, and begins writing upon a topic which he does not wish him to know of.]

"This case is more significant than the others because it does

seem that the writer has some knowledge of Greek, whereas the familiar phrase before used might be picked up by anybody. It is also difficult to explain this translation by the telepathic theory. *The writer seems not to recognize the familiar words but to translate afresh from the words he hears; if it were merely reflected from my mind one would hardly expect it to take this new form.* [Italics mine. H.H.]

"In order to test G. P.'s knowledge of Greek still further I wrote a sentence, making the first three words give the keynote of the whole, using very simple and familiar words, and purposely choosing the thought from the group that was uppermost in the minds of the writers. The sentence was:— *Οὐκ ἔστι θάνατος· αἱ γὰρ τῶν θνητῶν ψυχαὶ ζωὴν ζῶσιν ἀθάνατον, ἀίδιον, μακάριον.* We first gave this to G. P. at the sitting of June 25th, 1895 [Present: R. H. and W. R. N.]. At our suggestion G. P. calls the alleged Mr. Moses to help translate it. The result is confusion worse confounded. Apparently the writers cannot hear what we say, *θάνατος* is at first written *fanois*. In this confusion words and sentences occur which appear to emanate from Moses, such as 'I could in time recall all the Greek I ever taught and why should I not,' 'It seems like awaking from a dream to recall this to mind.' When the writer finally gets the word *οὐκ* he translates it 'light,' apparently from association with the Latin word 'lux.' On June 26th and 27th, further unsuccessful attempts at translation were made. G. P. said that he remembered his Greek well enough when he was away from the 'light' but the effort of communicating confused him and drove it out of his head. On July 1st, at a sitting at which Dr. Hodgson only was present, and in the midst of a communication from G. P. upon another topic, the following interruption occurs:—

"'Who said there was no death? [Hand moves forward as though 'speiring' into the 'vacant space.'] Moses (Ask Moses what he means by that.) Well, you interrupt me. Well, I must say old chap (I did not mean to interrupt you.) No not you H... Moses... Ouk esti thanatos. Moses (that's first rate. Is this Mr. Moses translating?) Ouk esti thanatos. There's no death. Repeat it to me in Greek Hodgson for him. [R. H. repeats, says it is correct and suggests getting the rest of the passage translated.] Come H. Come here a moment. Hurry up H. [R. H. repeats the rest of the passage.]

"'Again... Good oh good may God preserve you always H., and keep you alive on earth until you have accomplished a thorough work. I'll help you in every way possible (Shall I repeat the Greek again?) Yes, something new... Yes he's listening... too fast H... wait... ready he has it very nearly... not the last H... no before... yes... not quite... got it. [R. H. had been repeating the first five words only several times.] I'll go now and translate it and return sir.'

"This promise was never kept and we heard no more of the

Greek. At later sittings other matters came to the front and Moses did not reappear to complete the translation."

But that sudden "Ouk esti thanatos," a dozen lines back, shows that there is a real mystery, and not a plain failure.

On the Piper manifestations up to this time, Podmore had an article in the same volume with Prof. Newbold's report—Pr. XIV, which he, if alive, probably would not write to-day. Like everything of his, however, it is well worth reading. I have space for but a few extracts.

(Pr.XIV,50): "Is it not conceivable that the whole of the information given in the trances may have been acquired by normal means, either by unconscious elaboration of hints undesignedly furnished by the sitter, or by a deliberate system of private inquiry?"

No, gentle spirit, it is not. The day when you wrote that is past. I find that I was crass enough, when I first read it, to write in the margin: "Comical." It was not so comical when written several years before.

Podmore's essay contains an interesting account of Alexis Didier, a clairvoyant of seventy years ago. He intimates that certain remarkable manifestations "only prove . . . that Alexis's Intelligence Department was up to date." Opposite this I find my comment: "This explanation is more credulous than faith in telopsis." While I have tried to keep an open mind, I have not succeeded in keeping free from similar impressions regarding some views of many critics, not only of telopsis, but of most of the phenomena described in the Pr. S. P. R. The genuineness of those phenomena has passed the examination of many of the best contemporary minds, and whatever may be their ultimate explanation, in regard to them in general it is too late for other fine minds to waste themselves over the hypothesis of fraud.

Podmore goes over the performance of several other noted telopsists, and compares them with Mrs. Piper as follows (Pr. XIV, 78):

"On the almost inconceivable hypothesis that Mrs. Piper has obtained all this information fraudulently, we can but view with amazement her artistic restraint in the use of proper names; her masterly reticence on dates and descriptions of houses and

such concrete matters, which form the stock-in-trade of the common clairvoyante; the consummate skill which has enabled her to portray hundreds of different characters without ever confusing the rôle, to utilize the stores of information so laboriously acquired without ever betraying the secret of their origin."

"The consummate skill which has enabled her to portray hundreds of different characters without ever confusing the rôle." Here, while showing himself profoundly impressed with Mrs. Piper's telopsis, he barely touches, but with a master touch, upon what impresses me as of vastly more importance than all the other features of her manifestations put together. This feature has also been little more than touched upon by the other commentators with the exception of Hodgson, and later Sir Oliver Lodge. The neglect of it by so many who have paid close attention to the matter seems strange. But it is touched upon by all, just as the cosmic soul and its inflow, which seems to me the fundamental correlator of all the phenomena, is touched upon by all—and applied throughout by none.

The details of the so-called "evidential" matter bearing on the survival of death seem to me so nearly balanced for and against, that, so far, they are hardly worth taking into account—that is, hardly worth taking into account unless we include among them the dramatic quality. If that dramatic quality is regarded as a mere manifestation of human capacity (even when the question is begged by calling it subliminal), and that capacity in a woman otherwise of but average qualities, it is, to me at least, a marvel so overwhelming that, with one exception, the suggestions to account for it are by contrast less than pigmy. But that excepted suggestion is equally overwhelming: it is the so-called spiritistic manifestation as a function of the cosmic soul. Telopsis, telakousis, dreams, possession—the whole business—give evidence of it. And beside its solitary and majestic adequacy, the "evidential" obstacles to it often appear to sink into nothingness.

CHAPTER XXXVI

FARTHER EXTRACTS FROM PROFESSOR NEWBOLD'S NOTES

Introductory

Professor Newbold has most kindly volunteered to place at my disposal the original notes from which he prepared his paper in Pr. S. P. R. XIV that served me as the basis for the preceding chapter. That paper embraced but a small part of the notes of the sittings: some of them were deferred because of private considerations which time has partly removed, and I have found not a little of the unpublished portion now available for publication, and well deserving of attention; but of course the best parts are, as usual, unpublishable because they are too intimate.

These notes are the only full ones (except those of my own sitting) that I have ever seen. Of course, compared with the parts selected for printing, the sittings as a whole are poor. But the long stretches of confusion and seeming twaddle have given me a stronger impression than I ever had from the more coherent and significant portions printed, that much of the matter does come, but under difficulties, from some source outside of either medium or sitter or other incarnate intelligences.

I shall have occasion to refer to these notes several times, and will allude to them as the Newbold Notes.

The deferred matter of the Newbold Notes is interesting mainly from the alleged appearance of George Eliot and Walter Scott as controls, and from more detailed expressions by the Imperator controls than have yet been printed in the Pr. S. P. R. To my taste the Eliot and Scott matter savors *very* little of the reputed authors. And yet assuming for the moment that our great authors survive in a fuller life, presumably they would have to communicate under very embarrassing conditions: for not only would they have to cramp

themselves to produce work comprehensible here, but that System of Things which I am forced to harp upon, would have to limit them lest their competition should upset the whole system of our literary development, or rather would have involved a different one from the beginning.

To me most of the Imperator matter is trash, but, as we have seen a couple of chapters earlier, Hodgson did not so regard it, and he was a man to be reckoned with; and if I were a clergyman of the Methodist Church, or perhaps some other, I might regard it very differently.

My first reading of the alleged George Eliot matter inclined me to scout it entirely. It is certainly not in all particulars what that great soul would have sent from a better world if she had been permitted to communicate anything more profound than we have been left to find out for ourselves, or even if she had had the commonplace chance to revise her manuscript. But on reflection I realized that, although the matter came through Mrs. Piper, it could not have come *from* her, wherever it came from; and that if George Eliot were communicating tidings naturally within our comprehension, and merely descriptive of superficial experience as distinct from reflection, and were communicating, through a poor telephone, words to be recorded by an indifferent scribe, this material would not seem absolutely incongruous with its alleged source, and to a reader knowing that the stuff claimed to be hers, might possibly suggest the weakest possible dilution or reflection of her. Yet she calls Imperator "His Holiness" and says he is "of God" and holds communion with God daily and passes along results, etc., etc.—all of it the sort of anthropomorphism that might be expected from the average medium or average sitter, but not from George Eliot.

And now, since writing the last paragraph and going through the notes half a dozen times more, I have about concluded, or perhaps worked myself up to the conclusion, that if a judicious blue pencil were to take from them what could be attributed to imperfect means of communication, and what could be considered as having slopped over from the medium, there would be a pretty substantial and not unbeautiful residuum which might, without straining anything, be taken for

a description by George Eliot, of the heaven she would find if, as begins to seem possible, she and Moses and Hodgson and the rest of us, have or are to have heavens to suit our respective tastes. But what would have to be taken out is often ludicrously incongruous with George Eliot, and taking it out would certainly be open to serious question.

Yet whatever may be the qualities, merits, or demerits of this "George Eliot" matter, what character it has is its own, and different materially from any I have seen recorded from any other control. What is vastly more important, despite the lapses in knowledge, taste, and style, which negative its being the unmodified production of George Eliot, it nevertheless presents, *me judice,* the most reasonable, suggestive, and attractive pictures of a life beyond bodily death that I know of: it is not a reflection of previous mythologies, it is congruous with the tastes of what we now consider rational beings, and might well fill their desires; and it *tallies with our experiences*—in dreams. Yet it is not a great feat of imagination, but in recent times no great genius has attacked the subject, and George Eliot would not have been expected to devote her imagination to it, which raises a slight presumption that what is told is really told by her from experience.

If I had to venture a guess as to how it came into existence, it would be something like the guesses I make below with a better basis of fact, regarding Scott, and would give some backing to a conception which perhaps we will find worth considering later (in my last three chapters)—that the future life is a continuation of the dream life we know here. In this case, I guess that somebody within range, possibly Mrs. Piper herself, had been reading George Eliot, or about George Eliot, and the muskmelon pollen had affected the cucumbers. Some real George Eliot influence may have flowed in too, though I don't state this as a conviction that any did.

I cannot say even as much for the Walter Scott matter, though I would say something of the same sort, which it is not worth while to repeat. The Scott dreams are still less characteristic of the alleged author, contain a much larger proportion of absurdities, and are in every way even less satisfying and suggestive. And yet the individuality of the style,

such as it is—its difference from the alleged George Eliot style, is obvious. The more I read of all this mediumistic literature, the more I am impressed, despite the wishy-washiness of most of it, with the fact that each control has "thon's" own style, whether it is worth having or not, and has it to a degree whose creation would tax the most ingenious dramatists or novelists—perhaps even be beyond them. This is an important point, and I am not apt to do too much to impress it. I have just happened to read a criticism of a translation made many years ago—not the one soon to appear—of Gobineau's *Renaissance.* The book is made up of imaginary conversations, something like Landor's, between Savonarola, Cæsar Borgia, Julius II, Leo X, Michelangelo, and all sorts of contemporaries. The critic objected that the vocabularies of all the speakers were the same. This is a striking illustration of the difficulty of giving variety to characters. To assume that Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Thompson and several other mediums themselves create the distinct individualities they portray, would be the height of absurdity. Now if they don't, who does? That a variety of sitters, each with distinct recollections, should be able to do it, is far less absurd, but still presents grave difficulties. But supposing it true, who under the sun made Phinuit? Moses may have made Imperator and Rector, but not the Rector we have seen described by James. James and "sundry critical and fastidious sitters" made him, unless God did. Mrs. Piper certainly did not. My vote, if I must vote, is for James and the sitters. But I can't vote that the sitters made G. P. and Hodgson (whom we will meet as a control later) or perhaps anybody that I *know* once had a personality.

Scott takes Newbold and Hodgson on imaginary journeys through space; describes the planets, calling the sun one, and speaking of "Heaven" as another; gets into Saturn without displaying any consciousness of its rings, talks nonsense about them when reminded of them by the sitter; says there are monkeys in the sun, and explains it away when challenged; vindicates his claim to being a Scotchman by saying "bonnie" once, and "good-morrow" habitually; and does give perhaps a *very* faint suggestion of Sir Walter's narrative style, but none whatever of his sense of humor.

With our present knowledge, the rodomontade attributed to

Scott provokes a ready hypothesis. Whether the future will confirm it is another matter. Hodgson, the sitter, tells the Scott control that he had lately been much absorbed in Scott's life and letters. This, apparently, had telepathically set the medium going. Who composed the story of the journeys to the planets is also another matter: it hardly reads like Scott, and is not to be thought of as Mrs. Piper. But Hodgson was entirely up to it, and in the absence of farther knowledge, my guess would be that he involuntarily reeled it off telepathically through Mrs. Piper. This does not preclude my also guessing (I don't say believing) that a Scott influence of some kind—more than a reflection and Hodgson's memories—may have flowed in too. The style of the production is as far as possible from Hodgson, and much more suggestive, or rather I should say, less unsuggestive, of Scott.

Stainton Moses turns up several times, and apparently a result of his appearing in the Newbold sittings was the later appearance, through Mrs. Piper, of controls claiming to be the old Moses-Imperator gang. Imperator discoursed *ad nauseam* on Old Testament matters, denying many statements and taking others extra-seriously, harped constantly on Melchizedek, and hinted that Melchizedek and Mrs. Piper are "two of a kind." All this harping can hardly be attributed to Hodgson, Newbold, or Mrs. Piper. It seems as if the post-carnate Moses must have taken a hand: it is a very hard nut to crack. Imperator also uses "evolute" as a verb, and inflects it. And here is a very suggestive point. There are some half a dozen controls in the series of sittings from which I am now quoting—alleged to be persons living at various periods, and of various varieties and degrees of culture, and virtually all of them, even George Eliot, employ that noun "evolute," as a verb in place of *evolve,* although the two words have no legitimate meaning in common. That so many of the real persons the controls professedly represented should have been guilty of such a solecism, is out of the question. Plainly Mrs. Piper had an attack of it, just as she apparently had an attack of Walter Scott through Hodgson, and just as we all occasionally get an attack of some word or other; and she, as we all do, mixed it in with her dreams.

The later sittings of this series abound in predictions regarding the war with Spain then impending. The *details* had little if any relation to the events that actually occurred. One of the consequences was to be "the greatest purification and spiritual growth that the world has [will have? H.H.] known since the birth of Christ."

These controls generally indicated the primitive theory of Possession. Phinuit, despite his having once said to some control: "You come in by the hands and I'll go out by the feet," claims to go out and in by a spiritual umbilical cord, such as that by which various persons dreaming themselves to have left the body, still see themselves connected.

Alleged Communications from Sir Walter Scott

I have already expressed my guess as to the source of these.

The introduction of this Scott control was peculiar and suggestive. As already stated, Hodgson was absorbed in Scott's *Life and Letters*. On June 25, 1895, appeared (ostensibly) Hodgson's cousin Fred H—— (see Chapter XXIX) to the following effect. I introduce him for various reasons, but here especially for his assertion, at the end of the extract, regarding his residence. That seems to provide Scott with a topic.

June 25, 1895.

"'Say, how you was, how was you ... do you see me ... H—— ... (R. H.: Hello Fred, what's the news?) [Fred H——, cousin of R. H. killed in Australia about 1872 by fall in gymnasium fracturing spine.] Your mother, Aunt Margaret, is not at all well Dick (What's the matter?) Yes, write her a line, will you, ... she had an abscess or something like it but is getting on a little better now.... (H.: Have you been there?) Yes, I have just returned from Australia (Did you have a good time?) Good time? Yes, I saw Annie [R. H.'s sister.] [N. makes some remark] who was that said yes [Hand H.H.] [pounds]. (H.: My friend here said something.) Not *much* (H.: Oh some spirit spoke to you?) Yes, said "say yes this way" [pounds again very heavily] How are you Dick any way how are you? (H.: First rate, taking a little exercise, bicycling lately.) What is that (Something like what you and I called 'boneshaking' riding on two wheels.) Oh, fly the garter, [a game at which F. H. was unusually expert] well I'll beat you at it. (H.: Have you got track of my affairs?) Got, well I should smile you have not half lived out your happy days (I wish I were over there with

you so that I might give proof of my identity) What! over here.... Well it is all right where you are.... Well Dick you dear old Bunt... Bump... Got it... t... yes... yes Bunto [?] Yes our word of... Well you do not really signify one... yet I recall it... hear... you are not so insignificant as a Bunit, Not at all. I do not say B U N T I do not... Bunyet... Oh there is the cow... Pull her tail Dick... [when boys F. H. once induced R. H. to do it and he was of course kicked over.] [Isn't this an out-and-out dream? H.H.]... Well you old Bunyet... yot... why can't you think... B (H.: You mean Bunyip the bugaboo of the Australian natives?) [Violent pounding and scrabbling] Did I not say yet... You look like one just now as I see you... yes... why did? (H.: How are they all in Australia?) First rate (Ella, Harry and all) everyone... yes... yes... (H.: My mother will not pass out now?) No—no—Star [They had spoken of this before] (Oh you mean you live in a star?) Yes, Mars.....'"

June 25, 1895.

After other communications handwriting changes, becomes small and proceeds slowly:

"'Scott, Scott, Scott, I am extremely happy to be with you sir.... I just strayed in here (This is Sir Walter Scott?) Yes sir, I strayed [Then H——'s allusion to Mars apparently takes effect. H.H.]... for a moment lend me your attention when you wish to hear anything concerning Mars—do not forget to call for me. I am... I have met Mr. Pelham and I am enchanted with him, intellectually (Yes, he's a splendid fellow) very... wonderfully clever sir [of N] (This is a friend of mine Sir Walter,—Dr. Newbold) Pleased to meet you sir... Brain [we read this *Bone* and ask if he is writing Latin] No sir, Scotch B R A I N... a fine... (You mean he has a fine brain?) Yes, sir meaning Mr. Pelham. [Funny to descant on the brain of a post-material personage! Yet amid all the phantasmagoria appear many indications of second and sublimated editions of bodies, including brains, I suppose as vehicles for thought, just as they are here. H.H.]... well, naturally charming (Will you not come to-morrow and talk to Dr. N.?) Yes sir. I would be pleased indeed. (N.: I would be much indebted to you Sir Walter if you would.) Oh I should be most happy to do anything possible for you or the assistance [Does he mean this in the French sense? If so, it was not Mrs. Piper. H.H.]... any information regarding our existence. I am somewhat interested in your friend here whom I have heard mention my name upon several occasions. (H.: I have been much interested in your life and letters.) life and letters, indeed. (Yes, they have been recently published and I was especially impressed by that you wrote to a lady proposing marriage.) This might be why I am

so much attracted to you. (I felt a strong feeling for you.) I have clearly been in a way connected with you (In what special way?) Feeling, circumstances, etc. (In all this work?) I have also assisted you in writing your ideas. (You mean you impress your thoughts upon me?) Yes sir (I hope you will continue to do it) pardon . . . yes sir I will be pleased I assure you (Is not the light growing dim?) Yes sir—good morrow (Please tell Dr. N. to-morrow about Mars and the condition of your life over yonder) good morrow—Walter Scott. [With a dash a new sprawling script.]' "

June 26, 1895. *Present: W. R. N.*

"To G. P.: (Send in Sir Walter.) 'Yes certainly, with the greatest pleasure my boy. . . . Well this is a cool reception (What do you mean?) Well I am only talking to Scott—We will leave the question of Pantheism [Hand beckons to invisible Sir Walter. Some initial convulsion,—then the Sir Walter Script begins, Hand writes steadily, uniformly, without show of emotion, in a very small faint script [Counter to the general Piper practice. H.H.], and when it raps assent does it in a gentle manner very unlike the vigorous blows given by other writers.]' "

"'We turn our air ship towards the planet Mars and as we draw nearer and nearer, we begin to see objects and people. We then look again down upon the earth and then into Mars and see what comparison [N. doesn't decipher] comparisons . . . (comparisons?) No not s. leave it out . . . we can make as to its inhabitants with those in Mars a strange looking lot of people, very dark in color. They seem to be very intelligent yet not altogether like our friends on earth. They are more like the animal in shape (Do they stand upright?) Oh yes, are you not with me, sir (I'm simply writing my question so as to know the meaning of your answer) Oh pardon . . . well of course you have my idea, that we are sailing, you as a man on earth, I as a spirit in heaven, sailing through the spirit world together, only I am illustrating it to you as being in the sky, do you understand . . . yes sir . . . (Can you describe the inhabitants more closely?) Ah yes we see these people as it were half man half animal yet wonderfully advanced with their inventions (What are the canals in Mars?) I have described the roads, walks, the icebergs (You haven't described them to us) Oh not . . . no . . . you don't understand sir (I beg pardon for the interruption), not at all I say I have not . . . oh well I understand from my friend, Mr. Pelham that you have discovered canals. Yet they were termed . . . what did you term them (canals) Yes, but what meaning did you convey to the word (None at all, I simply use the word to indicate the appearance of the parallel lines seen on the surface of the planet) Oh spots on the sun—oh reflection only . . . reflection from the sun.' "

June 27, 1895.

"[G. P. writes, Ph. still talking.] 'How are you B—— tell Ph. to keep quiet, you see I do not wish to be interrupted. I have many things of importance on my mind and wish to clear them. You forgot to call me back old chap. (I know it George, but the light went out before I thought of it.) I saw my friend Scott speaking to you. Did he make himself understood? (Yes indeed. What he said was very interesting and he promised to continue it to-day.) Oh and he will. He has a charming character and has had a wonderful experience of very long duration. . . . O U K . . . O U K . . . Now . . . Down . . . N o ? . . . yes . . . N O R . . . O U K [I keep repeating the phrase ouk esti thánatos and spelling each word from time to time.]'"

G. P. boggles over the phrase until W. R. N. suggests:

"'(Go out and think it over or ask someone while Sir Walter talks) I do not need to do this. I will go out and recall, I never need ask. . . . I say, B—— here comes Scott, Adieu. [Writing changes to characteristic Scott hand as used in former sittings.] [Was Mrs. Piper not only a great dramatist, but also an expert in changing handwriting? H.H.] Good morrow my friend I am now prepared to finish my discourse or description of spiritual beings, existences, etc. Do you remember where I left off? It was, that is to say we were, in the planet Mars. The lines by the way sir,—come with me again, are you ready— Well the lines or spots, so to speak, are not satellites. They are reflections from the sun. (Reflections of what?) [hand ignores the question and pursues the calm and even tenor of its way.] Well now we wish to see something of the habitations of the gentlemen who inhabit this planet. Their houses are similar to those on earth yet more modern and much less complicated in structure. Do you wish to speak to me sir as we pass? (Yes. Of what are they made and how?) They are made from various kinds of material such as brick, stone, etc. (These are the houses on the planet Mars of which you are speaking?) I am, yet we do not compare them exactly with those on earth. They are made according to natural causes and such atmospheric conditions as it is necessary from such materials. (Tell me more about the atmospheric conditions.) I think that I have done so upon other occasions sir, and were you the gentleman to whom I gave them? (Not to me, Sir Walter but to a friend of mine. I have read what you said, and I think you did not say anything of the atmosphere.) Well, pardon me sir, I will then. The planet, as we see it materially is rather cold. For instance there are icebergs and many of them on this planet i.e. on some parts of it; in others it is warmer and enough so to produce vegetation. There are some very beautiful trees, flowers, etc. (Is the climate

fair or cloudy?) *Very* fair, it is in the torrid zone. (You mean it is fair in the torrid zone of Mars?) Yes, this *only* (Are there inhabitants in other planets?) Such as Jupiter? Well let me ask what you are dreaming about sir [I misunderstand and think writer is reproving me for asking such a question of Jupiter since I knew well that he was not in a condition to support life. So I say] (I said nothing of Jupiter, Sir Walter; I merely asked whether there is life in any other planets.) There was a little misunderstanding I think, as we are now riding through the air. (I beg your pardon; go on.) we now leave the planet Mars and we wish to visit others. First we think of Jupiter. Well as we ride we begin to discern——[for pencil]——Thanks——something which to us looks like a dark jagged ball or rock. Well as we draw nearer we seem to discover smoke as it seems, then still more of the darkness. Now we are nearing the planet. As we draw nearer we begin to see sparks which reminds us of fire. Now we pass through a tremendously stifling atmosphere (Not stifling to you?) Oh no sir, I am the spirit or life, you are the material man whom I am taking with me as my guest. You seem choked, and yet you ask me to go on. Well, now we wish to pass through this fog of seemingly smoke, fire electricity, as Mr. Pelham terms it. I borrowed the phrase sir, [Electricity cut no figure in Scott's earthly life. Evidential touch! H.H.] and now we begin to reach the planet Jupiter. We pass around the surface peeping into it... onto it... and we see nothing of any importance except the continual sparks, so called, which conglomerate together and as yet are in a very unsettled state (Take me further.) This all seems to us strange and interesting. We see all in one mass a conglomeration of atmospheres which when settled in one body looks like a planet. (Then Jupiter is not solid?) Not at all solid. (Take me elsewhere, especially where there is life.) What is the general idea of Jupiter on your planet sir? (I know little astronomy Sir Walter, but I think Jupiter is believed to be a red hot solid surrounded by dense clouds.) But it is not at all solid as we can pass through it.'"

This is probably distinctly incorrect, but nothing else seems to be, so far as it goes. It is a little strange that he did not speak more definitely of the superficial aspects displayed in all the pictures.

There are perhaps a dozen pages of this sort of thing, going through the rest of the planets. We have room for only a scrap or two more. There is no more than a fortuitous correspondence with the little astronomy I know, and a proportionate share of contradictions, and it ends up with (Professor Newbold resuming):

"(Take me where there is life.) 'Venus—(Good) so termed is inhabited [Medium's head falls from the cushion. I say] (Wait a moment Sir Walter while I fix the head of the medium in place.) Yes sir [Hand stops writing until the head is again firmly set in place. Phinuit thanks me in stifled tones. I ask whether the light is going out. Hand replies] The light so called? No sir.... Venus you will remember on earth looks like a very beautiful and bright star.... We pass through a long... of light, so called sky and we pass on very rapidly until we begin—are you tired sir? (No indeed. Go on.) ——to feel very much pleased with the atmospheric conditions.... We smell the most delightful odors possible for the human mind to understand or sense. Now all is life, light, the air is as balmy and soft as a spring morning on earth... insects of all kinds and descriptions, birds of every known [hand hesitates for some time and then writes] description (You had *species* in mind, had you not?) species, yes sir, this was exactly the expression which I wish to express or use—their plumage is to you something magnificent and indescribable. We see them flitting about from one place to another, apparently in space, yet as we move on we begin to realize that we are approaching something more tangible. Now we see the heavens aglow with light, the perfume heavenly. The atmosphere warm, balmy, beautiful, too much so to put in words and express. Now we feel a slight breeze and we are wafted through the outer rim as it were into a perfect little heaven by itself. Nothing ever realized on earth could compare with this. Now we see no one, i.e. no living being so to speak, only these beautiful creatures the trees like wax, the flowers like the true soul as it were, they are so really beautiful, the fields are one mass of green... yet we see not a man anywhere. We wonder where they all are, we travel for miles and miles, yet we see nothing but insects and birds i.e. living. We wish to ascertain why this is thus... yes sir... why... why... because of the marvelous atmosphere. They are sensitive to this and cannot survive it. (Did they ever exist?) Oh no, sir (You mean then that Venus is passing through a stage analogous to the carboniferous era on the earth?) I do, only it is more perfect and real at this stage... when the time comes for the flowers to decay they simply droop, wither and fall, then immediately others spring up and fill their places. Now we stop for a moment.... Now we must go... pass... on and leave this beautiful godlike heaven [Would Sir Walter compare a place to a sentient being? H.H.] or planet as it were [my hand is resting on the paper. The writing collides with it, stops, feels it, finger by finger, writes:] What is that please, sir? (My hand.) Best not disturb me [I misunderstanding explain that I lift the writing hand while I turn the pages of the block book] Oh thanks not that sir; it was here [tapping the spot where my hand had rested] it's all right sir, pardon me if you please.

"'..... We move out of Venus, slowly, unwillingly, yet on we pass until we have reached the outer sphere again. Now we move on towards the sun, but at first we feel extremely uncomfortable ... yet we begin to become accustomed to the atmosphere and now on we go ... in our air vessel towards the sun ... and as we move on we still continue to feel uncomfortable until we reach this planet, when the atmosphere begins to clear a little. Now we, excuse the mixture of nouns and pronouns, sir, we then reach the sun, and we feel cold (cold?) Yes sir we have passed beyond the limit of the former planets and we feel the various changes as we move. Now the extreme change takes place and we feel intensely hot ... we do not wish to move on, so now we find this one center of heat (Can you a spirit feel the heat?) [Finger points deliberately at me, then hand writes,] You, yet I [I express comprehension] pardon, yes sir, yet I wish you to imagine yourself a spirit well now.... (Sir Walter is the sun all fire, or has it a solid core?) The word is not familiar to me, sir. [I explain.] Oh, there is a solid body, sir, which I am now going to take you to see.... Well now we move on towards this fire, now reach its borders and notwithstanding the extreme heat we pass through it and we find ourselves upon a solid bed of hot clay or sand. This is caused by gravity understand where we are we have now reached the limit, we find it very warm and deserted like a deserted island. We fail to find its inhabitants if there are any i.e. if it has any. Now we see what we term monkeys, dreadful looking creatures, black extremely black, very wild. We find they live in caves which are made in the sand or mud, clay etc.'"

Touching this remarkable piece of Natural History, Professor Newbold says (Pr. XIV, 48):

"In 1895, as the alleged Walter Scott was concluding a sitting he told me that there were monkeys in the sun. That night while writing up the sitting at Dr. Hodgson's rooms, ten miles from Mrs. Piper, Dr. Hodgson and I fell to laughing over this preposterous statement; so loudly indeed did we laugh that I finally cautioned Dr. H. that we would be wakening the whole block. The next morning the writer, without my saying anything about it, explained that he did not mean to say there were monkeys in the sun; the light of the medium was failing him and gave rise to this error. He meant to say that we would follow the light of the sun as far as the tropic of Capricorn and there we would see the monkeys flying in and out of sand caves. I do not see that this explanation betters the matter very much. A little later on, as the writer was professing to show me the moon, the hand suddenly stopped:—

"'Excuse me sir, a moment. Who was the gentleman with whom I saw you seemingly laughing over my journeys with

you! Actually laughing ... yes sir ... and roaring enough to split the canopy of space. [I confess I was much taken aback by having my sins thus unexpectedly brought to light; I explained who it was and how absurd the statement about the sun had seemed to us. I begged the writer's pardon.] Not at all, sir, thank you sir ... exceedingly kind sir. No intelligent spirit would convey for a moment this impression. Well now we have had a nice long trip, and we wish now to visit ... no [hand strikes out 'visit'] leave the actual planets and visit our own planet, i.e. Heaven. Well, sir, come with me and I will take you through it with me.'"

The sun and heaven "planets"! Evidently Mrs. Piper had as bad an attack of the word, as she had of "evolute."

My eliminations indicated in the foregoing extracts from Sir Walter are of pure surplusage; yet you will agree that enough in all conscience is left.

June 27, 1895. *Sitter: W. R. Newbold.*

"Phinuit speaks: 'There are a lot of great,—what do you call them,—famous, eminent men here but they are too far advanced in their sphere to come back through any light. Don't you believe these mediums when they say great men come to them. Don't you absorb any such mysteries. (But Dr. some great men have professed to speak through this light?) [Phinuit seems taken aback] Who have, Billie? (Well that gentleman who was here last time [Walter Scott. H.H.] He's a great man.) Oh that friend of George's. He's here now with George, waiting for you to get through talking to me. He's a writer you know. (What does he look like?) He has a high forehead, and hair drooped down over his ears, aquiline nose [I have examined three portraits of Scott with reference to this. In two the nose is unmistakably straight; in one it is possibly aquiline. H.H.], broad forehead, a little bit of hair on the sides of his face here [feels my cheek, stops, pulls at my beard]—you look as though you were covered with hair Billie—rest of his face is shaven. (What is his name?) I don't know. We call people here mostly by their Christian names, we don't use the other names much. (What is his Christian name?) Walter. ... Who was the other great man Billie that came through this light? (Darwin.) Darwin, who's he? (A great man Dr.—too long a story to tell.) ... I've been hanging around this light ever since it was a little one: ... I've been with this body ever since it came into the material; I've been following, following, following it all these years. (Had you been long in the spirit when you first saw it Dr.) No I'd just awaked in the spirit,—just been called [N.B. This is Mrs. P.'s 36th birthday.] Do

you know Billie, I've taken this body when very ill and treated it. (I wish you'd do as much for me Dr.) I can't belong to everybody Billie.... There are lots of people George talks about, he reaches them in thought but not in contact A French gentleman asked me about George Washington, and whether I'd ever seen him. Do you know who he is, Billie? (Oh yes.) He said he was a governor or somebody. Is that true? (Yes he was a great man with us.) Well I never saw him.——Some [i.e. professional mediums] are not altogether frauds, they have good lights, but have too much imagination. Do you know what I mean Billie? (Oh yes.) Well, here comes George, but before I go I must give a message to these little girls' mother [Mrs. Thaw. H.H.] There are two little girls here with their grandmother—Ruth and Margaret and they wish to be remembered. The little one says "Pretty pussy."'"

The foregoing contains nothing "evidential," but I hope to learn how capable seekers of the evidential account for it. If it is an attempt of the alleged "cunning" "subliminal self" of Mrs. Piper or somebody else, or of somebody's supraliminal self, to make an amusingly ingenuous Phinuit, it is overdrawn: for an educated French physician living early in the nineteenth century could not have had all this professed ignorance of Washington. The same objections hold against its being a genuine Phinuit, unless you apply the usual handy gloze of "dimmed and confused recollections." It seems simply an unaccountable dream jumble. "There are others."

July 3, 1895. *Present: R. H.*

"[Sir Walter Scott writes.] 'I am with you, sir. Have you followed me all the way through our heavenly world? Do you grasp all I desire? (I try to realize as far as it is possible for mortal.) I am extremely anxious that you should disentangle every muddle should there be any, by questioning me. (Can you tell me about the planets beyond Saturn?) Oh yes, sir, all of them. You know they were distinguished one from another by names... [illegible]... in Latin, such [?] as Latin... yes, which... I had no doubt you would understand me—printed or otherwise known as (Latin names given to the planets?) Yes, sir.

"'The spirit is happy and eminent[?] on high
into all planets can instantly fly.

You have not got the meter right, sir (Oh, it's in meter.) Yes, sir. (You are quoting some poetry?) Yes, sir. (Try again.)

Realms
world?

with [?] its several [?] wings to various planets can instantly fly . . . yes, I . . . [illegible] it. The trouble is you do not catch all of my words, sir.

The spirit is happy and in . . .
ne, dwells in heaven on high

No, not right, sir.
Our spirit is happy in heaven on high
With wings ethereal . . .
. . . sir, you have it *our*.
(Our spirits are happy in heaven on high
With wings" is that it?)
to the various planets we fly.

Similar . . . yes, sounds so, sir. (Have you just composed these lines?) I brought them here in thought, sir. (You wrote a great many lines of poetry when you were in the body.) Oh yes, sir, yes, some very fair, and others *very* bad, I am sure.'"

Sir Walter goes on to write about the planets beyond Saturn, to the effect that Uranus has no inhabitants but fish, though Neptune, much less likely to be inhabited, holds a preternaturally intelligent and moral community of man-like dwarfs, who believe in the Trinity. They also "evolute." When they die, they go to a part of Sir Walter's "planet" heaven, "not far from us." He doesn't know whether the inhabitants of all the planets go there or not. If I remember rightly, he leaves only a third planet with human-like inhabitants to question about; but all inferior conscious beings he very liberally (and not unreasonably, *me judice*) declares immortal. He speaks of "Heaven" several times as a planet (instead of, like Boston, a condition) and constantly uses the primitive notion of going "up" to it.

Then he goes into descriptions of what is seen and heard there, vastly inferior to those we shall see later attributed to George Eliot, and of relations to friends there and on earth. But despite lots of drivel, it seems to possess a certain worthwhileness in sharing the experience that to wish for anything is to realize it, which is the most "heavenly" notion I have yet encountered, and which is (I'm a little surprised to find myself saying) so well illustrated in the George Eliot communications. All the wishes given by "Sir Walter" are, it should be superfluous to say, innocent ones; and in response to an inquiry whether he reads or studies, he implies that doing so would be superfluous, as he *experiences* anything in

which he feels an interest. That strikes me as rather heavenly too.

With these Scott sittings, as with the Eliot ones, I have had more noticeably than with others, one experience which perhaps I ought to own up to. At the first reading, as already stated, neither set seemed worth attention; but at each of the half dozen subsequent readings, not only has the Eliot set presented more and more points that seemed worth noticing, but even the Scott set has not seemed so utterly negligible as at first. The old-fashioned courtesy and diffuseness certainly suggest some Scott influence. This may all be because I *want* to find something in the utterances, and because therefore, do my best, I cannot divest myself of bias, and so must warn you against me. Yet my increased idea that there may be something in them may be due to better reasons.

Here is a suggestive episode, or "put-up job," as you please to look at it. Or you needn't look at it at all as explaining anything. I don't.

On July 8, 1895, Sir Walter Scott is alleged to be talking to Hodgson some impossible lingo about Neptune and its inhabitants, when

Present: R. H.

"[Hand points beyond. 'Who is this gentleman, sir (H.: Is it Mr. Phillips [pseudonym]?) No sir... Dr. A. T. M——. excuse [I introduce Sir Walter Scott and Dr. A. T. M—— to each other!] pleased to meet you sir. He wishes me to say that there's nothing serious in regard to the child's illness. Give this to F [pause] (to Fred?) F. H. M. sounds sir very like F H M (I understand.) thanks sir. I am very grateful ... good day,—never mind, I am pleased to do anything for you.'"

Scott when asked if they live in houses says, "Not at all." George Eliot says they do, and describes many. Other controls have done the same.

Sir Walter's fantastic stories of the planets make the sitter want to know what Phillips (pseudonym) the astronomer would say. He asks G. P. and Phinuit if they can get him, and on July 3, 1895, he turns up—rather absurdly it appears to me.

Present: R. H.

"[As Mrs. Piper began to lose consciousness, her head

peered forward as it were, her eyes seemed fixed, and she murmured 'Phillips—Phillips—I see Phillips—listen, listen—— In the front of your eye forms a lens which collects the rays of light which project from an object and it registers itself upon the retina. That's how you see me.' There may have been some additional words. Mrs. Piper then went into trance under what was obviously a 'new control' i.e. other than Phinuit. The attempts to speak failed; then the hands and arms made movements as if holding a telescope, looking through it, directing it upwards, turning it in a sweep, drawing it out, adjusting it, turning round the eye piece, working a side screw, etc. I suggest writing. Hand feels my head and fingers.] [Phillips writes.] [Scrawls.] Phillips [scrawls.] [Phinuit takes control. Hand becomes more perturbed. Ph. says,] 'there's a gentleman there. I saw him talking to the light of the medium.' [I give Phinuit a hat lining of deceased person to find details about while I am talking to Phillips.] 'What's the... help. [I hold the hand by the wrist gently but firmly and keep it near the table.] Oh thank you sir, Oh thanks. I used to study and teach astronomy. (Are you Mr. Phillips?) Yes, sir, Phillips. (I heard you lecture once in England.) [Much excitement in hand. Wild scrawls.] England—well—I know England very well.... England. Oh England how sweet to hear the sound of England and be able to discriminate the difference between the immortal and the mortal. I wished to have had someone to see me (here?) ... (Do you wish to free your mind of anything, or will you answer some questions?) Well, sir, I first shall have to become accustomed to the working of this magnet before I can express my thoughts scientifically (You think perhaps you'd better not try to answer technical questions at present.) [Perturbation] I feel like a person in mortal body having an attack of nightmare, sir. I am all in a whirl (Perhaps you'd better not stay too long.) No, sir. I wish to have you [illegible] understand... recognize me as being what I... [illegible] am, a scientific man.... My thoughts are somewhat clouded, consequently I am not in the best possible condition to —— [illegible] to you much valuable information... Consequently I prefer to wait until I can express myself naturally, sir. I'll bid you good day, sir. (I hope you'll come again, Mr. Phillips.) Most assuredly I will, sir, thanks.'"

Alleged George Eliot Communications

"George Eliot" comes in abruptly to Hodgson, on February 26, 1897. It is Professor Newbold's impression that she(?) first put in an appearance some time before, at an unpublished sitting of an old friend. Spiritists would account for it by her surviving personality naturally seeking him both

as an old friend and as a prominent psychical researcher and spiritist. Podmore would probably have accounted for it by the friend's having voluntarily or involuntarily telepathed his interest in George Eliot, and virtually everything that was said, to Mrs. Piper—to her "subliminal self" or unconscious self or something else that was hers. My guess would agree, with qualifications, with both views, expressed somewhat thus: Mrs. Piper being very sensitive, the sitter, probably without conscious intention, hypnotized her with his interest in George Eliot, and very possibly this invited and facilitated influences, perhaps unconscious, from George Eliot's surviving psyche (one is sometimes afraid to say "soul" these days). That influence did not "get in strong," the expressions are very little like George Eliot, but without the influence that (today at least) I incline to think did come from her, the manifestation might have been even less like her.

However these alleged personalities may have been introduced to the medium, there may be much significance in their tendency, after being introduced, to return again, even when the sitter is changed, and to various sitters. If George Eliot was nothing more than a construction by a friend, through Mrs. Piper, why should she return to Hodgson who was no friend at all? Why should *he* summon up in Mrs. Piper even a recollection of the friend's George Eliot? Hodgson had enough else to do regarding friends of his own. Similarly, if the Imperator group is only the production of Moses, and the postcarnate Moses himself(?) a production of Newbold, why should they come to sundry other sitters? After G. P. is introduced with his friend "Hall," he comes to pretty much everybody. None of them restrict themselves to their earthly friends. Later the controls purporting to be Hodgson and others connected with the Society present themselves to many sitters, but, so far as I can recall, unlike Phinuit and G. P., to none but those interested in the S. P. R. or to personal friends. Several of the controls have had no earthly association with some of their sitters, or memories in common with them. This does not look like telepathy from the sitter; and still less does the fact, which seems general, that the controls who appear to strangers are mainly or only those professing interest in promulgating knowledge of a future

state. Children never so appear, neither, so far as I recollect, do any women but George Eliot and Kate Field, who are also, so far as I can recollect, the only women-controls professing an interest in propagating the faith. All this is worth thinking over. Very consonantly with this, "George Eliot" says (February 26, 1897), in response to a remark of Hodgson's on her dislike of and disbelief in spiritism:

"'.....You may have noted the anxiety of such as I to return and enlighten your fellow men. It is more especially confined to unbelievers before their departure to this life.'"

This remark and G. P.'s persistent efforts seem to my untutored mind strongly "evidential."

George Eliot is made to say, at various times:

"I was sent again because I was desirous of so doing;... Friend, it is impossible to convey to you the exact idea to your mind; in fact it is indescribable.... I am not sufficiently strong enough to remain longer with you;"

And even the impeccable Imperator propounds:

"May he...abide with thee [*sic*] one and all."

Now these apparently straightaway and deliberate violations of grammar, of which these are not the only specimens I give, on the part of such personages, *may* be due to defective reporting, or even defective communicating; but at least they "must give us pause."

But to return to "George Eliot."

March 5, 1897. *Hodgson sitting.*

"[G. E. writes:] 'Do you remember me well?... I had a sad life in many ways, yet in others I was happy, yet I have never known what real happiness was until I came here.... I was an unbeliever, in fact almost an agnostic when I left my body, but when I awoke and found myself alive in another form superior in quality, that is, my body less gross and heavy, with no pangs of remorse, no struggling to hold on to the material body, I found it had all been a dream....' R. H.: 'That was your first experience?' G. E.: '... The moment I had been removed from my body I found at once I had been thoroughly mistaken in my conjectures. I looked back upon my whole life in one instant. Every thought, word, or action which I had ever experienced passed through my mind like a wonderful panorama as it were before my vision. You cannot begin to imagine anything so real and extraordinary as this first awakening....

You must not think, my friend, from anything you may have heard or known of my life that I was not a thinker. Should you think this, you would be mistaking me altogether.' R. H.: 'I have always had the most profound admiration, not merely for your psychological work in fiction, but for your clear philosophical insight and originality.' G. E.: 'Thanks to you my friend.... A few days I had a feeling of remorse, but it did not last long. When this passed away I began to feel happier than I had ever been through the whole course of my earthly existence.... I immediately sang songs of love, realizing that I was a part of love itself. I cannot tarry much longer with you, my friend, but if you would have me say more of my life here, call for me in spirit, that is, in thought.... My life while in my body is filled with love to... No woman on your planet to-day ever expressed more. Love is spirit; love is everything; where love is not, there nothing is.... I may not be visible, that is in body, but I am determined to blow the bugle so long as I can reach a friend. George Eliot is not one to be embarrassed by the loss of a word. She would cling to her friends for ever and anon. Many are the walks [talks??] she had in life, and many are those she is taking now, and one she must take is at this present moment.....'"

Here is a queer muddle which under one perfectly natural interpretation seems proof positive of spiritism. On the same day with the foregoing, Mrs. Piper in trance said: "I shall never be able to remember that," and then recited, as if attempting to recall, what seemed to be a couple of lines of verse, though Hodgson did not catch them clearly. Then "George Eliot" says to Hodgson: "I was speaking to a lady whom I saw passing over the boundary line; I was reciting poetry to her." Now Phinuit, in sundry places, insists that when he "takes possession," Mrs. Piper does go out, and "passes over the boundary." The converse would, if true at all, naturally be true of George Eliot, and the foregoing would seem to indicate an exchange of ideas between the two intelligences as they were passing each other. There are several accounts given of the experiences of Mrs. Piper's soul while in its alleged frequent temporary excarnate states, and of hers and Phinuit's changing places in her body. These rather material expressions *may* be statements in the only language we yet have, for spiritual happenings. Certainly that apparent allusion to an interchange of ideas *en passant* between "George Eliot" and Mrs. Piper is too incidental to be a piece

of deliberate deceit, and is so natural as to seem evidential. And of course the next thing we happen upon will point just as clearly in the other direction!

March 6, 1897.

"'Is it not high time that the old dogmas were being rooted out, and this fear of passing out from the crude material disposed of altogether. The passing out of the spirit is like dropping off into a profound slumber for a while, then waking to a life that is real and not a dream or horrible nightmare. The life on earth at its best is nothing more.... I, at first, was fearful of leaving my body, as I oft times repeated to myself when alone, for where, oh where, am I going I know not.... When the final thought passed through my throbbing brain something within me seemed to say "all is well." That was the last earthly thought I ever had. When my eyes were blinded and my ears ceased to hear, I felt a shadow of darkness passing over my whole frame. I was no longer conscious, but I was passing out, and yet I knew it not. This lasted for a few moments, and I awoke in a realm of golden light. I heard the voices of friends who had gone before calling to me to follow them. At the moment the thrill of joy was so intense I was like one standing spellbound before a beautiful panorama. The music which filled my soul was like a tremendous symphony. I had never heard nor dreamed of anything half so beautiful.... The voices of my friends sounded like the soft and mellow strains of a silver lute.....

"'Another thing which seemed to me beautiful was the tranquillity of everyone. You will perhaps remember that I had left a state where no one ever knew what tranquillity meant. Now my friend, for my own satisfaction, kindly state to me whether or not you can realize anything of this?... It is a satisfaction to us to know and feel from our crude descriptions you are in the least able to conceive anything of what it is like.... We are trying to enlighten our friends as much as possible and comfort them.'"

On March 13, 1897:

"'I was speaking about the songs of our birds. Then the birds seemed to pass beyond my vision, and I longed for music of other kinds.... This thought, however, was only a fleeting one, when, to my surprise, my desires were filled.... Just before me sat the most beautiful bevy of young girls that eyes ever rested upon. Some playing stringed instruments, others that sounded and looked like silver bugles, but they were all in harmony, and I must truly confess that I never heard such strains of music before. No mortal mind can possibly realize anything like it. It was not only in this one thing that my

desires were filled, but in all things accordingly. I had not one desire, but that it was filled without any apparent act of myself. Every thought was complete; my mind was clear; my thoughts free. As you must know, this bevy of young girls remained before my vision until my soul had its desire filled. Then the panorama changed, and I actually saw their bodies take wings, [Hand indicates motion as of rising away] passing through the beautiful clear ethereal till they were lost to my vision.'

" (Do you mean that they moved swiftly, or that they seemed to be wearing wings?)

" 'They moved swiftly, the actual wings were not. Not only in this, my friend, were my desires filled... I saw everything I wished. I only had to think about it and it would immediately present itself.....

" 'I longed to see gardens and trees, flowers, etc. I no sooner had the desire than they appeared. I was standing in a flash in the center of one of the most beautiful gardens I ever beheld since the first thought of George Eliot. Such beautiful flowers no human eye ever gazed upon. It was simply indescribable, yet everything was real. There was no mistaking it, none whatever. I walked and moved along as easily as a fly would pass through a ray of sunlight in your world. I had no weight, nothing cumbersome, nothing. My body was light and free to move at my own will. I passed along through this garden, meeting millions of friends. As they were all friendly to me, each and every one seemed to be my friend.... I then thought of different friends I had once known, and my desire was to meet some one of them, when like every other thought or desire that I had expressed, the friend of whom I thought instantly appeared.' "

Apparently a " spirit," like a thought, can be in any number of places at once. Why not—through telopsis, telakousis, etc.?

How much all this is like dreams! My motive in harping on this so often will appear in Chapters L and LIV. Meanwhile, please, yourself be on the lookout for similar indications.

" March 27, 1897. (A good deal of confusion, out of which appears) 'He [Rector. H.H.] will insist upon calling me Miss, but let him if he wishes. I am very much Mrs. Never mind so long as it suits him.... I have met my mother, one friend whom I prefer not to mention.....

" 'I have a desire for reading, when instantly my whole surrounding is literally filled with books of all kinds and by many different authors.... When I touched a book and desired to meet its author, if he or she were in our world, he or she would

instantly appear. [Is this purely incidental reiterated claim for female authors, by one of them, "evidential," or was Mrs. Piper ingenious enough to invent it? H.H.] ... Then I wish to leave them all and pass on onto new surroundings. This I desire to do not alone, but accompanied by one of the persons who had so interestingly and mysteriously presented themselves. ... We simply passed out from the present débris of books, papers, etc., to ... (Confusion) I will be obliged to leave this until there is more light, friend.'"

March 2, 1897.

"'Through some we may be able to speak directly, while through others we must send messages to our friends through a controlling spirit, and in this case it is never as clear. Neither can we see our friends as clearly. (Says of G. P.) He is going on with a higher life. We are sent here to fill his place and try and clear ourselves as he has done.'"

The change of the instrument below is a specially dream-like touch.

March 30, 1897.

"'I wished to see and realize that some of the mortal world's great musicians really existed, and asked to be visited by some one or more of them. When this was expressed, instantly several appeared before me and Rubenstein stood before me playing upon an instrument like a harp at first. Then the instrument was changed and a piano appeared and he played upon it with the most delightful ease and grace of manner. While he was playing the whole atmosphere was filled with his strains of music.'"

On the same day "George Eliot" tells of meeting in prompt response to her wishes, great poets and musicians of the past, and hearing the latter play. But as she compares a woman's beautiful voice to a silver lute, which George Eliot was too good a musician to do, perhaps an initial f was omitted from the lute.

But probably it was not, because she keeps on comparing things with "a silver lute," which is a great deal more like Mrs. Piper than like George Eliot.

March 31, 1897.

"G. E.: 'I expressed a wish to see Rembrandt or any other artist of repute known to me when in the body ... when, without any further effort on my part beyond expressing the wish, R—— presented himself to me, and not only himself, but the most exquisite works of art. Beautiful landscapes, heads of many spirits well known to me as a mortal. They appeared before my

vision like a beautiful panorama, ever changing, and each picture more beautiful than the previous one.'"

April 2, 1897.

"(George Eliot.) 'Very well now, after having had those wonderful experiences I thought I would further like to know whether I could hear a full symphony of musical instruments. ... Now, friend, all I did was to express this wish and my eyes were opened as it were, and before me sat some thirty musicians, in fact, a whole orchestra and instantly they began to play, and the whole spiritual universe as it were seemed to be one beautiful symphony of music. They played for me the most beautiful selections of music I ever heard in my life, and the various notes were so distinct and clear that there was no mistaking that I was listening to a symphony in heaven.... The music was music, not a material sound of jumbling discords as those which are sometimes played upon your earthly instruments, but the most exquisite melodies produced from the instruments which were held before my eyes.....

"*April* 7, 1897. 'I listened to the harmonies of symphony, my whole spirit being in *rapport* with the delightful strains. I listened until desires were filled. Then I longed to be alone where I could think it over. The leader first acknowledged my presence as a listener, then each member of the orchestra. Then each one in his own turn smiled sweetly, bowed, and each one slowly vanished from my vision. They were gone. I was left as I desired, alone.... I have, of course, wished to know whether there were artists, musicians, trees, birds, flowers, love, friendship, hope, sympathy and tenderness as I had ofttimes experienced when in the body.... They exist each and every one of them. A most stern reality indeed.'"

George Eliot was a remarkably good musician. If she wanted an orchestra, she would have wanted at least sixty, and probably more than a hundred. Perhaps they do these things with more limited resources in Heaven? Such an incongruity as this, and the inane dilution of the writing, make a genuine George Eliot control hard to predicate, and yet this control, like virtually every other one, is an individuality, and is less unlike George Eliot than is any other control I know. Will difficulties of communication or any other *tertium quid,* make up the difference? I first read the record with repulsion, and now find in it some elements of attraction.

June 3, 1897.

"(G. E. writes) 'Now then I had had other desires, among which was a desire to see some of the children whom we had heard called angels.... I expressed the desire in precisely the

same way in which I had done before.... I had no sooner expressed the earnest thought than they appeared as so many others had done before. A very large group of children ranging in years from one to twelve I should say stood before me in rotation. Friend it was to me one of the most exquisitely beautiful sights that up to that moment had met my vision. Then they began to smile. Such expressions of sweetness you cannot imagine. Their little faces were like golden beams of the most radiant sunlight. Their eyes beaming with delight and with the pleasure they seemed to realize they were affording me. They each one and in fact all of them together clapped their tiny little hands with delight. I then spoke to them and asked them to come closer to me and try and see if they could not let me touch them. They advanced towards me and one little sunny haired child placed a little golden harp at my feet. Another advanced and drew a slight ———— (line?) across the strings of it and as she did this the most exquisitely beautiful sounds seemed to arise and the whole atmosphere was instantly filled with music. I glanced about me and to my surprise those sweet children were accompanying those two younger ones by singing... (Sitter: Are all very young children of the order of little angels?) No, I find they are not all. There are some who have not reached this realm. (S.: Earthbound children?) There are in some few cases. It is not so frequently the case however with children. They are generally accepted here at once and are not denied because of their lack of knowledge of sin when in their environment. It was the most indescribable scene I had ever witnessed. I am sorry indeed that such as yourself should not be allowed to come here for a time and witness just such scenes as I have described and then return to earth. (S.: But how dissatisfied we should be.) Exactly, but yet the experience would be worth all.' "

Telepathy from the sitter will hardly account for the following, especially the strange turn at the end.

"'I being fond, very fond of writers of ancient history etc. felt a strong desire to see Dante, Aristotle and several others. Shakespeare if such a spirit existed. [An odd bunch of "writers of ancient history"! H.H.] As I stood thinking of him a spirit instantly appeared who speaking said "I am Bacon."... As Bacon neared me he began to speak and quoted to me the following words "You have questioned my reality. Question it no more I am Shakespeare."' "

June 4, 1897.

"'I had no sympathy with spiritualism, none whatever, and when I finally left the earthly life, of which I was extremely fond, I felt for the moment that I would like to hang my head in shame, in repentance for my incredulity.... Speak to me for

a moment and if you have anything to say in the nature of poetry or prose would you kindly recite a line or two to me. It will give me strength to remain longer than I could otherwise do. (R. H. recites a poem of Dowden's beginning,

"'I said I will find God and forth I went
To seek him in the clearness of the sky,' etc. Excitement.) G. E.: 'I will go and see G. and return presently (R. H.: Who says that?) I do (R. H.: I do not understand what you mean by G.) I do My husband. Do you not know I had a husband? (R. H.: Do you mean by G. Mr. George Henry Lewes?) [Hand is writing Lewes while I am saying George Henry] Lewes. Yes I do. Oh I am so happy. And when I did not mistake altogether my deeds I am more *happy than tongue can utter* (R. H.: I never dreamed otherwise than that you were altogether right.) Thank you very kindly for those warm expressions of consolation.' [As bearing on her feeling for Lewes not many months after his death, the foregoing does not correspond with some widely credited but unpublished allegations. H.H.]"

Meanwhile, April 1st (auspicious day!) Imperator has given "George Eliot" a first-class diploma. Nevertheless the phraseology is not that of Mrs. Piper or of Hodgson, who was sitting.

"(Rector writes) 'I, Imperator, do hereby in consideration of many kindnesses, bestowed upon us through the congeniality and influence of our friend and co-worker, George Eliot, henceforth and forever pronounce her worthy and capable to manage through her clearness of thought, this light, and I now place her at the head of our circle. She is to be counted as the leader of the band of lady communicators. She will in any and all cases take and deliver all messages taken from either our side or yours.... We will never allow so long as there is a mortal covering to this spirit [i.e. Mrs. Piper? H.H.] which we so easily remove from its abiding place, any other than the best and most pure spirits to enter. We are all a pure and high-minded band of spirits, and we have been attracted here through the earnest desire of a friend of yours, also by yourself, and since we see clearly your earnestness and sincerity in giving us the right, we were only too pleased to accept your offer and profit thereby. Do you at this moment know to whom we refer?' (H. suggests Pelham and Myers, with negative results. Then suggests W. R. N.)"

We now reach an intimation that Professor Newbold, having made the acquaintance of the Moses control, as we have seen, had asked him to bring back his friends of the Imperator group, and that they want him to take up the work.

"'Yes, it is so. He expressed a special desire that we should take up our work through this light, clearing up as much as possible all confusion and disturbances.....

"'We are not in the region of earth, we are far beyond it. We find it difficult in reaching you clearly in consequence of our being so remote.... We were wandering about your abode several hours previous to your visiting here. We see some things which attract us there, and not ourselves personally, but friends and relatives of your own... (*in re* attempt to give messages in London).

"'Identical words are always difficult to carry. Our own work is carried on in this way in our own world in ideas, not in words, as we did of old when in mortal body.....

"(H. tries to explain the mechanism of writing. Writer finds difficulty in understanding.)

"'We hear ofttimes your voice in the same way, indistinctly, at times the words sound very distant, and we do not grasp what you are saying.'"

Imperator & Co.

This has brought us unworthy, again into association with His High Mightiness and his *entourage*—Rector, Doctor, Prudens, and, I believe, some more. They appeared soon after their godfather and possible father, Stainton Moses, had appeared to Professor Newbold; and, as explained by Hodgson in his second report (Chapter XXXIV), they ousted Phinuit, took control of the medium and of Hodgson too—mind, body, and estate, and bossed things generally with much benefit to everybody's health and the communications from the other world. All of which reminds me that "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform"; for while the gang are decent enough fellows in most ways, they have an amount of priggishness, pomposity, and defective grammar amid the most hifalutin talk, that all seriously interfere with a due appreciation of their virtues—at least on the part of the present scribe. The standard of taste they show through Mrs. Piper is not what they showed through Stainton Moses, as manifested in *Spirit Teachings* or in the Myers papers in the Pr. S. P. R. All this powerfully supports the theory that all these manifestations are a blending of medium, sitter, and apparently other rills from the cosmic ocean, which can be traced only in proportion to the indications left by them while incarnate, in the memories of survivors. The Imperator gang

have left no such traces, and their presentation through Moses seems to me to be plainly all Moses. They were the sort of people an Anglican clergyman would be apt to create, and Moses had a peculiar facility in creating archaic names—witness his orchestra. There is no indication that any of them ever existed on earth. He alleged, and probably believed, that after they introduced themselves under their nicknames, they gave him a set of names of people who had existed on earth; and for Imperator, hints of the Old-Testament Moses, St. Paul, and St. Augustine appear; but as we know, Moses' alleged spirit did not give the same names to Professor Newbold that he, in the flesh, did to Myers.

The Piper-Imperator gang seem to be the unconscious creation of Mrs. Piper and Hodgson, with perhaps some involuntary initiative and assistance from Professor Newbold. Hodgson seems to have been wrought up to do his share in creating them by involuntary telepathic influence on Mrs. Piper's dreams, springing from his spiritistic faith and his reading of Moses' writings. Moreover, apparently Mrs. Piper's dreams were colored by Moses' books, which, Professor Newbold tells me, Hodgson had given her. The unsuccessful struggles with the thee-and-thou form of expression were more apt to be hers than Hodgson's.

But now we are apparently approaching more ticklish ground. What was the Piper-Moses? Professor Newbold does not remember whether he had imagined Moses the quaint and mistaken figure that Mrs. Piper dreamed when Professor Newbold sat. It looks, however, as if he was that figure in Professor Newbold's imagination, and as if he was something of the sort in Mrs. Piper's too: for the then editions of *Spirit Teachings* did not, I believe, contain the portrait I spoke of in my last chapter. So far, then, the control was apparently Piper and sitter. There was quaintness in the language too, which may have been part of the unconscious construction of those two. *But* it rapidly disappeared at later sittings. *Why?* My gamble is that in the complex stream there was an inflow of Moses himself, and that as this rill became wider and deeper —"stronger" (in the terminology that has naturally grown up around the phenomena)—the language become more that

of the Moses personality. We see things like this in the present life: one of the family or a close friend comes in, and you say: "You've been with so-and-so": turns of thought and expression have flowed from one personality into the other. Nay, even something like teloteropathy shows itself in the same way. Your friend need not have been out at all, for you to say: "You're talking like so-and-so, or you're thinking like so-and-so." Yet in most of these cases, but by no means in all, the phenomena are due to memory.

There is more, however, to the guess I'm expounding. Moses had been dead some years when Professor Newbold and Mrs. Piper evoked him from the past, and for some time in their talks with G. P. and Phinuit, they had been imagining and desiring and sending for him: so when he did appear (Don't ask me for precise language here: consider all this symbolic if you want to) what came was very largely the Piper-sitter construction. And now arises a voracious guess, but see if it doesn't fit. It is a guess, not an assertion, that there was a Stainton-Moses surviving consciousness, and that it or he got wind of these proceedings, either through his own telepathic perceptions, or, if you please, through Professor Newbold's invitation through G. P. *via* Phinuit, to come and see him, and that he very naturally did so. Now I'd better leave the anthropomorphic metaphor (it seems rather tight-fitting for a postcarnate individuality) and get back to the cosmic ocean one. When the trickle of Moses consciousness got to the Moses stream of Piper-sitter consciousness, the trickle wasn't strong enough to dilute away the color of Piper-sitter language: but as more and more of the Moses consciousness flowed in, the Piper-sitter stream became not only relatively less, but positively less, because the consciousnesses from which it sprang were more and more impressed (the metaphor is getting mixed, of course) by the increasing Moses influence; and so the Piper-sitter stream gradually ceased to contribute to the alleged Moses stream, as the actual Moses stream increased.

Now contrast the talk of the alleged postcarnate Moses at the outset, in the last chapter, with this later talk (which I will quote a few lines below), after his stream had established a line of least resistance in the medium. (We have been led,

by the way, to the exact metaphor with which Spencer starts his exposition of psychic lines of least resistance.)

Now, if you please, anticipate the course of the Piper dream, and skip to Chapter XLIII and see how Hodgson, who was well acquainted with both medium and sitter, and so had lines of least resistance in both, made his first appearance as control; or turn back, if you please, to Chapter XXXI and see how G. P., who had a special line of least resistance in the sitter, made his. Bear all this in mind when you come in regular course to Myers and Hodgson *redivivi.*

This string of guesses regarding the controls is probably the most mature that I shall present. The present chapter is an insertion after the book was in type. But in fact the guesses are by no means consecutive in the rest of the work, as you will have seen, and will see. As the book progressed, the mind would of course revert back now and then, and brace up and qualify here and there. This is true, or should be true in any book; but it is specially true in a book whose material is so foggy; and mentioning it may be of occasional use in explanation. When you come to write a book on these subjects, you will find—perhaps have already written and have found—that it grows in the writing, even in parts after they are first written, more than a book on a subject that you—or somebody—knows more about before starting.

If I were to write the whole book over for the sake of consecutiveness, I should probably but repeat the same experiences on a larger scale.

And mind, I don't call all those guesses, beliefs.

On March 24, 1897, Moses wrote:

"'I have passed through so many stages since I came to this life, that to return through the light of the medium and recall all the names of friends is an impossibility until, at least, I have become fully accustomed to everything, viz., light, medium, yourself, surroundings, articles, etc. It is a strange and interesting experience at first I can assure you. At first we see the imprisoned spirit of some friend on earth but very vaguely, and at the moment we wonder what it all means, and before we can realize where we are or to whom we are speaking, our thoughts become a mass, as it were, of confused half-registered and incoherent (pause)... It is not painful, however, to ourselves, but we see that it is distressing to those to whom we

are trying to speak. Why H., my dear fellow, you have no conception of what it is like, and how earnestly, truthfully, and sincerely we are struggling to reach our friends.' "

The following item bears on Moses's relation to telekinetic phenomena as explained in Chapters VIII-X. This could not well be given in those places, for lack of sundry explanations since incidentally arising.

February 18, 1897.

" (Rector) ' Now supposing the whole compartment were filled with ether from our own clime, I could enter, drawing meanwhile chemical energy from the medium, and act so strongly on some of your objects as to move them from one place to another, and I have done so with my medium here, now with me here [i.e. Moses] ... it is not easy to act on matter in this way, and we are liable to be misunderstood, because persons to whom we manifest ourselves in this way do not accept our real presence; ... I dislike, however, to make myself manifest in this way by the moving of objects; it must necessarily injure the medium more or less, besides giving the wrong impression of our friends.....' "

But let us return to Imperator and his followers.

The sort of George Eliot(?) that managed to get through Mrs. Piper was not affected as I am by them. She discourses thus of the great man(?) himself (Feb. 26, 1897):

" ' When his messages are confused and imperfect, he feels every pang of yours. Every feeling of regret or disappointment; yet as he is of God he accepts it and bears the sorrow patiently, enduringly, and goes through it all with your own soul. Yet he teaches them to be patient, not hurry, make every sound audible [presumably through the medium. H.H.], every expression as perfect as possible [here is George Eliot implying degrees of perfection! H.H.], assuring them that they will be able in time to deliver his messages clearly. Should you know what his work is, you would not feel your own. Every word, thought and deed of your own is understood by him. He sees your patience, he sees the struggle you are having with these messengers, your disappointments, the little despites [*sic!* H.H.], and all. When he appears himself, he is in constant communication with the Most High, and as he labors with the machine he only asks for help and goes on in loving trust in Him who governs all things wisely. He ... is a saint and was a martyr of God when on the earth, and as you are enduring many things which in part make man a higher spiritual being, he despairs not. The road is rough and stony for you both, yet it is His Holy Will that it will not last long.' "

G. P. too was disposed to take Imperator seriously: he writes (March 10, 1897):

"'How is His Holiness getting on, Hodgson? He is very high: farther from the earth than anyone who comes here. (H.: He talks as if his mind were different in some way from ours.) [I agree thoroughly. H.H.] Well if you could see him as I do, you would say it was. In what way does it seem different H.? He is nearer the sight of God. [H. explains that Imperator does not talk to him as straightforwardly as he would like, and does not go into detail.] He will in all probability if he returns a few times in succession. He is a good deal with your friend Moses and talks with him in the same way.

"'[H. speaks of Moses's lack of scientific training and of G. P.'s and G. E.'s possession of it, to which G. P. assents. *In re* Imperator] He cannot, neither can Moses, nor any of the rest of them give you the scientific knowledge which you wish Hodgson.... I know they are much higher and far beyond George Eliot and G. Pelham, but they cannot handle this machine as we can.... They are very high and religious and this is my path.... I know you will get better things of the kind you wish in time... but do not forget me. Yours ever, G. P. George Eliot is in England, working like... under the light.'"

Next day (March 11, 1897) Rector thus dilates and dilates and dilates for Imperator:

"'We are not near to your planet. We are far from it. You must accept our teaching, otherwise you will be lost. We come from a long distance to speak with you, friend of earth. We are called upon to do your bidding from the far off lands, and at a very late day.... When we return to your earthly plane we must, and do, take on more or less the conditions into which we pass. However, we are a goodly and honest band of spirits, who would under no circumstances, no matter how material or unpleasant the conditions, mislead or deceive you in the least. We are struggling as it were to make a clear pathway to your earth. For years and years a continuous line of communicators more or less near the earth has had access to this light. Unfortunately, in one sense it is true, in another it has been a very good thing. ["Good thing" is good in the midst of such lofty language! H.H.] It has been the means of convincing those who perhaps would have remained in darkness otherwise. Yet it does open the way for many interruptions that would not occur under other circumstances.....'"

Of course such modest gentlemen as Imperator and his gang were entirely too high-toned to keep company with that

"preposterous scoundrel," dear old Phinuit, who was a better gentleman than any of them. But they seem to have put up a job to make a prig of him. Rector says (March 19, 1897):

"'We have removed the former leading control to a much higher plane, and he has passed on from the earthly condition to a higher sphere altogether. We have prayed and earnestly worked for his salvation, and although he has been ofttimes misjudged, he was not of the highest. We have allowed a spirit sent to show him a much higher and nobler life than he had known before. It is not wise to allow lower minds to receive communications from a spirit when first controlling, who brings all such into the conditions of the earth, earthy.'"

On May 24, 1897, the Muck-a-muck himself dilates some more:

"'We propose to substitute instead of the rough, inharmonious and uncultivated dialect a softer melody.... Instead of permitting such messengers as some who have hitherto brought messages using such dialect as we have described we propose to keep all such in a state of penitence and servitude. We propose to render our services to all such and prepare them for the higher and better life rather than to permit them to return to thee or to other minds of exalted science.... We are referring chiefly to the earthbound spirit Dr. Schliville.... He was not exactly of the earth earthy but bound here by the attractions of earthly minds.... Say to thy medium the following [the medium was in trance, remember, and on waking had very little recollection of her dreams. H.H.] Take exercise in the open fields which God the Most High hath prepared for such. Cast out *all unpleasant thoughts.* Ask him to give help and it will be given. Say to her the pure in heart shall see God.... Let not the trials of life burden the soul. Ask Him to assist thee and throw thyself in all confidence upon Him and He will. Have faith in Him, cast thy burdens upon Him. Friend, light, strength, happiness and all good will, if these instructions are obeyed, follow; otherwise may God have mercy upon the soul.'"

"(June 1, 2, 1897.) 'In regard to thy former acquaintance and assistant viz. Schliville he hath been taken by us to the higher and better life. No one could possibly need such help more than he did. [Messages from H.] It is well. We will take thy messages of kindness to him personally. We know well his condition. We know well the whys and wherefores. We understand it all. In him there was no intentional evil. Never. But he lingered for so long a time just beyond the realm of the higher life it ofttimes misled him, i.e. his condition, meeting with so many who were of the earth earthy, those

who never knew anything of God, those who as we have said were of the earth... explains a good deal.'"

Perhaps they did him good, and I am confident that even they couldn't spoil him.

April 27, 1898, Mr. D. writes:

"'Nothing but good exists here [In the medium? H.H.] now that Phinuit is removed. It was a mistake to leave him here so long. He did exist as we do, but he was earthbound, and deteriorated first of all by the light's being in contact with lower minds as it was at first, and that drew him to it strongly and held him there. But now since the elevation of the light [By Imperator & Co. taking charge and selecting the sitters. H.H.], only the best and purest conditions exist here.'"

Amen!

May 31, 1897.

"'† Friend we will caution thee once more to be wary. Trust few, love all [Now this really *is* good, and the rest of the passage is not more than half bad: all of which deepens the mystery. H.H.] Let all live, disturb them not. Each may have his or her own mind which lieth not with the power of mortal man to change. Leave all such to Him who governs all things wisely. Go not among pernicious circles unless thou canst do such good.... Let each one rest content and assist them not for the sake of cultivating curiosity. To the intelligent and pure in thought such as thou dost chiefly associate with throw all light possible.'"

On seeing the MS. (or rather TS.) of this chapter, my kind friend Professor Newbold asks whether, as the controls G. P. and (later) Hodgson take Imperator and his party seriously, I do not, in treating them in a spirit of levity, show less confidence in the G. P. and Hodgson controls than I really feel. I wish somebody would tell me how much I really feel. And if he tells me on Sunday, I wish he would tell me again at the end of the week. Sometimes I feel a good deal, and sometimes I don't.

This state of mind would seem to be a healthy mysticism, if such a thing is possible; and as knowledge accumulates, it will of course be outgrown, and give place to the same state of mind on new manifestations from the Unknown. A leading psychical researcher holds that it is a student's business to make up his mind on this subject, and stick to it until new discoveries change it. That, perhaps minus the qualifications

regarding new discoveries, is the state of mind of the dangerous mystic, and probably has impeded the usefulness of the eminent researcher who holds to it.

Imperator & Co. don't look to me as nearly genuine as the controls who are known to have lived. There seems the same difference that there is between a painting out of an artist's imagination, and a portrait from a real model.

Of course if Moses and Mrs. Piper and her sitters created them, they were not in the assumed "spirit world" for G. P. and Hodgson and "George Eliot," to become acquainted with and so their allusions to them must come from meeting them in the medium's mind. I have already given my guess as to George Eliot's place there.

But whatever I may feel regarding the genuineness of the controls, does not traverse what I feel regarding their theological views and tastes: I have absolute confidence in the genuineness of the Pope, but in his theological views and tastes, he has the misfortune to differ from me, and even probably would endure that misfortune with equanimity if he were aware of it. Now the idea that as soon as anybody gets into the other world, he "knows it all," is about played out; and the fact that a control does *not* "know it all," and is subject to some of the aberrations he was subject to here, is to me no detraction from genuineness, but is even beginning to take on, in my perverted terminology, something of an "evidential" look, and to my homely emotions, rather a comforting one. I have several valued friends whose hands are rough and not always clean, who would feel very uneasy if they had to go to court, but who are going to Heaven if anybody is. Now if, according to the old conceptions, they were to go to the court of the Most High, it would take a miracle to make them at ease there. But miracles too are played out since evolution came in, and I expect to find, in the next world, these friends and my old friends G. P. and Hodgson, very much the same sort of good fellows they were here, with all their lovable faults, but somewhat relieved from their unlovable ones; and if their lovable ones include believing in such characters, real or imaginary, as Imperator & Co., so much the better for Imperator & Co., and not a whit the worse that I can see for the genuineness of G. P. and Hodgson. I know a good many

substantial people who believe in a good many characters whose existence is exceedingly doubtful, but that belief does not weaken my faith in the substantiality of those who hold it.

But G. P., and Hodgson later as control, profess to be seeing and talking with these people constantly! So did Moses when he was here, and he was genuine enough here. He may have been fooled, but if he was, he lost none of his own actuality. And if the controls G. P. and Hodgson are fooled in the same way, I don't see how it affects their genuineness, any more than it affected the genuineness of Moses incarnate.

"But it's not a very inviting state of affairs over there, if they could be so fooled!" Perhaps we hadn't better attempt to pass on the state of affairs from any one feature: its complexities and possibilities, even from the little some of us suppose ourselves to know, are beyond us.

But don't some researchers seem inconsistent in accepting the modern idea of the interchangeable fluidity of mind, and still applying a rigidity in questions affecting the controls that they would not apply even regarding living men? The whole subject, however, is, so far, little more than a mass of inconsistencies.

Miscellaneous Items

These notes contain an account of a haunted house, where the idea is given that controls can manifest in such places only when one of the occupants happens to be a medium. I have not made room to treat specifically of hauntings, but some little light may be thrown upon them incidentally in what I have been able to say of telekinesis and visions. That there is enough in the subject to justify more attention than it has received, I am confident.

The notes contain many declarations of the desire of "spirits" to open communication through anybody whom they find having "light."

There is abundance of such little by-plays from the controls as: "I heard you particularly well then," or: "Say that again, please!" I don't consider these "put up," and am crass enough to give them some "evidential" weight.

Some control, not worth while to hunt up again, says that the soul originates at the union of the ovum and the spermatozoön. The Law, I believe, regards that compound as a

human being having rights, and the control's dictum may have been telepathic or teloteropathic; but the dictum is somewhat arbitrary, and not entirely in accordance with what I have quoted and suggested in Chapter III.

The notes also contain some rather striking instances of the control "knowing better" than the sitter, but I have probably quoted enough elsewhere, though now while writing, for this belated insertion, what may be the last words of my long task, I wish that I had devoted more attention to that feature, and hope that some of my readers may. It is perhaps as evidential as anything we have, at least of inflow from the Cosmic Soul, which comes very near to meaning immortality—in some mode of life beyond our clear appreciation and our anthropomorphic preconceptions, and, not impossibly, beyond our broadest desires.

The following scraps are suggestive as well as amusing—suggestive mainly of chaos, however, it seems to me.

June 25, 1894.

"Present: R. H., W. R. N. Phinuit appears. As he comes H. calls into his [the medium's. H.H.] ear:

"'One-ery, two-ery, ickery am
Fillazy, Follazy, nicholas jam
Queeby, Quawby Irish man
Tickle'em, Tackle'em—Buck.

[Phinuit recognizes Billie, but is puzzled by this token of H.'s presence] 'Billie, have you turned into Hodgson?' (R. H.: Hello, Dr., I was only playing a joke on you, and that's where you got left too.) [Phinuit laughs heartily and evidently appreciates the joke as well as anyone.]"

"[G. P. writes] 'How are you, H.—how are you my good friend [shakes hands] ... got something for you ... all right ... tell Dr. to keep quiet H. while I am hearing voices.'"

June 19, 1895.

"[Phinuit and W. R. N.] (You know, Doctor, most scientific men don't believe in you spirits at all.) 'I know that. But what do they think I am? Don't they believe in me? (They think you're just one of the medium's dreams. She gets to sleep and dreams she's a French Doctor.) Oh my [with infinite disgust], people had better say it again. I'm individually, distinctly, absolutely my own self, I have nothing at all to do with that woman: the body is light to me, it is illuminated. (Are you talking to the light?) I'm right inside the body. (But Mr. Pelham says he isn't.) You see my hand [holding

it up], that's my hand. When George comes I'll go out to keep the people away and hold the machine. When I take the hand[?] you can divide the light. He takes that part of the light and uses it. I'll tell you another thing. While George talks to you, if it was not for interruption I could talk at the same time. George's thoughts have no more to do with mine than yours have. (Can you read my thoughts?) I know your whole thoughts. [Elsewhere Phinuit denies this flatly several times, and here he goes on to compromise. H.H.] I can't tell the individual thoughts as well. [To George] You keep quiet, George, you'll have plenty of time to write. That George, he says you seem more clear than before as if your body was double and your mind was acting rapidly. Your spirit looks light. Do you see my friend Captain in the body, Billie? (You mean Prof. Lodge?) Yes. (No, I don't know him.) Won't you give my warmest love, and tell him I'd like to hear from him, like to have a message from him, and anything I can do for him I'd be glad to do, or give him advice. Here's George whistling around, he wants to write. [Hand has been twitching for some time. I ask Phinuit if George is coming in.] No, he's only walking around the light and just whistling and singing and talking to himself. (How does he make the difference between writing and talking?) He can talk closer than I can, he has no ties and no weight to hold him down, like this [indicating body of medium]. Very wonderful and bright, that fellow George. You tell the Captain and Fred I wish they'd send me a message besides what I see from their thoughts. I want everybody to be good and true to themselves; then there are no regrets here, but the soul is weak.'"

Last Clear Glimpses of G. P.

The following bits of chaff are not what some people consider evidential, though some other people may:

June 25, 1894. Hodgson and Newbold sitting.

"(N.: Mr. Pelham, I wish to find a lady to whom this book belonged. It is important.) [Shows book.] '...important... I'll see... [to H.] Would you do this for me were you here (R. H.: I think I would, George.) Do you think so H. would you, what rubbish H. you are too fond of your old body you old rascal but this is the time I caught you napping [H. and N. laugh.] (H.: Are you sure you aren't napping yourself, George?) not much... I like it when they get out of my way I don't mind much I would not have your body anyway, not much (N.: Well, I think it's a pretty fair sort of body.) Yes but this is a joke on him because I haven't one just now (H.: Well, you needn't talk, George, your body is a puff of gas, —a sort of gaseous mass.) Well I like it and I won't swop with you H. Adieu. [Phinuit reappears grumbling] I never

saw the like of that fellow George. There's another here trying to say something but he gave no chance at all. When he gets hold he keeps hold I tell you Hodgson. (R. H.: Dr. take this book won't you and find the person whose influence is on it.) All right, Hodgson, I'll surprise you both next time... she taught in the body. I'll find her Hodgson and talk with her and tell you all about her. Oh Billie I never saw a fellow like you. Oh you have so many here that want to talk to you. Every day there is a new one... a perfect crowd (N.: Give them my love Dr. and tell them I hope to come over myself and see them after a while.) [Phinuit bursts into a harsh laugh] Oh Billie don't you worry about that. That's just one thing you can be sure of. You can't *help* coming Billie no matter how much you want to [Continues chuckling] You've got to go through what we've all gone through. Never mind, Billie, you'll never be sorry you came.'"

June 17, 1895. *Newbold sitting. G. P. in control.*

"(How do you make a difference between writing and talking?) 'I do not understand. [Question repeated.] There seems... is no difference to me. I only know that I am writing by having been told so by Hodgson. (So that is purely accidental?) Certainly. Did you not see me bow my head to H——? (When H. went out?) Certainly. (But George you didn't bow, you waved your hand?) Don't you understand the difference between a fellow's head and feet for instance? (Did you try to bow?) Did. Certainly, bowed my head of course, so. [Hand rises and bends towards imaginary Hodgson.] (Well it did not look like a bow here.) What then? That's my head, you goose. [We both laugh.] (Well, in fact the medium's hand rose up and bowed or waved.) Well, I'll be hanged, if that doesn't get me.... Well, I'll have to give this up as beaten... I am beaten. (Never mind, we understood.) Well, you are clever, if it looked that way.... Well I am glad to know you any way. Question? (What is Phinuit about while you talk to the light?) Phinuit? He's talking to John H. and a little million others at the same time helping me hold them back and keep them from interrupting me.

"'..... (What sort of conduct in this life prepares best for the other?) Conduct?... They should lead the best and highest, purest and noblest life when in the protoplasm body [If you don't believe (I'm not sure I do) that G. P. was talking, ask yourself: How does Mrs. Piper reserve this use of "protoplasm" for G. P. among all her characters? H.H.] or else there is a distinction after the ethereal ego leaves it, in other words they are earth bound or drawn to earth in thought more than they would be otherwise. For example, see how I have lingered, yet I cannot say that I am unhappy, because I wish to enlighten the world on psychological subjects as much as possible, and I

could not have done so had I been a perfect man. (Does not that seem rather hard?) hard, not to me. I enjoy it. (Suppose a perfect man wanted to do the work you are doing, what then?) Well, there are no perfect men. (No, but more perfect. Suppose they wished to come back?) Well, they would but not to the extent that I could for instance. Then that does not explain it all by any means. Some are... how can I say this? [Note as he goes on, the touch of modesty! This, of course, was "put up" by Mrs. Piper(?) H.H.] (Suppose you leave it until to-morrow, and think how to put it.) Some are more intellectual than others, some have greater and more interest in these subjects than others, some have more friends here than others, also some are more intense, have more feeling and are, in other words, more intense... have more intense feeling for friends than others, such was the case with yours truly—understand?'"

June 21, 1895.

"[G. P. writes] 'I am here with you.... Say old chap, I suppose you think that I am only—[left hand has clenched a fist and is slowly approaching right]—tell John H. to keep out please. [N. grasps left hand and says 'Mr. H., George says kindly go out for the present as he wishes to talk.' Left hand relaxes; right hand writes, feebly], all right, to please you George I will.'"

April 23, 1897. *Hodgson sitting.*

"(Rector) 'We would warn you not to rely too much upon the statements made as tests so called by your friend George. He is too far away from your earth now to be clear in regard to tests, test conditions, etc. His spirit is pure, his mind sincere, his whole life here is one of honor and one to be respected by us all. Yet we would speak the truth and say his work in your field is *done.* No one whom we know is more active or more sincere, yet friend let us say once more that while his intentions are the very best, the conditions are such as to render it impossible for him to reach you as he would like. He has passed beyond.....'"

May 20, 1897. *Hodgson sitting.*

"'..... No spirit should ever be allowed to use the voice of any medium unless they have passed beyond the earthly sphere (By so doing injury is likely to be wrought on the medium's physical?) Yes, unmistakable harm. Friend, we have nourished, tended and protected this body from the earliest moment of our attraction, also thine own. Let us ask if thou hast not seen greater improvement from thine observation (H. Says he has, both Mrs. P. and he are better etc. that he could not have stood the drain so long otherwise etc.) No friend it would not have been possible because of the conditions. They were so unsettled and inharmonious with the higher intelligences. It

was high time that the higher activities were called upon. Much harm had been carried on for many years i.e. to the physical due to the undeveloped condition of the leading control, yet to repeat the ancient adage, "No great loss without some small gain." Thou couldst have gone on for years with the same results had not thy friend (G. P.) appeared upon the scene to lend a helping hand yet he (Phinuit) was ofttimes misjudged and not infrequently perplexed by the baser and lower minds of mortals.... We never fail to offer up our thanks to Him for the privileges he allowed thy friend Pelham.....

"'He is still holding thy interests at heart. He never fails to speak of thee and about thee in the most tender and endearing terms.... He is now going on to the higher and happier realm where in due time he will be well rewarded for his never ending patience, persistence and sincerity. (G. P. is represented as sending messages to his friends. H. replies in like manner and sends also love from W. R. N.) Friend thou knowest not the happiness these expressions coming from the human hearts of mortals will give to him.'"

June 8, 1897.

"(G. P.) 'I am still with you but oh so changed. I may not have the pleasure of seeing you in this way for a long time [i.e. much longer. H.H.] I am here now for the purpose of clearing up my own messages.... Give my love to Billie (Newbold) and tell him that his interests will always be mine. I am glad to see him so happy. (Messages to many friends)... I will try and reach you through the second light [Beginning of pass sentence] Do not accept anything as coming from me unless I give you this. I have been trying to tell Billie for some time and hope to yet. *He has light.* (I know it.)'"

G. P. reappears after a long absence.

Nov. 24, 1898. *Hodgson and Newbold sitting.*

"'Give heaps of love to Billie and tell him I have a great deal to tell him and tell him how grateful I am. I have a great deal to thank him for (Apparently for work in earlier sittings under difficult conditions. W. R. N. tells H. all is clear sailing for him now. H. says I do not know that anything is absolutely fixed.) We do. We do but you do not, so we laugh ah ah ah. (Well, who is it that laughs?) I do. Q. does. Fred smiles and John H—— grins. So we are all happy and pleased.'"

Hodgson's Family and Friends

A couple of lines back is an allusion to "Q," who can now be frankly designated as Hodgson's early love. She first appeared in Chapter XXIX. There also appeared his cousin Fred, who also "smiled" with Q and the other friends in the

above paragraph, and from whom a message is given in an early page of this chapter.

Hodgson refrained from publishing other alleged communications from these friends, and some from members of his family. Now that he is gone, and presumably past any care for reticence, his executor authorizes me to give the few that are accessible.

His second Piper report has generally been taken to base his conversion to spiritism on the G. P. utterances. It cannot be doubted that the withheld matter also had its influence in enabling him not only to overcome the negative implications of the Wilde and Myers letters, but to take seriously much in the manifestations of Imperator and Co. which seems to me preposterous. It must not be forgotten, however, that there was much else in those manifestations for which even such a critic as James had great respect.

Before you judge Hodgson, try to put yourself in his place.

The following purports to be from a nephew:

May 27, 1897.

"We bring to thee a little child who is desirous of speaking. He is a relative of thine own. Come here Uncle Richard and tell me about those large, very large balls and where they are. (Those you had in the body?) Yes, and I cannot find any of them. They must all be lost in the garden. [Gives name of ALERIC—should be ERIC.] (Did you not talk to me before?) Yes, once, but not as I do now. I told brother Leigh to say my words for me. [H. Mentions cap, drum and horse, which are recognized with excitement.] My whistle.... My picture book. Richard and Robin were two brave men. They sleep in bed the clock strikes ten. (Who used to say that?) I did for Leigh.

".....Grandpa is here and such a good kind man. He tells us long stories about God [Says he helps his sister Enid to write.] (Tell me more about the nursery book.) I forgot who tore it. I threw it down behind my little bed but I did not tear it Uncle Richard. I saw the Old Woman who lived in a shoe in it and do you forget Primrose Hill was dirty? What is that big black thing you wear Uncle Richard? (Where?) All over your pretty white body. (Do you mean my clothes?) Is that what you call it? Well, they must be very heavy clothes. (Perhaps you mean my heavy body?) Does it pain? (Because it is so heavy?) Yes, I think you cannot run very fast. (Not as fast as you. How do you move?) I walk about all over the gardens here, and sometimes I run very fast.....Mamma

wears a heavy thing like you... (All the people in my world wear them, don't they?) Yes. Why don't they take them off and come into this light place, Uncle Richard... Tell my Mamma I love her so much, also my sister. I cannot think any more now. Don't let her pull my hair when she brushes it. Nance. Goodbye. Catch me now. Aleric. A bright lad that but memories will linger."

The following claims to be from a cousin:

June 9, 1897.

"Do you recall her? (Yes, indeed.) She is here beside (What is her first name, Rector?) Ellen, E. V. E. V. Osborne as she speaks it if I heard it distinctly. Speak to her kindly. (Is this Mrs. Osborn or Miss Osborn?) Mrs. [?] (Is that Mrs.?) Speak kindly. [Question repeated] Miss. Miss. No Mrs. I do not get a distinct sound as yet. Wait a moment. Yes, Miss. (Miss?) Yes Miss. (Where did) I used to know the mortal man here. (Whereabouts?) I used to know Australia Well (Did you visit at our house!) Yes, help me to reach you and I will help you. (Is this Gertrude Osborn?) [Much excitement] Yes, Yes Yes Yes I know Miss [Q] I am with her now. [Excitement then calm.]

"Where and what place is this to which I have come and to which I am so strongly attracted. Oh friend you know very little as yet. What a change has come over me. Oh what a change! My soul lives, my body lies in clay. My thoughts go flying through a world of space. My soul is so free. I feel like a bird on its wings flying everywhere, seeing everything yet recalling few. Oh, what a beautiful place this is, so light, so really light, so very light and I am so free. Who will miss me? Ah, no one should. I have no pain. It was all a dream a huge delirium, I am *free*. Oh, do you know why I come here. I found the portals open. I glided through. But oh, it made my head whirl so terribly. I felt for the moment that I was going through it all again. I never was so free before. What can I say? what can I do? Oh, I hear them singing and all to comfort me. I am so free, I am so free."

About 1895 "Q" began ostensibly to manifest through Mrs. Piper, and Hodgson devoted a large share of his modest income to personal sittings. The reports of these were probably seen by only very few of his friends, but are, I understand, in the possession of the S. P. R.

Touching the appearance of Q after so many years in which, so far as we know, she had made only a couple of faint manifestations in Hodgson's early sittings, one ration-

alistic interpretation would of course be that during the period when Hodgson had no faith in Q's continued existence, and sought the love of "Huldah" for what he assumed to be the score or two of his remaining years, his mind did not contain much that would telepathically provoke from Mrs. Piper reactions simulating Q. When he first sat with Mrs. Piper, of course, Q had enough of a place in his mind to awaken some reactions from Mrs. P., but after his disappointment with "Huldah," and amid the strong suggestions of a future life starting in the G. P. experience, that place greatly expanded: his mind followed the course through which "*on revient toujours à ses premiers amours,*" and Mrs. Piper echoed his stronger longings for Q.

On the other hand, the spiritist and teleologist would perhaps put the matter something in this way:—Life is a discipline. Hodgson's early loss of Q was part of the discipline. Q did not want to interfere with it, perhaps could not, before it had done a certain measure of its "perfect work," but in the fullness of time, she appeared.

If I had to form a tentative opinion, it would be in the shape of a guess that both these theories may be right—a guess which will have more meaning if you finish this book, than it can have now.

Whatever may be the interpretation, one friend to whom Hodgson showed the reports of the sittings, and for whose judicial-mindedness I can vouch, says that they were "most impressive and often very touching," and believes that it was really they, more than the G. P. sittings, which converted Hodgson to spiritism and, in the words of another friend, already quoted, "made him a saint."

If, then, in this pragmatic age, the sittings with Q are to be known by their fruits, their genuineness has heavy claims.

Plainly relations had ostensibly been resumed before the following. It is all that I find in the notes of that period now in possession of Professor Newbold. The fragment, however, throws many suggestive lights on the whole experience, even upon Hodgson's view of Imperator, and makes at least one of that personage's scoffing critics look upon him for the moment with respect.

Mch. 6, 1897.

"Q. writes. Refers to violets, little white lilies, pinks, and asks after large red flowers. Very red in color with little stripes through it. Assents to tulip. R. H. put in his room four days before, violets, pansies and one tulip, intending them for Q. The tulip wilted very abruptly.

"Imperator... I send thy friend to thee. May the blessing of God be upon her dear head, and God in His mercy protect thee, my friend, and keep thee in holiness. †I.S.D."

CHAPTER XXXVII

PROFESSOR HYSLOP'S REPORT

Pr. XVI consists entirely of reports and comments by Professor J. H. Hyslop, late of Columbia University and moving spirit of the second American S. P. R. The reports are mainly of sittings with Mrs. Piper and experiments bearing thereupon. These accounts, like those of almost all mediumistic communications, contain little or no *verifiable* matter that cannot be explained by telepathy from some incarnate intelligence. But this consideration loses much of its weight in face of the standard question how a communication could be verifiable if the knowledge were not in some incarnate mind.

The communications almost all relate to the ordinary experiences of Professor Hyslop's immediate ancestral family—persons of more than average intelligence and character, living in an average Western rural community. This material is of course not in itself as interesting as that proceeding from London, Boston, and the universities in both the Cambridges. The rural material, however, is far from lacking in evidential and dramatic features, though for obvious reasons I do not draw from it as freely as from the other. In reading it, probably because of admiration of an occasional dramatic glow over the gray background, I for the first time realized that if the medium gets her material from the sitter's mind, it seems at least as probable that he works it into dramatic shape as that she does; and the alternative is not merely between the spiritistic hypothesis and the hypothesis of the medium having dramatic power more exact and comprehensive (not more poetic, of course) than that of Shakespere or Sophocles, but also the harder hypothesis (the difficulty increasing geometrically with each successful sitter) that, for all we know, each sitter is as much entitled to be credited with this power as the medium. The improbability of this may well be

weighed against the improbability of the spiritistic hypothesis.

Professor Hyslop has studied his sittings with an interest rivaling that of any other investigator, but the result, while of value to the student, is not stimulating reading for the average man. I shall extract a few specimens, however, for special reasons.

The first thing out of the ordinary which I come across, is a weakness in the stilted phraseology of Rector (Pr. XVI, 311): "May God be with *thee both.*" Then Prudens takes a turn at the same thing (p. 312): "Good morrow, friends of earth. We greet *thee* again." Then Rector turns up again with similar grammar (p. 324): "Good morrow, friends of earth. We hail *thee* once more." And again (p. 335): "Good morrow, friends, we meet *thee* once more." All about as superfluous as ungrammatical!

I don't know whether to take this bad grammar as evidential or not. It is about on a level with their sentimental bombast, and tends to make them appear consistent individualities. So far as I know, there's nothing unusual the matter with Mrs. Piper's grammar, and certainly nothing with Professor Hyslop's.

But on this subject, G. P. and Professor Hyslop make some interesting remarks (Pr. XVI, 441): S. = Professor Hyslop. H. or R. H. = Hodgson.

"[G. P. communicating]: 'Mr. Hyslop and his wife is here, are here [S. points at the *is* and *are*] and ... if I fail grammatically, H., it is owing to the machine. Hear. Cannot always make it work just right.' (R. H.: Yes, I understand, George.) [This consciousness of a grammatical mistake and the correction of it are no less astounding when you are able to watch the conditions under which they occur, than the readiness with which the change of personality takes place. Besides, they fit in so nicely with what we know of G. P.'s intellectual tastes and habits.—J.H.H.] [See Pr.XIII,363.]"

This passage referred to, in Pr. XIII, is as follows:

"G. P. [After a reference to Mr. Marte.] 'Cosmical weather interests both he and I—me—him—I know it all. Don't you see I correct these. Well, I am not less intelligent now. But there are many difficulties. I am far clearer on all points than I was shut up in the prisoned body. (Prisoned? prisoning or imprisoning you ought to say.) No, I don't mean to get it that

way you spoke—perhaps I have spelled it wrong. Prisoned body. Prisoning. See here, H. "Don't view me with a critic's eye, but pass my imperfections by." Of course I know all that as well as anybody on your sphere. (Of course.) Well I think so. I tell you, old fellow, it don't do to pick all these little errors too much when they amount to nothing in one way. You have light enough and brain enough I know to understand my explanations of being shut up in this body [the medium's now, his own alluded to above. H.H.] dreaming as it were and trying to help on Science.'"

Other controls have attributed bad spelling to the illiteracy of their mediums as well as to the general difficulties of the situation.

The first of the foregoing remarks by G. P. came during an interlude when Professor Hyslop's father had been speaking. (It is most convenient in the accounts of sittings to name the alleged *dramatis personæ* as if they were what they purport to be. No opinion on that point need be inferred. Probably I've said this before, and probably shall say it again.) The following had occurred (Pr. XVI, 440-1):

"(S.: Who is speaking now?) R. [Rector. H.H.]: 'It is father who is speaking now. (Yes.) But he seems a little dazed.' G. P.: 'I am coming, H., to help out. (R. H.: Thanks, George, we shall be glad.) How are you? (R. H.: First rate. We shall be glad to have your help.) All well....' [This interruption by G. P. during a few moments' respite for my father is an interesting feature of the case.—J.H.H.]"

I copy this bit partly because it illustrates a frequent occurrence—the apparent dazing of the control—perhaps by the novelty of the situation, perhaps by the clamor of other controls around him, perhaps by fatigue of either control or medium, perhaps by slackening of the trance—and the intervention of somebody, most frequently G. P. or Rector, to help things along. Professor Hyslop's remarks on the subject I think worth careful attention (Pr. XVI, 211f.):

"In these sudden interruptions G. P. appears as an intermediary to interpret, correct, or transmit something which Rector, the amanuensis does not 'hear,' and by signing his own initials to the message, or statement, he reveals just the evidence of another personality and independent intelligence which would be so natural on the spiritistic theory, but not to be expected *à priori* either of the telepathic hypothesis or of its combination with secondary personality.....

"The statement of my father on May 29th (Pr.XVI,419), 'I am speaking to some other man who is speaking for me,' might possibly imply the presence of G. P., though possibly Rector was intended. But on May 30th my cousin, Robert McClellan, gives G. P.'s full name—George Pelham (pseudonym)—and remarks that he is assisting. A moment later, right in the midst of a communication from my cousin, whose messages were badly confused, G. P. suddenly interjects the statement: 'Look out, H., I am here. G. P. + [Imperator] sent me some moments ago.' (Pr.XVI,428.) Then again a few minutes later, while Rector was struggling to get the name McClellan clear and could only get McAllen, G. P. shouts out, so to speak, as an intermediary to aid Rector, 'Sounds like McLellen. G. P.,' and my cousin acknowledges its correctness by saying: 'Yes, I am he.'

"At the close of my cousin's communications G. P.'s presence and influence are evident in the sentence declaring: 'The machine is not right, H.,' which Dr. Hodgson took to refer to the need of a fresh pencil, and he accordingly gave one. This occurs in the interval between the departure of my cousin and the arrival of my father (p. 429) [*i.e.*, in Pr.XVI. H.H.].

"In the same sitting (p. 434) the name of my half-sister was given. There was considerable trouble with it on Rector's part, as he stumbled about between the false attempts 'Abbie,' 'Addie,' and 'Nabbie,' until G. P. suddenly interrupted him with the statement: 'Yes, but let me hear it, and I will get it. G. P.' He then gave the name 'Hattie' and followed it with 'Harriet,' when I acknowledged that it was nearly correct, alluding to the 'Hattie' in particular, but without saying so. I asked that it be spelled out. Then immediately was written: 'Hettie. G. P.,' spelling it in capitals, and I expressed satisfaction with it, recognizing that this was the proper nickname for Henrietta, which she was always called. But as if still uncertain about it, the fact being that father never called her 'Hettie,' G. P. continued: 'Ett[?] Hettie. G. P.'.....

"Again in the sitting of June 6th, before my father appeared, and just as Rector had explained how we should ask certain questions when my father should announce himself, G. P. suddenly interjected a greeting and some questions directed to Dr. Hodgson, the colloquy being as follows:—'H. —— how are you? I have just been called upon to lend a helping hand. You see I am wholly isolated from you. (R. H.: Good, George, were you here last time?) For a few moments. I helped a man named Charles, but I did not get a chance to say How de do, H.? (R. H.: All right, George.) I am going after the elderly gentleman. Look out for me. (R. H.: We will.) Got those theories all straightened out yet, H? (R. H.: Pretty fairly.) I am going. Auf wiedersehen. G. P.' (p. 468) My father then appeared with the appropriate message, 'I am coming, James.'.....

"Another sudden interruption, signed by G. P.'s initials,

occurred on June 7th. It was in the midst of the confusion incident to the attempt at giving the name of my stepmother. My father, evidently appreciating his difficulty in the situation, remarked: 'I feel the necessity of speaking as clearly as possible, James, and I will do my best to do so.' G. P. probably fearing that my father was not yet clear enough to do what he wished, suddenly cautioned him with the advice: 'Wait a bit,' and as Dr. Hodgson interpreted the word 'wait' as 'said,' G. P. repeated the phrase, signing it: 'Wait a bit. G. P.' Father then proceeded with his explanation of the mistake about my stepmother, all the parties on the 'other side' assuming, apparently, that he was clear enough for the task.

"In all these interpositions of G. P. the marks of an indepenent intelligence are very indicative. There is in them nothing like the character of either the inexperienced communicator or Rector, the amanuensis, nor is there any definite resemblance to either secondary personality in general or to intercommunication between two personalities in the same subject. They are the interference of a spectator and helper on his own responsibility, when he sees that he can effect a clear message that is misunderstood or not clearly obtained by Rector. Such dramatic play, involving the personal equation of the real individual G. P. as known when living, and here kept distinct from that of Rector and others, is a characteristic not easily explicable on any but the spiritistic theory, especially when it includes the transmission of evidential data."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

MR. PIDDINGTON'S REPORT ON MRS. THOMPSON

About the time we have been considering, in 1899 and 1900, there took place at Hampstead, London, England, with Mrs. Edmond Thompson, a series of sittings which are reported in Pr. XVII and XVIII. Mrs. Thompson has not given nearly as many sittings as Mrs. Piper, or any professional ones; consequently the range of her phenomena is not as wide, but I don't know a more entertaining piece of literature from which to get an idea of mediumistic phenomena (or from which to get a couple of hours' good reading) than Mr. Piddington's admirable account of Mrs. Thompson's sittings. Part XLVII of Pr. XVIII is well worth the interested reader's procuring. It was preceded in Pr. XVII by reports of the same medium from Myers, Dr. van Eeden, Messrs. J. O. Wilson and Piddington, Dr. Hodgson, Miss Alice Johnson and Mrs. Verrall, which, though excellent, are much briefer and less studied than the one in Pr. XVIII: so our limited space can probably be best utilized by quoting mainly from Pr. XVIII.

At the period reported, Mrs. Thompson, daughter of an architect and wife of an importer, was a little over thirty years old, in fine health, a good mother and housekeeper, fond of bicycling and the theater and the other amusements of young English ladies in comfortable circumstances, and without any external characteristic indicative of her extraordinary powers—powers which Myers declares (Pr. XVII, 69), and few if any students will differ with him, constitute "a trust placed in the hands of individuals selected by some law as yet unknown." Yet this vigorous, sprightly, commonsense young woman was in the habit of seeing writing on walls, pictures in crystal balls, "spirit-like" visions; of writing automatically, and, without the slightest provocation, tum-

bling into trance and delivering heteromatic messages by pen or voice.

Of the crystal ball visions Myers says (Pr. XVII, 70):

"*Sentences* sometimes appear; which, oddly enough, look to Mrs. Thompson (who alone has seen them) just like scraps of coarse printing;—as though a piece of newspaper were held beneath the ball."

This is exactly my own experience in dreams. The sentences are not incoherent, but have had no significance that I remember.

So far as I can recall, the Pr. S. P. R. contain no report of physical phenomena from Mrs. Thompson. But Podmore, in *The Newer Spiritualism,* published in 1910, says that this was due to the objections of Mr. Thompson, who, in 1910, was no longer living, and whose death was regarded as removing the ban of secrecy. Podmore thereupon gives accounts of manifestations by her of virtually the whole range of physical phenomena, including even materialization and elongation, but not levitation. He uses reports prepared by Mr. F. W. Thurston, M.A., at whose house, in 1897 and 1898, most of the sittings occurred (*New. Spir.,* 186f.):

"In a dim light in which we could just distinguish one another," Mr. Thurston's dead sister Clare distributed flowers, touched the persons present, and used "the direct voice" which

"as her power increased... gained strength and *timbre*... loud but sweet, and with a mannerism of utterance noticeably distinct from that of Mrs. T.... All this while Mrs. T. was in full consciousness, but she kept exclaiming that she felt 'all hollow'; and another thing she noticed was that whenever 'Clare's' fingers touched anyone she distinctly felt a pricking sensation in her body, very similar to her experiences when she had been placed once on an insulating stool and charged with electricity, and persons had touched her to make sparks come from her.....

"While my sister 'Clare' was still touching my hand and talking to me, 'Nelly's' voice was suddenly heard by her father's side, saying, 'I am here'; and both father and mother were in raptures to feel the touch of the vanished hand of their little daughter caressing them."

This is corroborated by Mr. and Mrs. A., who were present.

Touching materialization and even elongation, though I

have suggested considerations in Chapter X that may account for them, my judgment is in suspense, and the attribution of them—in the dark as usual—to Mrs. Thompson, detracts just a shade from my confidence in her heteromatic speech and writing; but even Podmore does not let her physical phenomena prevent his saying of the other phenomena (*New. Spir.*, p. 198):

"There seems, indeed, little doubt that Mrs. Thompson must be placed in the same category as Mrs. Piper, and that the explanation that will eventually be found to fit the facts in the one case must be applied to the other also."

Hodgson had six sittings with Mrs. Thompson in 1900. There was nothing in them as interesting as I shall report from other sitters, and he thought that there was fraud. This was during his skeptical period, before the G. P. manifestations converted him to spiritism.

Touching these sittings, Mr. Piddington remarks (Pr. XVIII, 105-6):

"I am not at all surprised that Mrs. Thompson's trance should not have impressed Dr. Hodgson as genuine. So easy, and sudden, so entirely unannounced, as a rule, is the transition from the medium's waking to her entranced state, and, except on rare occasions, so free from any, at least apparent, physical discomfort, and so alert her attention and behavior during the trance that to one accustomed to Mrs. Piper's trance Mrs. Thompson might well appear to be shamming.[1]

"But not only to one accustomed to the deep and dramatic form of trance displayed by Mrs. Piper might Mrs. Thompson's trance be unconvincing, but also to one who, having had but little experience of mediumistic trances, was biassed by preconceived notions of what a trance ought to be.

"[Note.—[1] In his recent work, *Hypnotism: Its History, Practice and Theory,* Dr. J. Milne Bramwell maintains that, in some cases where only the very slightest hypnosis has been induced, and even where no certain trace of it has been detected, suggestion yields therapeutic results as striking as in the case of patients who have been deeply hypnotized. Thus the view that the exercise of supernormal faculty need not be accompanied by either profound or even slight trance [Foster apparently had none at all. H.H.] would fall into line with Dr. Bramwell's observations if, with Myers, we attribute both response to curative suggestions, and supernormal faculties generally to the activities of the subliminal consciousness.]"

Other authorities have expressed themselves as follows—first, Sir Oliver Lodge (Pr. XVII, 62):

"It has been the wish of Mrs. Thompson herself that everything, whether favorable or unfavorable, should be impartially published.... Anything in the nature of suppression, either of suspicious circumstances or of hostile criticism, would be resented by her."

Myers prefaced his accounts of her sittings (Pr. XVII, 69):

"For what follows, therefore, I claim entire genuineness. I believe that there has been no attempt whatever to exaggerate any incident, but an honest desire on the part of both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson to utilize for the benefit of Science a gift which they fully recognize as independent of personal merit."

Also Dr. van Eeden, in his report on Mrs. Thompson, said (Pr. XVII, 78) that certain facts "excluded all fraud or coincidence," and (p. 80):

"To explain all these morbid phenomena as the work of the unconscious or subliminal mind, or of a secondary personality, often seems forced and insufficient. Moreover, considering the matter philosophically, are the terms: 'unconscious,' 'subliminal,' 'secondary personality,' clearer and more scientific than the terms demon, spirit, or ghost? Is it not often a simple question of terms? What difference is there between a secondary or tertiary personality and a possessing demon?"

Mr. Piddington (Pr. XVII, 136):

"I fail to see how any hypothesis involving conscious fraud on Mrs. Thompson's part can provide a solution."

Miss Alice Johnson (Pr. XVII, 163):

"I had, and have still a distinct impression of her entire sincerity in the matter."

Mrs. Verrall (Pr. XVII, 218):

"That Mrs. Thompson is possessed of knowledge not normally obtained I regard as established beyond a doubt; that the hypothesis of fraud, conscious or unconscious on her part, fails to explain the phenomena, seems to be equally certain; that to more causes than one is to be attributed the success which I have recorded seems to me likely. There is, I believe, some evidence to indicate that telepathy between the sitter and the trance personality is one of these contributory causes. But that tele-

pathy from the living, even in an extended sense of the term, does not furnish a complete explanation of the occurrences observed by me, is . . . my present belief."

Mrs. Thompson's principal "control" is, ostensibly, her daughter Nelly, who died as a baby, and has been growing up into as amusing a little minx as there is on record—as amusing in her way as Phinuit is in his. I simply believe that it is not in human capacity to turn out either of them day after day off-hand. Nelly has a pal, Elsie, a friend of the family, who died when six years old.

An appearance was frequently put in, too, by the alleged spirit of Mrs. Cartwright, the proprietor (not teacher) of a school attended in girlhood by Mrs. Thompson. She was a remarkable contrast to Nelly, and almost equally amusing in her own way, as the following passage from Mr. Piddington illustrates (Pr. XVIII, 132):

"The following effort of a modern lady novelist might have been written by Mrs. Cartwright, and would certainly have met with her approbation:—'The burnt child is proverbially a dissenter from the form of religion established by Zoroaster.'"

The following extract from Mr. Piddington's report appears to indicate either remarkable dramatic power on the part of the medium, or distinct personalities communicating (Pr. XVIII, 173):

"Mrs. Cartwright and Nelly spoke in turns, and a most amusing scene ensued, Mrs. Cartwright casting reflections on Nelly's way of doing her work, and Nelly bobbing in and out to mimic Mrs. Cartwright's pompous and platitudinous manner and diction, and to complain of her dictatorial airs. Nelly, as usual, wound up the sitting, and put in a parting shot:—'Mrs. Cartwright thinks I'm illiterate.' 'She always thought life not worth living, if you weren't obeyed.' 'Mrs. Cartwright says I'm to come before I talk "insipid nonsense" (mimicking Mrs. Cartwright's voice and accent). Her compliments come thick and fast.'

"Mrs. Thompson remarked on waking:—'I've been back to my old school at Wenlock, where Mrs. Cartwright was. I saw Mrs. Cartwright.'"

Isn't this exactly like a dream? Compare Mrs. Piper's seeing G. P. so that she picks out his photograph.

Mr. Piddington farther comments (Pr. XVIII, 132):

"Two grammatical slips made by that otherwise immaculate stylist, Mrs. Cartwright... occurred at the sitting which had been enlivened by the tiff, and at which Nelly, who was very sore, complained that Mrs. Cartwright had criticised her culture:—'Mrs. Cartwright says I'm illiterate.' Nelly's grammar, it is true, is not above reproach, but, in spite of her choice diction, no more is Mrs. Cartwright's. I had handed to the medium a cap, and Nelly failed to give more than one, though that a very essential, fact about its owner, so Mrs. Cartwright undertook to come to the rescue, and expressed her intention as follows:—'With regard to that cap, Sir, I'm not prepared with any information about it; but I will [*sic*] be able to fathom it out for you.'"

And later, speaking of Archbishop Benson, Mrs. Cartwright says (Pr. XVIII, 133):

"'It is only us [*sic*] higher spirits who do not have to make use of material objects in order to obtain information.'"

Mr. Piddington continues:

"Though Nelly's speech is slangy and incorrect—in keeping with her character, for she is half Puck, half *gamin,* though entirely lovable—not only is Mrs. Thompson's language vastly more refined and accurate than Nelly's, but the 'Mr. D.' control [another of the many cases where a woman's secondary personality(?) is a man! H.H.], who has occasionally spoken with great fluency and ease in my presence, talks as good English as one can wish to hear. The occasional mistakes of Mrs. Cartwright are not at all difficult to reconcile with the theory that she is the spirit of a middle-class woman of imperfect education (it should be borne in mind that she was not a teacher, but the proprietress of a school), who piqued herself upon her superior command of language; but it is not quite so easy to explain them if she is a secondary personality; for if 'Mr. D.' can be made to speak correctly, why not Mrs. Cartwright also?.....

"There had been a break in the trance.... Shortly before the medium was re-entranced she said she thought Mrs. Cartwright might be coming to control. Later on Mrs. Cartwright did control; but she was preceded by the control whom I call here 'Mr. D.' This control spoke only a dozen words, and disappeared. Nelly then came on the scene for a moment to say that Mr. D. had made a mistake, and added that Mrs. Cartwright would explain better than herself what had happened. Mrs. Cartwright's explanation was that she could not explain Mr. D.'s sudden and confused intrusion; and then the matter dropped. But the episode was an interesting one to witness, for the change of controls was effected very rapidly and with complete ease,

only a moment's silence between the going away of one and the arrival of the next; the medium displayed no symptoms of physical discomfort, and the alterations of personality, occurring as they did within the space of a minute or two, brought out into strong relief the distinctive features of these the three principal controls. Mr. D.'s intrusion was most lifelike and natural, his behavior and slight discomposure were just like those of a person who has entered a room by mistake and found a stranger in it."

Compare sundry changes of control in the Piper trances—sometimes just as easy, sometimes difficult. This easy appearance of controls is at variance with much that has been said about the extreme difficulty of communication. As far as we have got, pretty much everything seems to contradict pretty much everything else. But there may be reconciliation when we know more.

On December 4, 1899, Nelly said to Dr. van Eeden (Pr. XVII, 99f.):

"'If you say, "Now, Nelly," I'll come if I can.' Van E.: 'Will you come in my dreams?' Nelly: 'But you've got curtains round your bed. [This is a telopsis in Holland or telepathy from van E.'s mind. H.H.] I don't like them. They are old-fashioned now.' [Bed curtains are becoming rare in Holland. Van E.'s sleeping-room being at the same time his study, he has a drapery hanging before his bed.] Van E.: 'If you saw better you would see why I have curtains.' Nelly: 'Because it's got a thing to hide it. Because you don't want all the people to see. You are funny.' Van E.: 'What's the matter?' Nelly: 'I don't know.' Van E.: 'I put the curtain up at night.' Nelly: 'I don't know if I am in the right house. It's got a shiny floor. There's a cupboard with little drawers.' [There is a cupboard with little drawers in van E.'s house and a floor with mattings.] ... Nelly (to Mrs. Verrall): 'Perhaps I'll talk secrets when you go away. I shan't call you doctor (to van E.), though the old gentleman does. I can't oblige you and call you doctor. You have not enough bottles, you don't smell enough of disinfectants. [Van E. does not practise medicine much now.] ... Your real name is foreign savant. I'll forgive you for saying Spain to mother.' [On walking away from the house with Mrs. Thompson after his first sitting, when his nationality had not yet been discovered, van E. had talked to her about Spain, not without some intention of seeing if Nelly would follow up a wrong hint.]"

Dr. van Eeden soon thereafter returned to Holland.

Here is an extract from

Sitting of January 5th, 1900. (Pr.XVII,112-3.)

"Present: Mrs. ——, Mrs. F., Hon. E. Feilding, and J. G. Piddington.

"Nelly (to J. G. P.): 'Tell Dr. van Eeden he kept calling me last night (*i.e.,* Jan. 4-5). He was inside those curtains.... I went to him and I think he knows it. He told me so, and he is waiting to hear if you send my message. He was asleep. "Now, Nelly, you come to me and remember," he cried out. His wife was stout.... He was in bed alone, not with his wife, he was by himself. He had had a hard day's work, yet was sufficiently awake to call me.'

"J. G. P. sent a transcript of the above to Dr. van Eeden and received the following reply:

"'WALDEN, BUSSUM, Jan. 10, 1900.

"'Dear Mr. Piddington,

"'In the diary of my dreams I find on January 3rd that I had what I call a "clear dream" with full consciousness on the night of [Jan.] 2-3, between Tuesday and Wednesday. In those dreams I have power to call people and see them in my dream. I had arranged with Nelly that I should call her in the first dream of this sort, and I did so on the said night. She appeared to me in the form of a little girl, rather plump and healthy-looking, with loose, light-colored hair. [Note that at sitting on Nov. 29, 1899, Nelly had described her hair as black and curly, in van E.'s hearing.—J.G.P.] She did not talk to me, but looked rather awkward or embarrassed, giving me to understand that she could not yet speak to me; she had not yet learned Dutch. This was the second dream of the sort after my stay in England. The first occurred on Dec. 11. In this dream I also tried to call Nelly, but it was no success. Some grown-up girl appeared, who spoke Dutch, and as my consciousness was not quite clear, I had forgotten that she was to be English.

"'The particulars are true. I slept alone, in the bed with the curtain, or rather drapery, hanging before it. I was extremely tired, and slept deeply and soundly, which is always a condition for that sort of dream.

"'The mistake about the date does not seem very important, as it was probably the first sitting you had after Jan. 3. [It was the first sitting since Dec. 18, 1899.—J.G.P.] ... Tell Nelly next time she was right about my calling, and ask her to tell you again when she has been aware of it. But let her not make guesses or shots. I shall try to give her some communications.

"'Yours very truly,

"'F. VAN EEDEN.'

"Nelly made no reference to Dr. van Eeden at sittings held on the 10th, 12th, and 16th of January."

Sitting of January 18th, 1900. (Pr.XVII,113.)

"Present: Mr. J. O. Wilson (pseudonym) and J. G. Piddington.

"At end of sitting J. G. P. asks Nelly: 'Have you been to see Dr. van Eeden?' Nelly: 'No. I haven't. This is a mixture. Dr. van Eeden has summoned me twice, and Elsie,'—(here J. G. P. interrupted Nelly to ask who 'Elsie' was, not having heard her mentioned before) 'a little girl that used to talk before I came—Elsie Line came to me and said "Old Whiskers in the bed is calling you."' J. G. P.: 'When was that?' Nelly: 'It was before the sitting with'—(Nelly then proceeded to describe the personal appearance of a lady and gentleman, both unknown by name to Mrs. Thompson, who had attended the sitting of Jan. 16). 'Both times was before that' (*i.e.,* before Jan. 16). 'I said: "Bother Whiskers! you go instead of me"—and very likely she did go. I hope he didn't think she was me. You want my description. I haven't red hair. It's as light as mother's—not red—more look of brightness like mother's—and then I've nicer eyes than mother ... dark, wide open eyes. I'm fat, and look as if I was seven; I am older.'"

Unless the brat got knowledge and a vocabulary in the other world a great deal faster than they can be acquired in this, she was not genuine.

But on November 29, 1899, she had said (Pr. XVII, 90):

"'I'm going to materialize one day for father to show him the color of my hair—black curly hair, not light like mothers.'... J. G. P. several months later pointed out to Nelly the inconsistency of these two descriptions, and Nelly explained that the description given on January 18th, 1900, should apply to 'Elsie.'[1]

"[Note.—[1] After reading the proofs of this record, Mrs. Thompson ... told me that the personal description ascribed by Nelly to Elsie is not in accordance with the facts; for Elsie... had colorless lightish brown hair cut short and straight across her forehead. Elsie died at about six years of age. Nelly, who died when only four months old, had very dark brown curly hair, most unlike her mother's.]" [Such hair often grows light later. H.H.]

Here is an account, badly mutilated in necessary condensation, of a suicide, which *might* all be telepathic *if* one could account for its dramatic quality on that basis:

Sitting of June 2nd, 1900. (Pr.XVII,104f.)

".....Van E.: 'You have not told me the principal thing about this man' (parcel). Nelly: 'The principal thing is his sudden death [R.] [= Right. H.H.]. I can tell you better when she

(Lady X.) is not there. It frightens me. Everybody was frightened, seeming to say "O dear! good gracious!"... This gentleman could shoot. He was rather an out-of-doors man. What a funny hat he used to wear. Round with a cord around. He had a velvet jacket. You have a velvet jacket too, but not real velvet, and like trousers [R.]. But that gentleman had real velvet jacket. [References to dress. D.] [= Doubtful. H.H.] I can't see any blood about this gentleman, but a horrible sore place: somebody wiped it all up. It looks black [the bullet wound probably]. I am happy because that man is happy now. He was in a state of muddle. And when he realized what he had done, he said it is better to make amends and be happy.' Van E.: 'How did he make amends?' Nelly: 'When any people want to kill themselves he goes behind them and stops their hands, saying, "just wait." He stops their hands from cutting their throats. He says, "Don't do that: you will wake up and find yourself in another world haunted with the facts, and that's a greater punishment." He's got such a horror that anybody would do the same thing, and he asks them to stop, and it makes him so happy. [He cut his own throat, but recovered; and afterwards shot himself.] (To van E.) You don't seem to have any whiskers. I don't see your head properly. Someone covers up your head. He covers up your head to show how his own head was covered up. O dear, isn't it funny? You must not cut off your head when you die. [The suicide's head was covered up when he was found dead.]... How do you pronounce Hendrik?' Van E.: 'Very good, it is Hendrik.' Nelly says good-by to everybody, and to Lady X., 'I like you.'... [*Note by van E.*—I did not quite remember the name of the suicide, and thought it might be Hendrik. A few days later I dreamt about another friend of mine called 'Sam,' and I called out, 'Sam! Sam!' in my dream. I remembered then that the name of the dead man was also Sam, or Samuel.]"

At the next sitting Nelly says (Pr. XVII, 108):

"'This matter (the suicide of the cap-man) was all in the newspapers. But he is sorry, because there was a mis-statement of facts in one newspaper. This grieves him, because it was already bad enough for his friends. [The facts of the case were misrepresented in the newspapers to the detriment of the deceased man's friends, but van E. could not find out what particular newspaper was more to blame than the rest.] He wants to know why his life is to be talked over in a foreign country.'"

Sitting of June 7th, 1900. (Pr.XVII,108f.)

"At Mrs. Thompson's house. Present: Mrs. Thompson, Dr. van Eeden.

"Since the last sitting on June 5th Mrs. Thompson has had a

peculiar cough quite unusual to her. It was like that of the suicide. [Mr. Myers writes: 'Mrs. T. independently told me that this huskiness began when she first saw van Eeden on this visit of his to England, and continued throughout his stay, and went off half-an-hour after his departure. She had no cold.'] "

For forty years I have remembered a similar cough that bothered me for some days when a sensitive was visiting me, and the sensitive was bothered by it too. I did not think of the coincidence until I read this. I cannot attach any meaning to it now.

"Nelly: 'That gentleman that made my mother have a sore throat, he came and tried to make mother write. He wanted to say something about the name of that place.' Mrs. Thompson showed van E. what she had written on a sheet of paper after the last sitting on June 5th, in a state of trance. It was *Notten Velp*. [First name unknown to van E.] [Then where did Mrs. Thompson get it? H.H.] Velp is a well-known village in Holland. Van E. does not know if his friend had ever been there.....

"(Mrs. Thompson's hand tries to write with pencil on paper. Writes: 'Wedstruden' again. Long silence. Mrs. Thompson seems very restless, feeling her throat with her hands.) Nelly: 'He wants you to speak Hollands, Hollands.' (Van E. speaks a few words in Dutch, asking if his dead friend heard and understood. After this comes a very expressive pantomime, during which Mrs. Thompson takes van E.'s hands firmly as if to thank him very heartily, making different gestures.) Nelly: 'He understood. I was not talking through mother then.... He could not talk better. All the time he is nearly in possession of mother. That's what makes my mother's throat so. (Rummaging in the parcel) [of the suicide's clothes. H.H.] I am trying to get a fresh place in the parcel. What's "Vrouw Poss"... "Poss."' Van E.: 'Vrouw Post—Ik versta je.' [This was the exact pronunciation—the final 't' being but slightly sounded in Dutch—of a name very familiar to van E. Vrouw (= Mrs.) Post is a poor workwoman who used to come to his house every day.] (When van E. repeated the words and said 'ik versta je' (I understand) Mrs. Thompson laughed very excitedly and made emphatic gestures of pleasure and satisfaction, patting his head and shoulders, just as his friend would have done.) Nelly: 'He is so glad you recognized him. He is not so emotional usually. What is Wuitsbergen... Criuswergen?' [This is very nearly the right pronunciation of the word Cruysbergen, the old name of van E.'s place, Walden. Van E. writes: 'It is remarkable that it was not at all like the pronunciation of the word as if *read* by an English person, but as if heard. This name is still

in use among us, and my dead friend used it always....'] Van E.: 'Ih weet wat je zeggen wil, zeg het nog eens.' ('I know what you mean, say it again.') (Nelly tries again and says 'Hans.' She then says that she is going away for two minutes. Mrs. Thompson awakening says 'I smell some sort of anæsthetic stuff like chloroform. I can taste it in my mouth. I was dreaming about being chloroformed, and your trying to wake me up.') ['This is very remarkable, the taste being probably that of iodoform, which was used in healing the wound in the throat of my dead friend. Mrs. Thompson, in reply to inquiry, said that she did not know the smell of iodoform.'—*Note by van E.*]

"4.45. Trance came on again suddenly in the middle of conversation. Nelly: 'That gentleman *was* pleased and delighted.' Van E.: 'Why does he not give his name?' Nelly: 'It is like Sum, Thum, or like Sjam. Not quite this. Please, do you pronounce it properly.' Van E.: 'Yes, indeed, it is Sam.' Nelly: 'That is it. He says it sounded like Sjam through his bad throat....' Mrs. Thompson appeared now to be completely under the control of van E.'s dead friend, and began to speak in a low hoarse voice.) Sam: 'Head muddled mine was. When I was regrettable—thing. I must know where friends. Success for me.' Van E.: 'Zeg den naam van je vriend.' ('Say your friend's name.') (Different gestures to show that the words must be drawn out of the mouth and pressed into the head, gestures expressing great difficulty.) Sam: 'Max... Frederik make progress. People shall read and read and re-read and your plans shall be carried out after you. [This points clearly to van E.'s social plans.] *Truth.* Do not (...?...) away the truth. I shall talk in our own beloved Dutch. In the sleep helps to clear out that woman's head.' Van E.: 'Welke vrouw?' ('Which woman?') Sam: 'This woman. (Mrs. T. presses her own breast.) I shall speak more clear. (Hoarse voice.) Why try and make me live? Not come back.' (Van E. asks, always in Dutch, after the friend, who imitated his suicide. Violent gestures of disquiet and horror. Mrs. T.'s hand takes the cap and shows it.) Sam: 'When I was in England greatest disappointment. I went to England just before. [He never was in England.] Did you think dreadful of me?'... Nelly: 'Did you understand what was "Wedstruden"?' Van E.: 'O yes. But what is it in English?' Nelly: 'I cannot find out.' (It must be understood that van E. spoke the few Dutch questions without translating and got answers immediately.)"

Dr. van Eeden says (Pr. XVII, 81f.):

"'During the first series of experiments, in November and December, 1899, I felt a very strong conviction that the person ... was living as a spirit and was in communication with me

through Mrs. Thompson.... But when I came home [to Holland. H.H.], I found on further inquiry inexplicable faults and failures. If I had really spoken to the dead man, he would never have made these mistakes. And the remarkable feature of it was that all these mistakes were in those very particulars which I had not known myself and was unable to correct on the spot. ...I came to the conclusion that I had dealt only with Mrs. Thompson, who... had *acted* the ghost, though in perfect good faith.....

"'But on my second visit, in June, 1900, when I took with me the piece of clothing of the young man who had committed suicide, my first impression came back, and with greater force. I was well on my guard, and if I gave hints, it was not unconsciously, but on purpose; and...the plainest hints were not taken, but the truth came out in the most curious and unexpected ways.....

"'The following described very exactly both his character and his attempt at suicide. "He would not show me any blood on his neck, because he was afraid I should be frightened." This is quite like my dead young friend. He was very gentle and always tried to hide his mutilated throat in order not to horrify children or sensitive people.

"'Up to the sitting of June 7th all the information came through Nelly, Mrs. Thompson's so-called spirit-control. But on that date the deceased tried, as he had promised, to take the control himself, as the technical term goes. The evidence then became very striking. During a few minutes—though a few minutes only—I felt absolutely as if I were speaking to my friend himself. I spoke Dutch and got immediate and correct answers. The expression of satisfaction and gratification in face and gesture, when we seemed to understand each other, was too true and vivid to be acted. Quite unexpected Dutch words were pronounced [Mrs. Thompson, I believe, did not understand Dutch. H.H.], details were given which were far from my mind, some of which, as that about my friend's uncle in a former sitting, I had never known, and found to be true only on inquiry afterwards.....

"'And here, I think, I may make a definite and clear statement of my present opinion, which has been wavering between the two sides for a long time.... Every phenomenon or occurrence of a very extraordinary character is only believed after repeated observation.... At this present moment it is about eight months since I had my last sitting with Mrs. Thompson in Paris, and yet, when I read the notes again, it is impossible for me to abstain from the conviction that I have really been a witness, were it only for a few minutes, of the voluntary manifestation of a deceased person.'"

Sitting of February 1st, 1900. (Pr.XVII,126-7.)

"Mrs. Thompson, Medium. Present: J. G. Piddington, alone.

"..... Nelly: 'When in the Express Dairy I nearly controlled mother then. Express Dairy near the Marble Arch.' J. G. P.: 'Why did you?' Nelly: 'Because I wanted to be preparing her to tell you about all these things.' [After trance Mrs. T. told J. G. P. that when in a tea-shop at the end of Park Lane earlier in the day she had been nearly entranced."

In one of Mrs. Verrall's sittings came this strange and significant circumstance (Pr. XVII, 201):

"Nelly said that a piece of hair which I gave her when she was in my house was the hair of a very delicate baby, so delicate that it 'makes mother's hand cold'; Mrs. Thompson's hand, which she gave to me, had suddenly become very cold.[1]

"[NOTE.—[1] On another occasion, when speaking of a person who had died suddenly from an accident, in full vigor of health, Nelly drew my attention to the heat of Mrs. Thompson's hand, due, according to her, to the extreme vitality of the person in question."

Cf. Mrs. Piper and Hodgson, bottom of p. 412.

Sitting of July 16th, 1900. (Pr.XVIII,145f.)

"Mr. and Mrs. Percival's first sitting. Mr. Myers recording.

"[P.] [This series in Pr.XVIII, it will be remembered, is edited by Mr. Piddington. H.H.] ... A book that had belonged to W. Stainton Moses was handed to the medium, but nothing came of this except that the medium's hand wrote 'William Stainton,' and that subsequently Mrs. Cartwright said that she saw little chance of getting at Moses, who was in a different part of the spiritual world. She also denied all knowledge of the Imperator group.

"Mr. Myers asked what had first interested Mrs. Cartwright in the subject of spirit communication, and she replied as follows:—'I abhorred the subject of Spiritualism when on earth. Yet I could not help thinking about it, and I made up my mind that the first thing I would do on the other side was to see whether there was any truth in it, and then, if possible, come back and tell people it was all nonsense.' Mrs. Cartwright's meaning is clear enough, but her manner of expressing it suggests that she must have had more than a drop of Irish blood in her veins."

Later Mr. Piddington says (Pr. XVIII, 149):

"Nelly intimates that skepticism is not confined to this side of the veil, and that in her efforts to forward the cause of

psychical research she has to incur the invidious charge of being a Paul Pry. If my memory serves me well, Phinuit likewise has complained of the odium into which his inquisitiveness into the affairs of strangers has brought him."

Mr. Piddington also remarks (Pr. XVIII, 166-7):

"I believe that Nelly has sometimes spoken of things which the normal Mrs. Thompson would not have mentioned to me.... Some of the more marked instances of Nelly's artless *épanchement* occurred in the earlier sittings when Mrs. Thompson and I were comparative strangers to one another. I do not mean to suggest that Nelly was very much of an *enfant terrible*, but she told some tales out of school for which a child less privileged and one not removed from the sphere of material punishment would, I fancy, have had to suffer.... But about Mrs. Benson's relations and my own she has expressed opinions the reverse of complimentary and in a style quite foreign to Mrs. Thompson's courteous nature."

Sitting of January 11th, 1901. (Pr.XVIII,176-7.)

"[P.]... A control which purported to be Professor Sidgwick appeared for the first time, and then the control whom I call Mr. D. spoke and wrote for about half an hour, and brought the sitting to a close without Nelly reappearing. When Mrs. Thompson awoke she said:—'I'm sure that was Mr. D.' I asked why. 'Because I feel so different,' she replied. I then asked if she remembered anything, to which came the answer:—'No. Oh! yes, I do. I remember hearing Professor Sidgwick stuttering, and I thought to myself he might have dropped the stutter when he got to heaven. He was dressed in just ordinary clothes.'" [All this is just like ordinary dreaming. H.H.]

Mr. Piddington points out (Pr. XVIII, 180) that

"while Dr. Hodgson believes as the result of his long, acute and searching investigation that Mrs. Piper 'is entirely ignorant of what occurs during trance' [she certainly remembers during the "waking stage." How about recognizing G. P.'s portrait? H.H.], the same cannot be said of Mrs. Thompson. Again 'Phinuit is, or pretends to be equally unaware of the knowledge possessed by Mrs. Piper, and of the incidents which happen to her in her ordinary life.' Nelly neither is, nor pretends to be similarly ignorant."

Mrs. Thompson's Account of a Teloptic Vision.
(Pr.XVIII,183-4.)

"*May 24th,* 1900.

"'On Monday, May 7th, 1900, about 7.30 in the evening, I happened to be sitting quite alone in the dining-room, and thinking of the possibility of my "subliminal" communicating

with that of another person—no one in particular. I was not for one moment unconscious. All at once I felt someone was standing near, and quickly opened my eyes, and was very surprised to see—clairvoyantly, of course—Mr. J. G. Piddington. I was very keen to try the experiment: so at once spoke to him aloud. He looked so natural and life-like I did not feel in the least alarmed.

"'I commenced:—"Please tell me of something I may afterwards verify to prove I am really speaking to you." J. G. P.: "I have had a beastly row with ——" [naming a specified person]. R. T.: "What about?" (No answer to this.) J. G. P.: "He says he did not intend to annoy me, but I said he had been very successful in doing so, whether he intended to or not." After saying this he disappeared, and I began to wonder if there was any truth in what I had heard from—what appeared to me to be—Mr. Piddington. I did not like to write and to ask him if it was so. On May 24th, I had an opportunity of telling him, and was very surprised to hear it was the truth. I also told him I had guessed at the subject of the "beastly row." My conjecture was quite accurate.

"'(Signed) Rosalie Thompson.

"'*P. S.*—People often ask me how I talk with Nelly: just as I talked with Mr. Piddington on May 7th. I seem to see and feel what they are saying. The lips appear to move, but they make no audible sound. Yet unless *I* speak aloud they do not seem to understand me. I have tried Nelly when she appears to me by asking mental questions, but she does not understand unless I speak aloud and very clearly. R. T.'"

Mr. Piddington thus supplements Mrs. Thompson's statement (Pr. XVIII, 184):

"Writing to Mr. Myers on May 30th, 1900, I expressed myself as follows:—

"'I entirely indorse Mrs. Thompson's account. I made her describe the incident *in full* before saying whether the story corresponded in any way with actual facts.

"'One point I think Mrs. Thompson has omitted from her account. I feel nearly certain that she described herself as having been aware that the quarrel was conducted by correspondence, as was the case, and not *vivâ voce*. The correspondence took place between April 28th and May 1st. Mrs. Thompson's experience was on May 7th.... I think it highly improbable that Mrs. Thompson could have had any knowledge of the "beastly row" in an ordinary way, and of the fact that my correspondent professed to have had no desire to annoy me, and of my observation thereon, impossible. I do not remember, and have no means of recalling, what I was doing about 7.30 P.M. on May 7th—probably dressing for dinner.'

"It was this experience of Mrs. Thompson's which compelled my belief in her supernormal powers. At the time I saw no way of getting round it and I see no way now. But to my great regret I do not feel myself at liberty to disclose all the circumstances. The case must accordingly lose much of its evidential value, and I therefore cannot hope that it will produce on others the same conviction that it has on myself."

Prof. Moutonnier and Mrs. Thompson
(Pr.XVIII,194-200):

"[P.] Professor C. Moutonnier, formerly Professor at the *Ecole des hautes Etudes Commerciales à Paris,* sent to Mr. Myers the following account of how he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Thompson, and also a record of a sitting which he had with her.....

"'On February the 10th, I received from Prof. C. Richet an invitation to attend some psychical experiments which were to take place at his château at Carqueiranne, together with Professors Myers and James.... I was then on a visit at my daughter's at Monte Carlo, with my family, quite unaware of Mrs. Thompson being at the same place, as I did not know her, either by name or sight.

"'On the 1st of March, between 10 and 11 A.M., I was sitting on a bench with my wife, in one of the most retired spots of the gardens.... I saw coming up to us three persons, a gentleman accompanied by a lady and a little girl, eleven years old. The lady addressed us in English (without knowing our nationality) as old friends, and in such a familiar way as only those already acquainted with the subject could take any interest in her conversation. She told us, *ex abrupto,* and without being questioned, that she came from a château at Carqueiranne belonging to Professor Richet, where she had been staying for some time with the Professors Myers and James... that she had been guided to me by her little spirit-girl, notwithstanding that her husband insisted on going by another alley; and that, as soon as she perceived us, she saw written before her eyes the word "Carqueiranne."... Great was her surprise when I told her we were intimate friends of Professor Richet, and greater still my joy on learning that she was one of the two mediums I was to meet at Carqueiranne.....

"'Our next meeting took place on the 13th of March, at the same spot and the same hour.... After about a quarter of an hour chatting on different topics, Mrs. Thompson—without losing consciousness—was all of a sudden taken hold of by her spirit-girl, who spoke through her in the following manner and terms, written down word by word as uttered from the lips of the medium:—

"'1. "*The lady* who is standing back of you says that you have a ring of hers, and you should give it to me.

"'2. "She mentions that *Long Henry* wants to send a message to the one who was a little girl.

"'3. "*The lady* had white hands, long fingers, and fingernails like nut-shells.

"'4. "You have something that belongs to *Harry* in your pocket.

"'5. "*Long Henry* was very weak, and suffered from the stomach, which caused him to stoop a little.

"'6. "It seems to me that he died in a foreign country; you remember when you last saw him, he wore a kind of a black coat and a black tie.

"'7. "*The lady* died and she left a little girl, and she is going to have the ring, but in a long time to come.

"'8. "There is someone related to *Long Henry,* and he asks if you are still teaching, as you could not very well take care of the babe and do two things together.

"'9. "When *the lady* died she left a little carved box, you know, to put trinkets into it; you don't know but the *painting lady* knows all about it.

"'10. "*Harry* says that you have a *stud* that belongs to him. It is not to make you feel bad; but he is very funny, you know; he is rather reserved, dignified, and wants to be somebody.

"'11. "He was very fond of stretching out his legs, when he was seated; he liked also sticks and had some very funny ones.....

"'13. "It seems to me that he died very unfortunately, when his prospects were at the highest. It was as if it were a premature death.

"'14. "He knew you to be very kind, but never thought you would have done so much for his babe, as it was a very weak and miserable one.....

"'17. "You have *some hair* in your pocket; I wish you gave it to me.

"'18. "There is *a Marie* connected with it. The hair was first brown and then chestnut color.

"'19. "The *lady* died; she was quite well and was not to die.....

"'21. "There is also *a George* connected with it. He is in a foreign country and alive.....

"'23. "It seems as if *'the hair'* had been in the hands of another medium; there is an influence of a stout lady.....

"'25. "*Harry* says that the chestnut hair was that of his darling wife."....

"'*Explanatory Notes.*

"'1. The ring mentioned here was *my daughter's* .....

"'2. *Long Henry* was an intimate friend of ours.... He was very tall and liked my granddaughter—then a little child—very much.

"'3. My *daughter's* hands were of a beautiful shape, white, long and tapering.

"'4. I had in the left inside pocket of my coat a little picture of *Harry*—my son-in-law.....

"'5....*Henry's* health had always been very poor, and his tallness caused him to stoop a little.....

"'6. When we last saw him in Paris—at luncheon—he wore a black cut-away coat and a black necktie.

"'7. Both my *daughter* and her *husband* died leaving a girl —then six years old, their only child.

"'8. The person alluded to by *Long Henry* is myself. I was then a professor at the *Ecole des hautes Etudes Commerciales at Paris.*

"'9. After my *daughter's* death we found many little boxes, where she kept her jewels. I, of course, was ignorant of the fact, but my other *daughter,* her sister (mentioned by the medium as being the *painting lady,* and who is in reality an artist painter) very likely knew all about it.

"'10. On the very day of the séance I had on my shirt, hidden under my neck-tie, and invisible to anyone, *a diamond* stud belonging to my son-in-law. I must say that I was quite unaware of having it on that day. *Harry* was rather a dignified and very ambitious man.

"'11. Like all Americans when at leisure, he used to take an easy position. He was very fond of *sticks* and had kept one of the funniest you can imagine in a trunk in Paris that belonged to him.....

"'13. He was only 41 years old when he died, and he had indeed a great future before him; being very intelligent, active and ambitious.

"'14. He died first and his little girl, my grand-daughter, was then very delicate and weak.....

"'17. I had in the left inside pocket of my coat wrapped in paper and in an envelope *a lock of my daughter's hair*.....

"'18. My *daughter's hair* was of a chestnut color.

"'19. My *daughter Marie* caught the influenza from her sister and was taken away in the course of five days by the dreadful plague, February, '92, in the prime of her life, at the age of 29.....

"'21. The person mentioned by the name of *George* is the Christian name of my other son-in-law, *Mr. Healy* (the husband of the *painting lady*) who lives at Chicago and is still there. [This is probably G. P. A. Healy, one of the few American painters whose portraits hang in the Uffizi collection. H.H.] .....

"'23. Never did my *daughter's hair* go out of my possession.....

"'25. The *hair,* as said before, was my daughter's.

"'.....*Psychometry, clairvoyance, mind-reading, telepathy* say the men of science; but I would rather call it *spirit influ-*

ence, a tie of union between all the worlds of the universe.... The message was given in a child-like way, and with the genuine accent and pronunciation of a child.' "

The remaining extracts in this chapter are from Mr. Piddington's report:

(Pr.XVIII,213): "Nelly had said that she got 'an influence connected with the lady at your house called Dorothy.' In spite of my denial of there being any person so named connected with my wife, Nelly stuck to her statement, and the next day I discovered that the name of a hospital nurse who had come to attend my wife the day before the sitting was Dorothy."

(Pr.XVIII,216-7): "The next sitting at which I was present was on December 18th, 1899. Towards the close of it I asked Nelly for more news about Dorothy. Nelly was annoyed and testily replied:—'Oh, don't bother me about Dorothy. She's a very unimportant person; only a kind of servant.' 'Well,' I said, 'if she is so unimportant, why did you get a message about her?' 'Because,' answered Nelly, without the least hesitation, 'because she has a little dead brother, who wanted to send a message. We call him Bob—Bobby. He's got something wrong with him in the neck and ear, and it made his head a little bit sideways.'

"I wrote to Sister Dorothy to inquire if there were any truth in this statement. Her reply was to this effect: that she had no dead brother named Bobby, but she remembers a little boy in her hospital of that name, rather a pet of hers, who had a diseased bone in his neck.....

"Let us suppose that a little spirit-child, Bobby, was cognizant of Sister Dorothy's presence in my house. He tells Nelly during the séance on November 29: 'A lady connected with that gentleman has got Sister Dorothy at her house.' Nelly repeats this information in a parrot-like way: misunderstands the use of the term 'Sister,' and imagines that because Bobby talks of 'Sister Dorothy' Bobby must be Dorothy's brother."

(Pr.XVIII,219-20): "Nelly, who is ready enough at all times to volunteer the statement that she is 'getting things out of people's stomachs' [See solar plexus, p. 137. H.H.]—which is her definition of the telepathic theory—would not offer that explanation here. The source of her information she maintained was a spirit-boy, who had apparently dropped in as it were at a sitting, attracted thereto by the presence of someone at whose house his 'Sister Dorothy' was staying.....

"Altogether the incident is a most complicated and perplexing one: hard to account for in my view by telepathy alone. The way in which the details dribbled out suggests the haphazard interchange of information between intelligences like

ourselves rather than the successful ferreting out of facts by means of the purposeful exercise of a telepathic faculty."

(Pr.XVIII,222): "Nelly at least does her work more or less blindly and automatically. More than this, I believe she regards the whole thing as a game or puzzle which it is good fun to solve. Nelly is no glum archangel; she never displays any consciousness of being engaged on a serious mission, nor indulges in prayer, pious ejaculations, or sanctimonious discourse; and is, in fact, a downright, unsentimental, débonnaire being. She is prepared to play the game under what she considers the proper rules; but if these are overstepped... she protests and is inclined to sulk."

(Pr.XVIII,214): "For a short time after his death Nelly denied with obstinacy that Mr. Myers was dead; though the fact was of course known to Mrs. Thompson, and although the Sidgwick control was represented as perfectly cognizant of it."

(Pr.XVIII,231-7): "One curious point about the script is that Nelly will not accept any responsibility for it.... Thus on January 3rd, 1901... Nelly said:—'You don't think Mr. Myers is so ill; he's much worse.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'but you wrote to the contrary.' 'I don't care what I've written,' retorted Nelly; 'don't put it down to me.'... January 8th, 1901. 'It's not me that writes. It's always somebody else that's writing. Not me, even if I tell you so.'....."

The Sidgwick Script

"... But it cannot be said that Mrs. Thompson's automatic script presents any specially interesting features as a general rule. It is not the chief method of communication as in Mrs. Piper's case. Still to this rule there is one exception, and that a most important one... a control which purports to represent the late Professor Henry Sidgwick, whom Mrs. Thompson had met several times. This control communicated directly by the voice, but also by means of writing.... On December 20th, 1900... Mrs. Benson brought with her to the sitting a paper-knife that had belonged to her brother.... On January 11th, 1901... a good deal of script was done... purporting to come from the Percival control. Across this script and intermingled with it were written in a different handwriting, though in a handwriting showing no trace of resemblance to that of Professor Sidgwick, the words 'Trin y Henry Sidg.' The first five letters seem like an attempt at 'Trinity,' and suggest that a reference was intended to Trinity College, Cambridge. On another page... was the word 'paper-cutter.' This was written I should say in Mrs. Thompson's natural hand.... No paper-cutter had been presented to the medium at this sitting, and it is therefore fair to conclude that the appearance on the same sheet of paper of an

obvious attempt at the name 'Henry Sidgwick' and of the word 'paper-cutter' was not accidental.....

"I asked Nelly if Mr. Gurney was present. Nelly made the cryptic answer:—'About the trio.' 'Who are the trio?' I asked. 'Henry Sidgwick, Edmund Gurney, and Mr. Myers,' replied Nelly. 'Henry Sidgwick is here.' The Sidgwick control then made its first appearance, and, though the words spoken were few, the voice, manner and style of utterance were extraordinarily lifelike: so much so indeed that, had I been ignorant of Professor Sidgwick's death and had happened to hear the voice without being able to tell whence it was issuing, I think I should have unhesitatingly ascribed it to him.

"The next sitting was on January 21st, 1901, and directly trance came on and before the sitters entered the room, Nelly began:—'Where's Henry Sidgwick? He's coming to talk after the sitting.' As soon as the sitters left the Sidgwick control made an ineffectual effort to speak. Nelly then came to the rescue and gave the following message:—'Mr. Piddington, he *can't* talk. He wants to write himself, when you're not thinking of him.... She will write it at 4.30.' 'Who,' I asked, 'will write it? The medium?' 'Yes,' said Nelly. The Sidgwick control then took Nelly's place; and again the impersonation was most extraordinarily lifelike. The only two occasions on which I have been *émotionné,* or have experienced the slightest feeling of uncanniness during a spiritualistic séance, or have felt myself in danger of being carried away, were during these two manifestations of the Sidgwick control. I felt that I was indeed speaking with, and hearing the voice of, the man I had known; and the vividness of the original impression has not faded with time.

"After Nelly had explained that her mother was to be prepared to receive an automatically-written message the same afternoon at 4.30, the Sidgwick control spoke as follows:—'He's not with me.' (The 'He' undoubtedly meant Mr. Myers. This sentence and the next were spoken with great emotion.) J. G. P.: 'Is he resting?' H. S.: 'He's not within range at all.... Alice* will know that it's me [sic] that's written it. She'll recognize it. She'll know it's my writing. Tell her to compare it with the others.'

"'Didn't Frederic Myers leave it to the Society? The books —not those for you—I will write it. You always thought me old and shabby, but I'm shabbier now.'

"The final sentence was apparently got out with immense effort, and then the personation stopped with a snap. It was

*Pr. XVIII, 238 says: "Miss Alice Johnson...(as Mrs. Thompson knew) has been Mrs. Sidgwick's private secretary for many years, and therefore had every opportunity of becoming...familiar with Professor Sidgwick's handwriting."

just like the swift and unexpected withdrawal of a magic-lantern slide."

Shortly after was given much writing, ostensibly from the Sidgwick control. Several fac-similes of it are given in Pr. XVIII, 238-43. Mr. Piddington continues:

(Pr.XVIII,242): "[P.] Mrs. Sidgwick, in a letter addressed to Sir Oliver Lodge, speaks of 'the unmistakable likeness of the handwriting'; and Mrs. Benson in a letter addressed to me after examining the various sheets containing the script, says of them:—'The more I look at them, the more I am struck with the likeness.'

"I showed specimens of the script to one or two people who were well acquainted with Professor Sidgwick's handwriting, without of course giving any hint of what answer I was expecting, and asked them to cast just a cursory glance at them, and then say whose handwriting it was. In each case the answer came without hesitation, to the effect that it was Professor Sidgwick's writing.... As evidence for identity the script, remarkable though it is, seems to me worth little or nothing. I am not much of a dreamer, and at best am not a vivid one, and I am about as poor a visualizer as could be found, yet in my dreams I have more than once dreamt that I have received letters from a friend or acquaintance, and in the dream-letter the characteristic handwriting of my dream-correspondent has been depicted to the life. If so poor a visualizer as myself can in sleep summon up so clear a picture of another's handwriting, it is reasonable to suppose that Mrs. Thompson in trance enjoys at least an equal capacity, and there seems to me to be but a small step between such capacity for visualization and the power of making a graphic reproduction of the visual image."

All the difference in the world: for Mrs. Thompson did not know Professor Sidgwick's handwriting. Does Mr. Piddington mean that she got a telepathic vision of it from him (P) or a teloteropathic one somewhere else? Even Podmore says of these writings (*New. Spir.*, p. 203):

"They bear a very striking, and indeed quite unmistakable, resemblance to the writing of Mr. Henry Sidgwick. Mrs. Thompson states that she had never seen his writing. But, of course, there may have been opportunities for her to see it unconsciously."

Isn't this a little "thin," especially in view of some recent reason to doubt that observations lie latent?

Wasn't it Mr. Piddington's business to prove that she had

seen the writing, or is the whole burden of proof on the proponent of the extraordinary?

(Pr.XVIII,243): "In spite of Nelly's denial of responsibility for any of the automatic script, there is one instance where it is extremely difficult to suppose that she was not the author of it. ... A lady had entered the séance-room ... and after Nelly had made one or two slight references to her, the following sentences were written:—'Don't ask me any more questions. I hate the blue blouse.' The lady in question was wearing a blue blouse. Now, throughout this sitting there was not the slightest indication that any control other than Nelly was concerned in the communications; and, even apart from that fact, the context indisputably shows that the 'I' must refer to Nelly. The phraseology, too, is characteristic of her.... The simplest explanation ... is that she wrote, instead of spoke ... in order to avoid giving offense."

(Pr.XVIII,246-51): "The dominant note of a large proportion of Nelly's prophecies is their gloom, their appalling gloom. I have noted in all 25 predictions in the series of sittings under discussion, and out of these eleven are of a lugubrious character.... The most inspiriting one that I can find is to this effect, namely, that someone who is dead would have been better off (*i.e.*, would have come in for money) had he lived. Nelly takes the most dismal views of people's health. On several occasions she has shown anxiety to number my days; not that I've ever allowed her to get so far, because happily I have foreseen what was coming (I have learnt to recognize the sympathetic voice and manner with which she prophesies evil things), and stopped her in time....

He gives several of her prophecies and concludes with the following very wise remarks:

"This ends my list of Nelly's gloomy forebodings, and so far for not one of them can success be claimed. One is almost tempted to deduce from them a law ('Nelly's law'), that if anything unpleasant is foretold it is sure not to come off.

"I may be accused of treating this part of the subject with undue flippancy. If my flippancy will only induce a flippant attitude in the victims of pessimistic prophecies, its object will have been attained.... The bad effects that predictions can produce on nervous people are too obvious to need insisting on. A man sound in body and mind might listen unmoved to a prediction of the date and cause of his own death, mock at it, and disregard it. But illness comes and upsets the healthy bodily and mental balance, and what then? The prediction which sounded so absurd a few months back has now become rather disturbing, until at last it grips the man's imagination and thus

may well secure its fulfilment. Or, another possibility, X. is told that he will be involved in a bad carriage accident. Some time after he is out driving, the horses are frightened by a passing motor-car, the prediction suddenly flashes across X.'s mind, his nerve is momentarily shaken by the recollection, he loses his head for an instant, and an accident results, which, but for the paralyzing effects of the prediction, would have never occurred."

Mr. Piddington does not take much stock in Nellie's prophecies. Here are a couple of average specimens:

(Pr.XVIII,257): "On December 20th, 1900, Nelly predicted who would be the sitter at the next sitting. 'I'm going to see you with that spectacled gentleman the next time. I don't know who it is. Put it down for the truth.'

"I put it down for the truth, and took no measures either to help or to impede the truth coming true.

"Unhappily, instead of a spectacled gentleman, the next sitter was a lady wearing pince-nez. Nelly pointed out the failure herself: 'The gentleman with the spectacles—I told you he was coming. You see it isn't a gentleman with spectacles on.' She was not in the least disconcerted, nor did she try to explain away the non-success of her prediction. In fact the failure of her predictions does not seem to worry her; I suppose she has the good sense to set no great store by them."

(Pr.XVIII,258-9): "January 3rd, 1901... Nelly said:—'Mr. Ernest Bennett—you know who I mean. I'm talking to you (*i.e.*, J. G. P.).... He's going to tell you a lot of things.... What made me think of it (this in answer to a question asked by J. G. P.) was I saw a lot of people dressed up like ghosts, and then I could hear you and Mr. Bennett laughing—and then—and then you seem to have indigestion after.' J. G. P.: 'Is it future or past?' Nelly: 'After; it's what you've got to come to.'.....

"I went straight home. Being overtired, and as a consequence of the over-fatigue suffering from indigestion, I lay down on my bed.... I had been resting some twenty minutes or so when Mr. Ernest Bennett called to see me. I had no idea he was going to call, nor did I know any particular reason why he should.... Of course, as soon as I was told that Mr. Bennett had called, Nelly's prediction came into my mind.... Mr. Bennett at once explained the object of his visit, which was to tell me of his experiences at a haunted house in the West of England.... I had not any notion what he could be coming to talk about; and also when Nelly spoke about Mr. Bennett and people dressing up as ghosts it suggested nothing to my mind.... Mr. Bennett... expressed the opinion that one of the alleged phenomena was due to a servant's practical joke.....

"I think Mrs. Thompson either knew or knew of Mr. Ernest

Bennett, and if so, I cannot attach much importance to Nelly having said: 'Then I could hear you and Mr. Bennett laughing.' Mr. Bennett will, I hope, forgive me, if I say that, as a rule where he is, there too is laughter, and often 'laughter holding both her sides.'"

(Pr.XVIII,261-2): "There is one string on which Nelly harps with such persistency that I grew to listen for the familiar twang at each sitting. Babies—babies who died at, or before, or soon after birth, are a subject of irresistible attraction to Nelly.....

"It may be that the explanation must be looked for in the particular circumstances of the life-history of the real Nelly. Mrs. Thompson's daughter Nelly died when only a few months old, and her own brief span of earth-life may perhaps account for her interest in 'the fate of the unbaptized.'... I think I am justified in saying that with Phinuit, too, *infantum animae* are a favorite topic, though, by the way, he and Nelly are far from representing them as *flentes in limine primo*.... I suppose that nothing has been more abhorrent to the modern conscience than certain eschatological teachings about the fate of unbaptized children; and it is conceivable that the insistence both of Phinuit and of Nelly upon the presence of babies in the same spheres of existence which the adult dead inhabit should be traced to a common desire to protest against this damnable dogma."

Sitting of December 1st, 1899. (Pr.XVIII,263.)

".....There was a break in the trance, and the second part of the sitting Nelly opened with these words:—'What was that dead baby associated with the hair-lady? It was not properly born.' Dr. van Eeden said:—'I don't know'; and for the moment Nelly dropped the subject. But a few minutes later she reverted to it, saying to Dr. van Eeden:—'I wish you would think about the dead baby. The hair-lady has the entire management of the dead baby.'

"The 'hair-lady' was not dead, and so could not have the management of a dead baby, even had there been a dead baby to manage, and, so far as Dr. van Eeden could discover, there was no dead baby which could be said to be associated with either the lady or her husband."

Sitting of January 5th, 1900. (Pr.XVIII,263-4.)

".....Nelly said to Miss Gordon:—'This all comes through a little girl who died long ago—your sister. She is now grown up.'

"Miss Gordon never had a baby sister, or a sister who died young. A brother died two hours after birth."

Sitting of January 25th, 1900. (Pr.XVIII,264-5.)

"..... Nelly said:—'I couldn't find the lady (*i.e.,* Miss Clegg) anywhere. I could only find a brother of this gentleman (*i.e.,* Mr. Wilson) who died when he was quite a tiny microbe baby.' A brother of Mr. Wilson's had died within a few hours after its birth."

Nelly on Physical Phenomena. (Pr.XVIII,265-6.)

"Mrs. Piper has never, I believe, claimed to produce physical phenomena: and among a certain school of psychical researchers this failure to sound '*toute la lyre*' of mediumship has been counted unto her for righteousness. Having a sneaking affection for physical phenomena, I am glad that Nelly has the courage of her opinions and boldly proclaims their feasibility, and further lays claim to having produced such things herself."

Cf. quotation from Podmore, p. 603.

Sitting of November 29th, 1899. (Pr.XVIII,266-7.)

"Nelly: 'That gentleman [*i.e.,* Dr. van Eeden] has been to a materializing séance.' Dr. van Eeden: 'When?' Nelly: 'A short time ago. There is a strong influence of somebody cheating all the time: taking off clothes and so on: fraudulent throughout.' This statement was not applicable to Dr. van Eeden; though it would have been to myself, the recorder.

"I then asked Nelly to tell me what she thought about materializations: were they occasionally genuine? In reply she gave this message from Mrs. Cartwright:—'Whenever a spirit materializes it is quite a *spontaneous* thing.'

"Nelly proceeded to explain this by saying—'It can't be done to order once a week'; and added, 'Mrs. Cartwright dictated that bit.'.....

"Very soon after this Dr. van Eeden asks Nelly if she can appear to people in dreams, and gets the reply:—'I never tried except with Mother. I'm going to materialize one day for Father to show him the color of my hair: black curly hair, not light like Mother's.

"'Mr. Thurston's sister came and talked at Mother's house. She was materialized. (This was quoted as an instance of a non-fraudulent materialization.)

"'Mrs. Corner *once* was properly materialized—about three years ago—at a lady's house.'"

We shall meet Nelly again.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE THOMPSON-PIPER JOSEPH MARBLE SERIES

A SERIES with Mrs. Thompson and later with Mrs. Piper, by a lady whom Sir Oliver Lodge, who edits them, gives the pseudonym Mrs. Rupert Grove. Sir Oliver calls the sittings "interesting and distinctly evidential." He farther says (Pr. XXIII, 255-6):

"Mrs. Grove herself is an intelligent lady of middle age, open-minded as to the genuineness of psychical phenomena of all kinds, but in her own judgment tending towards skepticism, which it requires frequently renewed experience to counteract. Such renewal of experience, from time to time, she has had through her husband, who has been more or less familiar with such things for years. But his attitude to them is unimportant, since he does not enter into this series except by incidental mention. He knew Mr. Marble slightly, since he also had lived for some years in the same neighborhood; but he had at that time no knowledge of the great and affectionate intimacy between Mr. Marble and his future wife. He is still living, and I think I am right in assuming that he knows about it now and has learnt not to resent it. Nevertheless the possibility that he might dislike it is another reason for anonymity."

Statement by Mrs. Grove, Made 14th June, 1907, *with Reference to Incidents before the Sittings.* (Pr.XXIII,256.)

"'Mr. Joseph Marble and his sister, Mrs. Kate Sandford, were neighbours of each other and also neighbours and old friends of my mother, near Ashton; and he had a small "works" not far from Stalybridge. Both were well-read, clear-headed, somewhat skeptical.... There was a strong and very deep affection between us, unknown to anyone else. Some years after my marriage, when I had gained a little experience of psychical matters through a few visits to a medium in 1896, I often spoke to them separately, but especially to him, on the subject, trying to make him realize and see things as I was beginning with a good deal of hesitation to see them; but without success. He listened

as he would have listened to anything I told him, but more with amusement than acceptance.

"'Mrs. Sandford was equally incredulous, and said, rather distinctly, that she did not like such things. So I never really expected to get communications purporting to come from them.

"'Nevertheless, in two sittings with Mrs. Thompson, during the Spring of 1900, about three years after Mr. Marble's death ... communications seemed to come from Mr. Marble.... His sister (a widow) was then alive.'"

Notes of those sittings follow immediately. After them are given notes of some sittings with Mrs. Piper in 1906, after Mrs. Sandford's death.

Mrs. Grove's First Sitting with Mrs. Thompson, in 1900. (Pr.XXIII,257f.)

"(Control 'Nelly' speaking.) 'There's Mr. Myers. Yes I'm very happy to get things for other people. (I gave the medium a Scotch plaid tie to hold which had belonged to my deceased friend Mr. Marble.) What makes me say Stalybridge?' Mrs. G.: 'Good.' N.: 'I dont know where it is, a horribly smoky place.... A stout good tempered influence with this, easy comfortable jolly.... Its as if he wants to cough; can't breathe very well.—Joseph Limestone. [The real name is Marble.] ... You know, Alice [Mrs. Grove. H.H.], it seems as if he says he always doubted about people coming to talk when they were dead, but he knows now it is true.... I can't understand the relationship, because there is such a bond of love between you as doesn't exist between ordinary people. Beloved Alice, that's what he says—he wants you to comfort someone that's left crying for him—he wants you to tell them that it was a sort of shock—he didn't seem to be ill long. [His illness did not last 3 days.] In spite of all he loves he doesn't want to come back. He's waiting for Alice. He says there is no separation of love in Heaven. Does *he* mind? But you did so straightforwardly tell him [*i.e.,* Mr. Grove]. My poor little woman, how sorry I was for you. He says he told you not to wear a bonnet, he always liked to see you in a hat. [True.] You will let him kiss you now, you used to screw yourself up from him. He said he ought to have been more patient. He can see the truth of your heart now.... He said sometimes you were your own self and other times you weren't. But he says neither of you wronged anyone else.... He says you were nicest to him in the train—it was the only time you were yourself.... He seemed to be doing something he ought not. It seems as though he doesn't like to tell me. Perhaps he can write it.' [All this is entirely intelligible and correct. The hand of the medium now writes matter fairly appropriate, with his real surname, Marble, written in full and cor-

rectly.] ... 'Why did I take it so hard? The knowledge of all we were to each other ought to keep me till we meet and are united.' Mrs. G.: 'Then what about my Rupert?' [Her husband. H.H.] N.: 'Oh! there are no jealousies and no relationships, but souls united. He is sure Rupert won't be cross at souls united. He seems to say "Alice love me just this once," and seems to be trembling and trembling. It seems to commence by your going in the train.... Oh God—but he does not believe in God does he? [In a Piper Sitting, six years later, he is represented as saying, through Rector, 'I do believe in God now.'] ... Do you know what a passionate love on one side and a sisterly love on the other—that's what it is. He hasn't any patience with Platonic affection.'"

Second Sitting of Mrs. Grove with Mrs. Thompson.
(Pr.XXIII,261f.)

"N.: '... Have you been painting a picture, Mrs. Grove? because he sees you with a pinafore on painting—he used to watch you painting.' [True, and also true that I had been recently painting a picture.] Mrs. G.: 'Can you tell me what the picture was?' [Really a portrait of him from a photograph.] N. (Long silence): 'You seem to be copying off another.... All the Elliotts know him. He only loved one Elliott; [Elliott was my former name] but you mustn't be jealous—he once loved an Alice Elliott—You're not cross are you?—He didn't marry her. [This was Mrs. Grove herself. H.H.] ... You won't be cross will you, but you know his heart seems to go out to her more than to anyone else. [Nelly never seemed to know my former name, or to suspect that this really referred to me.] ... He says he is not in the same house "Nelly" is in. When he is there, which he hopes to be soon, he can talk to her without getting in a muddle.' [This is probably intended to signify that he is not yet at the same stage of progression as the reporting control.] ... (Writing continued.) 'My dear Alice tis not that I am unwilling, but I am now though not then convinced that we are both best to leave our loves. This life has brought me the joy and happiness I so often sought but sought in vain. I was so deuced selfish in my love but now I see it is better left alone—and try my dear Alice to forget me as you used to pretend so well to do.... I have suffered for the wrong I would have done to others but now it is best for me not to communicate in this or any other way. I love you still but only by giving you this proof in our case is best left alone—for one year. Remember in one year I will give you all the proof, nay more, but dearest dont ask me now. I never thought I should attempt in so rubbishy a manner to demonstrate the truth of your own strange belief. but I live I live, and that is sufficient for now, and more, much more, than anything I ever thought of....' [The whole of the above is extremely appropriate.]

"Notes by O. J. L.

"All this J. M. business is extraordinarily good. It is really more life-like than the subsequent quieter Piper impersonation, some six or seven years later. At that time, however, the attempt to give evidence, here foreshadowed, is really made: and the Control shows some knowledge of what was said *here, e.g.,* by writing that 'he does believe in God now.' (Cf. *ante.*) .....

"The substitution on one occasion of 'Mr. Limestone' for Mr. Marble is characteristic of the 'Nelly' control, and recalls the substitution of 'Happyfield' for Merrifield, as reported in Vol. 17, p. 208.....

"After this the same Control sent occasional messages through other mediums, to whom Mrs. Grove occasionally went anonymously, hoping to get some more evidence. These communications are hardly worth reporting; but as no clue of any kind was given, they seemed beyond chance, since they clearly had reference to the same personality and incidents. But of course they were—like most of this series—well within the scope of telepathy. [Was the dramatic character? H.H.] ... The few incidents outside the scope of telepathy ... were obtained through Mrs. Piper—from whose script on this subject I now extract portions.... In the interim, between 1900 and 1906, Mrs. Kate Sandford, sister of Mr. Joseph Marble, had died.....

"The main difference between the communications received through Mrs. Thompson, as reported above, and the communications which follow, obtained through Mrs. Piper, lies in the fact that one was conversational and therefore easy, whereas the other was hampered by the difficulty of deciphering a more or less illegible script.... For part of Mrs. Grove's time I was present and assisted with the reading, but the presence of an outside person is naturally perturbing, and hence the opportunity for referring to intimate matters was not so complete as during the previous voice sittings with Mrs. Thompson alone. Another difference seems to be due to the fact that at the later date communication begins not directly with Mr. Marble himself but with his now deceased sister; and the presence of this additional communicator exerted another restraining influence—not only on the other side, so to speak, but even I thought on Mrs. Grove.

"Anxiety to communicate in an evidential manner if possible, and genuine affection, were manifested now as strongly as before; but the tone was somewhat more sedate, and more what may be called 'religious.' Probably most of this is due to the intervention of Rector, but it is represented as indicating some progress in the communicator himself.....

"Let it be remembered then that the remaining communications are obtained, not as heretofore through Mrs. Thompson by the voice, but through Mrs. Piper by writing."

Sitting of Mrs. Grove with Mrs. Piper in November, 1906.
(Pr.XXIII,265f.)

"[O. J. L.] ... I take the beginning, and then a bit out of the middle: the beginning of Mr. Marble's appearance, as a communicator through Mrs. Piper ... is very hazy and confused at first, but, as soon as it is properly established, this impersonation will be recognized as fairly consistent with the ... representation through Mrs. Thompson ... obtained six and a half years previously. The opening words of the following record purport to be from Mrs. Sandford:—

"'I am well and happy in this life, so is my brother Martin who greets you with great love. [This name Martin [for Marble. H.H.] seems to be merely a muddle of Rector's.] Kate and Martin [?] are both here to greet you. He asks me to remind you of a ring which you had a long time ago.' Mrs. G.: 'I am glad to meet Kate again, but I do not know Martin.' K.: 'Speak to me....' M.: 'Don't let me get confused—that sign. No one could recall better than myself that ring (not read) but myself would remember that ring.' Mrs. G.: 'No.' M.: 'I am really near you now, and so glad to have found my way here.... Do you remember anything about Hall?' Mrs. G.: 'A hall we used to pass in walking, where the Jeffersons lived?' M. (Excitement in hand): 'Not far from that hall.' Mrs. G.: 'Do you mean Casford Hall? Yes I do. I told Rector again and again. Halsford Hall. M. There is something on his mind R[ector explains. H.H.] which he is anxious to recall with the lady present.' M.: 'Dance.' Mrs. G.: 'Yes yes.' M.: 'Together at Hall, at Hall. Not so?' Mrs. G.: 'No, not there' [but if he meant another hall it would be right].... M.: 'Do you remember Singing?' [or *possibly* a portmanteau attempt at Sunday morning.] Mrs. G.: 'Singing? Yes, very badly.' M.: 'I remember *well.* Sunday ming [clearly meant for either evening or morning.] Repeat. Not singing. I was going to progress and go on in this life. He thinks she does not hear him.' R[ector explains again. H.H.] ... Mrs. G.: 'I want you to say something that I may know it is you.' M.: 'Oh yes. Yes, you used to sing occasionally sing when I came to your house. You sang evening evening the last time I heard you.' O. J. L. (Again putting in his oar): 'Very likely.' M.: 'Yes you did. I think, friend [all this seems to be through Rector. H.H.], you had better leave the lady to speak.' O. J. L.: 'Shall I go away?' R.: 'I think so, friend.' O. J. L.: 'May I bring a friend two days hence?' R.: 'You may bring him.' O. J. L.: 'Farewell then, Rector.' R.: 'God be with you.'

"(Mrs. G. was now left alone with Lady Lodge and almost at once the conditions improved.) ... M.: 'le. Yes, I am he. I am Marbl I am so glad and so very happy to see you again. I never shall cease to love you, never, *never,* shall cease to love NEVER. I

am now nearer you than ever before, and yet progressing all the time.' Mrs. G.: 'I must progress too.' M.: 'Yes, you must; but you are growing better every year; yes, every year. Dear Kate [His sister. H.H.], she loves you too, and she longs to help you in that life. Ask her to do so.' Mrs. G.: 'How shall I get her to do this? Do you mean pray?' M.: 'Yes, and she will always hear you. So shall I. I see and know when you think of me. Do you remember you said you could not in that life? You do understand now so much better.' Mrs. G.: 'Yes, I do, but I did not understand then.' M.: 'It hurt me then, but I understand it all now. I never loved more. I see the ring I gave you. I do so well. I was attracted to it, and how could I help coming back to you? ... I longed to return, to return. Do you understand?' Mrs. G.: 'Yes, I do.' M.: 'I tried, Alice, to love many times—a good many times, but could not, but I could not.' [This is intelligible also, but the explanation would be long.] .....

"Mrs. G.: 'Is Kate here?' K.: 'Yes I am here dear. Joe feels so bad to think that he could not understand what you said better. He says he does understand you about the last dance at his house, and going home with you. I understand also all that. I never knew when I was in the body....' [This is true. She did not know of the terms of affection we were on. Nor indeed did anyone.] ... Mrs. G.: 'Can you tell me whom you have met in your world?' [This question was intended to extract a reference to her husband, who long pre-deceased her; but, instead, a curious introduction of a deceased friend, well known to both, occurs.—O.J.L.] [Was it probably from the sitter's mind then? H.H.] K.: 'Do you remember a friend of mine named Weston?' Mrs. G.: 'No I do not.' K.: 'Do you remember Bet Best Westn, Alice?' Mrs. G.: 'Yes quite well; lots of them, the Wests.' K.: 'Do you? I have seen her and her father, also Best.' Mrs. G.: 'Is it a gentleman or a lady?'

"K.: 'Don't you remember him? A gentleman. He asked me the other day if I had really spoken to you. I told him I had tried to do so; and he said, ask her if she remembers me at all.' Mrs. G.: 'Yes, well. Can he give his Christian name?' K.: 'He will. Jim.' Mrs. G.: 'I remember you well.' K.: 'Jim West.' [This was exactly the name he always went by: he died young. He was a very intimate friend.]"

Extracts from Further Sittings of Mrs. Grove with Mrs. Piper.
(Pr.XXIII,272f.)

"After this Mrs. Grove had a sitting without my presence, and the following is a small part of the record. She kept a copy of all her own remarks, and I have read it.—O.J.L. .....

"Mrs. G.: 'Ah, at last the right name. Why did you call yourself Kate before?' K.: 'Because I did it for Rector's understanding. I am with you dear Alice. I see and understand all your inquiry, so does Joe.... Alice he loves you dearly, etc.'

(Then he was represented as saying.) M.: 'Have you any idea of my joy at meeting you? I feel it must mean much to me as life goes on.... My sister has been so patient and kind to me. She has helped me to find you dear, as she came to this life after I did. [Correct.] Pray for me always, etc.....'

"M.: 'Now dear I am not sure that I can give you further proofs of identity, because I am Marble.... I love you dearly. I always did, and my life would be a barren waste, he says a barrent waste, without your prayers and love.' Mrs. G.: 'A barren waste? I thought you were happy.' M.: 'Oh yes, I am absolutely happy. I understand so much better now.' Mrs. G.: 'What should I pray for?' M.: 'For a re-union of our souls, for my peace, and for me to be able to reach you in this meager and simple way.... Do you love me, and do you understand how blind I was? Forgive me.' Mrs. G.: 'You mean your incredulity [Regarding God and the future life. H.H.]; but you cannot make people believe.' M.: 'Yes, but I was so stupid, I would not believe dear. Now I understand I am sorry I did not.' Mrs. G.: 'Does it make any difference?' M.: 'Only I feel I hurt you dear.' Mrs. G.: 'Not much.' M.: 'But I did not have the opportunity, did I really dear?' Mrs. G.: 'No. It is time to close now.' R."

If you remember Mrs. Piper's identification of the portrait of George Pelham, you will be doubly interested in the following (Pr. XXIII, 276-8):

"[O. J. L.] Sitting lasted from 11.10 to 1.10.

"After lunch I took eleven photographs of men, and asked Mrs. Piper if she had ever seen any of them. She looked over them, hesitating on the one representing Mr. Joseph Marble for some time, and then picked that out and said she had seen that man somewhere, but she could not remember where.....

"Next day, in the evening, I tested Mrs. Piper again with another set of photographs of men, partly the same and partly different, but containing among others the critical one. This time, however, it was looked at without comment and without interest, and no remembrance of the appearance seemed to persist. She remembered the fact of having recognized one before; but when asked to do it again, she picked out, after much hesitation, a different one as a possibility, and said that she thought it had been found in America, that the memory evaporated in time, and that it was strongest within an hour of the sitting. The test made the day before had been made about an hour and a half after the sitting.

"And this is the record of the second of the two waking-stages, five months later: the 'Joe' here referred to is Mr. Marble, who had been represented as communicating during the sitting:—

"Waking Stage of No. 14.

"'.....Help Joe make it completely clear. I do not know what I had to do with it....Fine looking man, his name is Joe. Mr. Hodgson keeps pushing him in the front row. He was a large man and then all of a sudden he went out. He was a nice looking man. (A number of men's photographs were now placed in a row before her: she immediately pounced on one without the slightest hesitation.) That is the man I saw.' ...[The selection was correct; the photograph was one...of the late Mr. Joseph Marble.]

"An Hour or so Later.

"(I now again put the photographs in front of her. She looked at them as if for the first time, and said) 'I do not know the photographs.' (She then hesitated long over the right one, saying she had 'seen him somewhere,' but finished up by saying) 'No, I do not know.'"

With these recognitions of photographs, and Mrs. Piper's of G. P., compare Miss Rawson's vision on p. 646.

CHAPTER XL

THE THOMPSON-MYERS CONTROL

We now come to the manifestations from the alleged postcarnate Frederic Myers, who had died January 17, 1901. I can give but scant specimens. Myers was perhaps the leading English spirit in the S. P. R., and everybody interested in Psychical Research—the skeptical as well as the credulous—was looking with great interest for manifestations professing to come from that spirit in a postcarnate state. As usual, they are a terrible jumble. Myers was not a demonstrative person. He had not, like Hodgson, salient characteristics of manner or expression. In that respect the communicating personality resembles him. His absorbing interests were the S. P. R., poetry, and classical literature. In those respects, too, the personality resembles him. He was an intimate friend of Mrs. Verrall: so the resemblance presented through her is of little "evidential" value. The same is true of Mrs. Thompson, and, in a less degree, of Mrs. Piper.

Probably the appearance of the Myers control has been by far the most instructive of all experiences regarding the influence of the medium upon the messages. Whatever the source of the manifestations, their characteristics depend largely on those of the medium. Mrs. Verrall is a classical scholar, and the alleged Myers communications through her abound in classical allusions, and occasionally are in one of the classical languages. Mrs. Holland is a highly educated lady apparently without any specialties, and she reports the everyday cultivated Myers. Through Mrs. Thompson he sometimes speaks direct, and sometimes is ostensibly reported by a bright child—Nelly, and then shows little outside the range of such a child's comprehension. It is noteworthy, however, that Nelly often reports in a distinctly parrot-like way things which seem to be, and she sometimes says *are*, given to her by older (?) persons. Mrs. Piper's reports of

Myers correspond to her education, and have few of the special qualities shown through Mrs. Verrall.

All this corresponds with the guess I have reiterated that the flow of the cosmic soul through each of us, whether it comes as a fragment of inspiration of any kind, including dreams, or as a personality, is determined by the personality through which it flows. Therefore the different aspects of an alleged control presented through different mediums do not appear to me much of an argument against the genuineness of the control.

Myers's first alleged appearance as a control is recorded in some extracts from the "Note-book of Miss Rawson's trance utterances, as recorded by the Experimenter in charge (who is anonymous but known to me)" [Sir Oliver Lodge who edits the report]. A little prefatory matter is desirable.

Messages Obtained Through Miss Rawson. (Pr.XXIII,292f.)

"[O. J. L.] Doubtless a great number of communications ostensibly purporting to come from Mr. Myers have been received through many mediums.... For the most part I regard these as valueless,—as not even plausibly lifelike.... But on the spiritistic hypothesis it must be admitted as likely that Miss Rawson —a lady well known to Mr. Myers, whose hand sometimes writes while she remains conscious—would be one of the channels of communication employed by a posthumous Myers-like activity.....

"Dec. 22, 1900. Message from H. S.[idgwick? H.H.], with F. W. H. M. himself present, less than a month before his death (unimportant).

"Jan. 11, 1901. Message from H. S. 'Tell Myers to tell my wife not to put in the whole of the last chapters of the book she is finishing. She will know the passages she feels doubtful about. Tell him it is really I who am here.'

"[O. J. L.] This was spoken with hesitation and stuttering just as in life; 'last' was a difficult word and repeated twice. [Cf. the stuttering communications through Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Thompson. H.H.]...[Myers was alive then; he died on Jan. 17.]

"Jan. 23, 1901. H. S.: 'I have not seen my dear friend Myers yet, but I am more thankful than I can say that he has come here. The circle above has been waiting for him, and will with great joy welcome him.' [O. J. L.] (What is the work of the circle above?) S.: 'It is to attest his work, to make a school above to correspond with the school on earth. His wonderful

power of organization will not be lost here. The world is not so ready as he thought. We shall work together again.'

"Jan. 26, 1901. F. Myers (very faint voice): 'I am at rest; my body is laid where I wished, and my soul is free. I told you if possible I should return. Little did we think when, not a month ago, I stood beside you, telling you that all my happiness was on the other side, that I should again stand beside you, having obtained that happiness. I thank you a thousand times for making [this] meeting . . . possible, for it confirmed what I had been told, which I was never quite certain of. . . . Later I can do more. I am supremely happy.'"

If I judged Myers rightly, that touch about his body is as evidential a thing as I know, though technically not evidential at all. The whole passage is wonderfully like him.

"Jan. 30, 1901. F. W. H. Myers: '. . . I shall return through Mrs. Thompson. . . . . .'

"The control said later that F. M. could not speak because he was not inside the medium; he pushed her along. . . . . .

"Feb. 9, 1901. F. W. H. M.: 'Really, really this is delightful. . . . I never thought to meet you here. It was all true—we had not deceived ourselves. Thank you for giving me the power to come. . . . They don't know how one consciousness can merge into another.' [We are fast finding out. H.H.] . . . . . .

"Mar. 17, 1901. London. Edmund Gurney: 'It will be no advantage to my friend to be kept down for communication with the groups he prepared. What we want for him now is to rise, and to forget the earthly things. He can't help any more. His life was given to it, and that must be the help. He was allowed just to say that he continued. . . . but it will help nobody that he should be called back, and made to hover near the earth. In fact it will only make him earthbound. So tell all those who tried to persuade him to come, . . . to receive the messages that will be sent now and again, but never permanently.'

"Another control: 'The mistake Myers made was, he thought the finite could control the infinite; so he gathered groups and did his best to train them into working order, to carry out his design. This was not a good thing to do—mapping out work to do under different conditions which he did not understand. . . . I have seen Myers, he is perfectly happy; he finds many of his theories difficult to work. . . . . .'

"March 19. 'Myers is here, but will not be able to speak himself. I shall speak for him. He is not so near, and not so real as he was. This means that he is soon leaving the earth plane and going to rise higher. He is being personated right and left. He is being used as a peg to hang innumerable hats and coats on. He came to thank you and to say that as you

prayed for others at a sitting when he was present, so he hopes you will pray for him now.'"

Meanwhile on February 19th he had appeared at a sitting of Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge with Mrs. Thompson. But these appearances were not reported until 1909, in Pr. XXIII. Sir Oliver says (p. 200):

"'Myers' was represented as controlling and speaking for part of the time, but the sittings began with the 'Nelly' control, and when the Myers control is not manifestly intended to be speaking, the words may be taken as emanating either from Nelly or from one or other of Mrs. Thompson's ordinary controls.... Nelly began talking about Myers, about whose death she had been for some time incredulous. Indeed she had declared that she could not find him anywhere and did not believe that he had come over.... But now she was just beginning to admit the fact."

First Sitting with Mrs. Thompson, February 19th, 1901.
(Pr.XXIII,200f.)

"Notes by O. J. L. and M. L.

"[Nelly.] 6.30 P.M. 'I was allowed to go on his birthday to see him. They will have plenty of work to do, for he has promised to send messages to 74 people. All the people said he was dead, but I did not believe it; and though I saw him, I thought he only came over for his birthday like in a vision. But I see him now. It *is* the truth, it *is* the truth (excitedly). Let us see if he can talk sense. He was talking on the platform with you. It was at a station by a race-course. [I had met him at Liverpool; seen him off from the landing stage to America. But this is unimportant.] He will come when he is more wakened up—before 9 o'clock. You be ready at 25 minutes to 9. He will be awake by then. He would rather think and realize for a little space by himself. He is sensible, for a spirit. Before you came, mother was praying. She said "Come and tell the truth for truth's sake."... (There was an incipient attempt at a Myers control.... Then another control said) [which reads like Nelly. H.H.] Do you know he feels like the note-taker, not like the spirit that has to speak.'... (A short interval of apparent discomfort, and then 'Myers' purported to communicate) 'Lodge, it is not as easy as I thought in my impatience. Gurney says I am getting on first rate. But I am short of breath. Oh, Lodge, it is like looking at a misty picture. I can distinctly feel I ought to be taking a note of it. I do not feel as if I were speaking, but it is best to record it all. Tell them I am more stupid than some of those I had to deal with. Oh, Lodge, what is it when I see you?... Sidgwick knows I am with him.

He said that he saw me in the morning of —— Oh, dear, it always leaves off in the interesting places. I can hear myself using Rosa Thompson's voice. I want to convince Sidgwick. He says "Myers, now we are together, you convince me that I am sending my messages, and that she is not getting them from us some way." [Professor Sidgwick had also always been skeptical. H.H.] He still wants me to show him.... It is funny to feel myself talking when it is not myself talking. It is not my whole self talking. When I am awake I know where I am....' O. J. L.: 'Do you want to say anything about the Society?' M.: 'What Society?' O. J. L.: 'You remember the S.P.R.' M.: 'Do not think that I have forgotten. But I have. I have forgotten just now. Let me think. You know, Lodge, when you have wanted a thing thirty or forty years, and at last got it, you do not think of much else beside. Let me think, and bit by bit give it you. I used to get better evidence when I let them say what they wanted to say. They [apparently referring to G. P., Sidgwick, etc. H.H.] tell me it was my best love that Society. They will help me.... I was confused when I came here... before I knew I was dead. I thought I had lost my way in a strange town, and I groped my way along the passage. And even when I saw people that I knew were dead, I thought they were only visions. I have not seen Tennyson yet by the way. I am going to be bold and prophesy already. I am going to see you in April. I am going to know who I am by then.' O. J. L.: 'And will you then read what you wrote in the envelope?' M.: 'What envelope?—I shall be told. [See p. 667. H.H.] Ernest does not mind now. What do they mix me up with him for? (Jocularly.) Do they think I want to shine in his glory? [This was evidently a reference to the 'Times' obituary notice, which I had written, but to which someone in the 'Times' office appended a supplementary statement that F. W. H. M. had been a joint translator of Homer together with Walter Leaf and Andrew Lang; whereas it is public and general knowledge that this was only true of his brother Ernest.] I wanted you to do for me what I did for Sidgwick.' [i.e., write a notice in the Society's *Proceedings*.] O. J. L.: 'I am going to; and so are Richet and James.' M.: 'Ah, Richet: Yes, Richet knows me; and James will do it well.'... [Nelly seems to control. H.H.] ...'He says "Brothers I have none excepting Lodge." He wants Lodge to be President if he dare spare the work; but he says "Do not rope yourself, but keep the group, keep the group together. It will soon take care of itself."' O. J. L.: 'We are trying to get Rayleigh.' M.: 'That will be splendid, but that is too good to hope for. I think it will be you.' [Nelly seems to resume control. H.H.] 'Thank you for being helpful to him. You have helped him.' [And Myers to resume. H.H.] 'Man's sympathy is more helpful than anything else, and with sympathy everything slips into place. Among the things which are not evi-

dential you get things which are. They must take it all. Those that seek only the evidential things will not get them.' [See my remarks on this, p. 377. H.H.] [N.?]: 'There are so many he would like to help. He promised, and he will have to. When he comes in April he will remember a great deal more. He will remember what he wrote for you in the envelope.'"

Anybody who thinks the fogginess and confusion with which the Myers communication starts, is a put-up job will waste time in reading farther. Anybody who thinks it looks like spiritism will perhaps find that impression deepened.

"[O. J. L.] The impersonation at this sitting was really a remarkably vivid and lifelike one.... Indeed, it would be difficult for me to invent an experience or a communication more reasonable and natural under the supposed circumstances.... The necessity for still 'convincing Sidgwick' struck us as amusingly characteristic; so did several other little traits, such as that Myers 'felt as if he ought to be taking notes'—a point on which F. W. H. M. was always specially insistent. And as to his temporary forgetfulness of the existence of the S.P.R., though it will probably be pounced upon as an absurdity by scoffers, and though it was of course quite unexpected, yet even that struck us at the time as humanly natural and interesting. And indeed so it does now. (Compare Rector's statement in Pr.XXIII,148: 'Some things, when dissolution takes place, go so completely out of one's mind that it takes time to recall those incidents.....'

"This was in February, 1901. A further communication was promised for April, but no opportunity for another sitting came until May 8th, and then it came quite unexpectedly and without being arranged for."

From O. J. L.'s Note-book, 9 May, 1901. (Pr.XXIII,205f.)

"After dinner Mrs. Thompson spontaneously asked Mrs. Lodge to take her up into my study, saying as she went upstairs that she felt only half conscious, and as if she were going off.....

"The sitting was dim and unsatisfactory... and at the end Mrs. Thompson was much agitated; not exhausted, but weepy; saying how much she disliked the idea of coming back to consciousness and leaving the conditions in which she had just been. She said she had no recollection of what had been said. ... She also told me, before the sitting began, that of late she had been quite unconscious of any communications, that is to say, she could not remember their contents, but that she was under the impression that during the last month or so she had had three or four trances when no one was there... and that once she found herself waking on the floor with a feeling of great satisfaction and contentment.

"She further said that the sudden cutting off of all attempts

at communication had been a great blow to her and seemed to upset her physically to some extent. Also that she had been promised something for her birthday, April 22nd,—evidently connecting it with me. 'Nelly' had indeed promised me a sitting in April, [as recorded in last sitting] though not for any particular date. But it seems she had expected it on the 22nd. However I had no sitting in April—nothing till this May 8th.....

"Additional Note written on 11 *May,* 1901.

"The above was dictated before copying the notes, and gives my contemporary impression of the sitting; but on reading over the notes I find them better than I expected."

Second Sitting with Mrs. Thompson, May 8th, 1901.
(Pr.XXIII,206f.)

"Notes by O. J. L. and M. L.

"(*Nelly speaking.*) 'Professor Lodge, what is that umbrella they have put up and made it all dark?... (Further indications followed that she had tried to communicate but found it dark.) [This evidently refers to the suspension of sittings; Mrs. Thompson, for some private reason, having declined to sit for the last few months, and only doing it now as a special favor, and because she felt internally urged to do so.] I have not seen Mr. Myers, not once; I have not seen him since they put that umbrella up.'

"[O. J. L.] Nelly then appealed to me to...receive her statements sympathetically and not with an undercurrent of suspicion, explaining that such undercurrent befogged her....I asked her not to regard me as in any way hostile, and she said 'No, I do not feel like that to any of the Marshall family.' My grandmother and my wife's father were both Marshalls, though no relation whatever to each other, nor to Frederic Myers's relations of that name....Then followed some convulsive movements and a sort of internal colloquy of which only fragments were audible. They appeared however to indicate a confused conversation between Nelly and Mr. Myers, Nelly asking him to come in, and Mr. Myers saying that he had been told not,—that he had understood the communications were suspended for a time. But this was only an impression gathered from the confused mutterings. A further impression was that Mr. Myers mistrusted the presence of a third person and was being reassured by Nelly that it was only Mrs. Lodge.

"N.: 'It's only Mrs. Lodge whom you love.' M.: 'No I don't love her.' N.: 'It's only Lodge's wife, who will help.' M.: 'More than I anticipated much more.'

"With other barely intelligible fragments of internal colloquy."

Are the above conversations mere telepathy or the "cunning" of a secondary personality? How like a dream it all is!

"[O. J. L.] Ultimately the conversation with me began again but in a very halting and indistinct fashion, no marked personality at all, somewhat as if Nelly were half giving messages and half personating Mr. Myers, and doing both badly and with difficulty. The following however are my notes of what was said:—

"N.: 'Mr. Myers is worrying about something connected with Mr. Sidgwick, something that was not understood or that was not put down. He [H. S.] had some Jews in College and he could not do it on a Saturday....' M.: 'I thought I knew better than be such a miserable failure. I thought I would come and read it. [Apparently or *possibly* meaning the sealed letter.] [Cf. p. 667. H.H.] I wished you would all write to me. I was so far away. I pined to hear from you all. My philosophy did not help me much. I feel just as lonely. Lodge, it is just as they say, you grope in fog and darkness.....'

"[O. J. L.] Further indications that the conditions under which he was were not altogether to his liking, not at least when trying to communicate; and also further statements that he could not very clearly realize the conditions on that side when he was trying to communicate, and that now he was wishful to pass on and up and not stay to redeem his promises. [And yet to Miss Rawson he had pronounced himself "supremely happy." H.H.] .....

"M.: 'What are you doing in this place? [Apparently meaning strange and unfamiliar surroundings, the temporary house in Birmingham which I had taken, and which he had never seen.]...I seemed to be taken from all my pain and suffering into light. I hardly like to tell you what I wanted to do, it seems so selfish now, but I wanted to go and talk to Tennyson, whom I idolized. But I was told that I must suffer for my promises [*i.e.*, to communicate before leaving the earth neighborhood? H.H.], and then I could have what I wanted. I wish I had not been taken so far: it makes it difficult to communicate.'

"[O. J. L.] Then—referring, as I thought at the time, to Mrs. Thompson's trance which she had told me of, when she woke up and found herself on the floor.....

"M..: 'I did not throw her on the floor. It was Talbot—Talbot Forbes. It was not I. I wanted her to know I was there, but Talbot only wanted her to tell his Mother. [These good people will appear in our treatment of Cross-Correspondences. H.H.] Why does she [meaning apparently the Medium] pray to me and beg me to come, when she knows I want to be cleansed from earth first?...They keep on calling me. I am wanted everywhere....But I want to concentrate in a few places, or in one

place, and not to be split up. Do appeal to them not to break me up so, and leave me not clear in one spot. I am only one now, and the noise of you all calling makes me feel I cannot. Someone is calling me now. What did Miss Edmunds want with me? On Friday she called. [Were all those dramatic touches telepathy? H.H.] ... Tell Richet I shall meet him in Rome. I shall speak to him in Rome on the third day of the Congress. I heard them describing how I died, and I could not stop them. [Referring apparently to some unpublished Piper sittings in America.] ... Moses—Stainton Moses. They mixed the deaths up—his death and my death. It applies to him and not to me. [Apparently referring to some unpublished and to me unknown account of the death-bed.]*... I have gone back from where I was that night. I could hear what she (the Medium) was saying, and keep a check on it, but now I cannot hear what is being said: I can only think the things, and false things may creep in without my knowing it. Have you ten days work in a week?...' [Nelly?]: 'Do you not think, Mrs. Lodge, he has ten days work a week?

"[Then an abrupt change. H.H.] 'Professor Lodge, do you know I have seen such a funny thing. I have seen Mr. Myers talking as if to a stick right through Mother's body; and while he was talking to it someone came up and touched it, and it all got confused, and he could not think why it went funny. [How like a dream! H.H.] ... I wish Mother was not so wicked; because when Mr. Myers wants to go to sleep and be quiet, Mother will not let him. She will call him.... When he wants to go to sleep and be quiet she keeps him back. She must not do it. [Remember the prayer on p. 640? H.H.] [I promised to give her the message; which I did after the trance, and she then admitted that she thought of him frequently and urgently, but that she would try to refrain.] Do you know last Monday when I went to Dr. van Eeden's house; he called for me and we went. Mr. Myers came and told me he was calling. We both went, yes, on Monday. He has got an impression that Mr. Myers helped him to call me. Mr. Myers said "Let us go and see 'old Whiskers' in his little bed and laugh at him." He is much more lively when he is talking to me, and much more wakened up than when he is talking down that stick. [Cf. *Proc.* S.P.R. Vol. 18, p. 201.] But he does seem worried, he gets no rest. Someone has called him in a glass bottle—yes, a crystal.... He thinks it will help a great deal if he can understand how the cheating things that are not cheats are done. It is not cheating, and yet it is not him doing it.... There was no stick that went through anyone's body there. He says that others tell him it was just the same with them. Sometimes when he thought they

* Probably this and Sir Oliver's remark a couple of lines earlier, refer to a Piper-Myers account of his death, which, I am told, was untrue. H.H.

were communicating they were not, and yet they knew about it. He says he is finding out how honest non-phenomena are to be accounted for. Apparently dishonest phenomena are phenomena of extreme [interest?] apart from the spirit which purports to be communicating.' [This last part was slowly recited by Nelly, like a lesson not understood by her.] "

Perhaps several suspiciously precocious features in Miss Nelly's vocabulary and turns of expression, can properly be accounted for by following up this hint.

Further Notes on the Thompson-Myers Sittings.
(Pr.XXIII,214.)

[L.] " The rather strikingly worded complaints and requests recorded above (Pr.XXIII,210), as received through Mrs. Thompson, ' They keep on calling me. I am wanted everywhere.... Do appeal to them not to break me up so.... How easy to promise and how difficult to fulfil. Make one appeal to them to let me be at rest for two or three weeks,' also correspond with something to the same effect independently received through Miss Rawson three months earlier; and constitute what may be fairly considered another cross-correspondence. This message, received on Feb. 7th, 1901, purported to come from Edmund Gurney, who was represented as speaking through Miss Rawson as follows (Pr.XXIII,223):

" While waiting for a friend to come in to begin the sitting, Miss Rawson suggested that we should sit in the dark and she would perhaps see something. The lamp was turned down and she at once saw a bright mist in corner of room, out of which gradually emerged the face of a tall man with mustache, blue tie, black coat: he advanced towards her waving his hand and evidently most anxious to communicate. She repeated the alphabet and he waved his hand at the right letter. She spelt out Edmund Gurney.

" The friend then came in and the sitting began.

" E. G. at once controlled the medium. ' I have come to warn you for my friend to implore you not to let them call him. He gets no rest day or night. At every sitting " Call Myers! Bring Myers," there's not a place in England where they don't ask for him; it disturbs him, it takes away his rest. For God's sake don't call him. It is all right for him to come of his own accord.... His heart is tender and when he hears them call, he tries to come. If they leave him to rest, in time he'll come back again more strong, but if they call and call it will take away the power and help and everything else.' "

(Pr.XXIII,216): " [L.] Those who interpret the parables in such a way as to imagine that dignified idleness is the occupation of eternity... without any call for future work and self-sacrifice... will probably some day find themselves mistaken."

CHAPTER XLI

HETEROMATIC SCRIPT: MRS. HOLLAND

We will soon find Myers again in the heteromatic writing of "Mrs. Holland." This name is assumed for an English lady resident in India whose psychic interests are so disapproved by her family that she does not wish her real name published. Pr. XXI, 166-391, contains an account by Miss Alice Johnson of her experiences.

In 1893 Mrs. Holland began crystal-gazing and heteromatic writing. Ten years later she read Myers' *Human Personality,* and her interest in her psychic experiences was greatly stimulated. She wrote to Miss Johnson (Pr. XXI, 171f.):

"*September 14th,* 1903.

"[Ten] years ago I first tried automatic writing, having seen a reference to it in, I think, the *Review of Reviews.* My hand began to form words almost immediately, but only short sentences of an uninteresting kind, and the questions I asked were not answered.

"The next time I tried (these attempts were always made when I was alone), verses were written, and since then, though I have often discontinued the practice for months and years, and tried to give it up altogether, any automatic writing that comes to me is nearly aways in verse, headed—

"'Believe in what thou canst not see,
Until the vision come to thee.'

"The verses, though often childishly simple in wording and jingling in rhyme, are rarely trivial in subject. Their striking feature is the rapidity with which they come. I once wrote down fourteen poems in little over an hour, another time ten, and seven or eight are quite a common number to come at one time. When I write original verse I do so slowly and carefully, with frequent erasures: automatic verse is always as if swiftly dictated and there are never any erasures. I am always fully conscious, but my hand moves so rapidly that I seldom know what words it is forming.

".....I copy one set of verses....I wrote it down as quickly

as it was possible for my hand to move, and was surprised afterwards to find that it had a definite form of its own. It is exactly as it came to me, not 'polished' or altered in the least.

"'I whom he loved, am a ghost,
Wandering weary and lost.
I dare not dawn on his sight,
(Windblown weary and white)
He would shudder in hopeless fright,
He who loved me the best.
I shun the paths he will go,
Because I should frighten him so.
(Weary and lacking rest).

'I whom he loved am a shade,
Making mortals afraid,
Yet all that was vile in me,
The garb of mortality,
My body that used to be,
Is mouldering out of sight.
I am but a waiting soul,
Pain-purified, seeking its goal,
Why should he dread the sight?

"'If I showed him my white bones
Under the churchyard stones,
Or the creatures that creep and rest
On what was once my breast,
He who loved me the best
Would have good cause for fright.
But my face is only pale,
My form like a windblown veil,
Why should he dread the sight?

"'Should I beat on the window pane,
He would think it the wind and rain,
If he saw my pale face gleam
He would deem it a stray moonbeam
Or the waft of a passing dream.
No thought for the lonely dead,
Buried away out of sight.
And I go from him veiling my head,
Windblown weary and white.'

(1896)

".....Automatic verses do not deal much with facts, but once when I was staying in Italy, in an old palazzo I had never before seen, the day after my arrival, and before I had been into the garden, the impulse to write came on me, and I yielded to it, without however ceasing to take part in the conversation of two

friends who were with me. One of them, who knew about my automatic writing, asked me to read what had come to me. I did so:—

"'Under the orange tree
Who is it lies?
Baby hair that is flaxen fair,
Shines when the dew on the grass is wet,
Under the iris and violet.
'Neath the orange tree
Where the dead leaves be,
Look at the dead child's eyes!' (1901)

"'This is very curious,' said my friend, 'there is a tradition that a child is buried in the garden here, but I know you have never heard it.'"

These heteromatic poems appear to be but extreme illustrations of the "inspiration" that poets have generally claimed for themselves. The author's modest deprecations seem to me unjust to her own.

Mrs. Holland continues (Pr. XXI, 173f.):

"I have said that automatic verses do not deal much with facts, but once, when I was sensitive after illness, I experienced a new form of automatic writing, in the shape of letters which my hand insisted on writing to a newly-made acquaintance.

"The first of these letters began with a pet name I did not know, and was signed with the full name of someone I had never heard of, and who I afterwards learnt had been dead some years. It was clearly impressed upon me for whom the letter was intended, but thinking it due to some unhealthy fancy of my own, I destroyed it. Having done so I was punished by an agonizing headache, and the letter was repeated, till in self-defense I sent it and the succeeding ones to their destination.

"They generally came when I was trying to write ordinary letters; I never 'sat for them' or encouraged them in any way. I never read them over, feeling they were not meant for me, and the recipient, beyond telling me they referred to matters known only to this one person who was dead, and that the writing of them, especially the signature, bore a marked resemblance to that person's writing, preferred not to discuss the subject. I have never seen the writing in question.

"As I regained perfect health I tried to free myself from this influence, for it used to give me cruel headaches and was very exhausting.... If my hand was not actively employed at these times it would clench itself, and make the motion of writing in the air.

"Since then I have felt on three other occasions that some

unseen but very present personality was striving to transmit a message through me to a well-beloved. In every case the communication was utterly unsought by me, and came as a complete surprise to the recipient, who was always a recent acquaintance, never one of my friends. My attention was always enforced, as it were, by a severe pain in the head, which vanished when I had delivered the message.....

"I have never been in surroundings that encouraged this interest, I have never been mesmerized, I have never attended a séance, for the idea of anything connected with paid mediumship is peculiarly disagreeable to me. I only discovered by accident, five years ago, that I have the clairvoyant faculty."

Miss Johnson comments (Pr. XXI, 175-6):

"There is no means of ascertaining to what extent these early writings were veridical....."

But with only a decent confidence in the honesty of the people concerned, there is a very astounding degree of veridicity in the facts that the first letters referred to matters known only to this one person who was dead, and that the writing of them, especially the signature, bore a marked resemblance to that person's writing. While (see below) we are not permitted to see anything evidential that may be contained in these communications to an absent "sitter" (if you will tolerate the hibernicism), they are, at least to non-technical me, among the most evidential things I have met. They are a hard blow to the telepathic hypothesis, and the more I have studied the records, the more the teloteropathic hypothesis has been losing strength with me.

Miss Johnson continues:

"From an evidential point of view, the interest and value of Mrs. Holland's script depends to a great extent, as will be seen under Cross Correspondence [Chapter XLVII. H.H.], on the indications of telepathy manifested—at first quite unexpectedly—between herself and Mrs. Verrall.....

"Though many of the sensations and experiences connected with the script are probably subjective in origin, it may be that certain idiosyncrasies are correlated with veridical phenomena.....

"From the psychical point of view, her first reading of *Human Personality* formed an epoch in Mrs. Holland's life, and thenceforth her automatic writing was colored largely by the influence of that book. She had not known Mr. Myers during his lifetime, nor could she remember afterwards that she had even heard his name before she read the book. But her own ex-

periences and her own temperament had specially prepared her for the reception of it, and the personality of the author strongly appealed to her.

"Under these circumstances it was not only natural but almost inevitable that a great part of her writing should now purport to be inspired by him, or—to a less extent—by the two friends to whom his book is dedicated, Mr. Gurney and Dr. Sidgwick. [It was not published until after the deaths of all three. H.H.]"

In Mrs. Holland's script, claims of individuality are very much the rule, and each control has his own handwriting though it does not generally correspond with the handwriting of the alleged controls before bodily death.

In Stainton Moses' automatic script, it will be remembered, each control was declared to have had his own handwriting—in some cases beautiful, and in one case where the facts were known, uniform with the writing of the alleged control before death. But in the other cases there was not extant any writing made by the controls in their lifetime, supposing them ever to have lived.

In Mrs. Piper's script, individualities are constantly asserted, though the handwriting is generally a scrawl of letters half an inch high, unlike any normal handwriting.

On September 16, 1903, nearly three years after Myers' death, and his first alleged appearance through Mrs. Thompson, was apparently the first appearance of a Myers control through Mrs. Holland. Mrs. Holland's manifestation was, says Miss Johnson (Pr. XXI, 177-8),

"a curious example of the efforts that seem so often to be made by the subliminal self to keep the supraliminal in ignorance—at least for the time being—of the sense of what is being produced."

That depends upon how you look at it. Myers, as his control intimates later, would have called it the effort of the control to speak, for evidential purposes, in cryptic ways that the heteromatist's individual subliminal never would have used.

"It is written on two sides of a half-sheet of paper; the first side begins with the initial 'F.,' and the second ends with the initial 'M.'; the whole passage is divided into four short sections, the first three ending respectively in '17/,' '/1' and '/01.' January 17th, 1901, was the date of Mr. Myers' death, mentioned

in *Human Personality;* but the simple device of separating these initials and items from one another was completely effective in its apparent object. I read the passage a good many times before I saw what they meant and I found that the meaning had entirely escaped Mrs. Holland's notice."

This refers to the script containing the notorious stanza (Pr. XXI, 192) which excited the derision of the Philistine world of both continents, and disturbed not a small portion of the enlightened world:

> "Friend while on earth with knowledge slight
> I had the living power to write
> Death tutored now in things of might
> I yearn to you and cannot write."
> 17

Why it excited so much adverse comment I cannot clearly make out: for what is the stanza but a demonstration of what it claims, "I . . . cannot write," unless it be also a demonstration that the tired shade, or befogged subliminal, or impotent group of world-soul elements, or what you please, could not criticise either. But the more I read and ponder, the more puzzled I am over the general reluctance, in which I have my share, to let the "what you please" contain the essential elements of intelligent individual personality. Of course we apply the term to a good many things, and let it connote a good many things. One thing, however, the most influential recent writer, James, seems to regard as essential to, and to a great extent sufficient for, the notion of personality —namely, the "stream of consciousness," and surely the poor ghost, or echo, or whatever it is, seems at least that. The main question is whether the "that" is not Mrs. Holland herself. I'm tempted to ask what difference it makes if it is, provided it is Myers too.

I said "poor ghost" with reference to this single manifestation. He, or whatever it is, often claims happiness and emancipation.

Here is the rest of that script (Pr. XXI, 192-3), with the rest of the date alluded to by Miss Johnson, 17/1/01, between the sections. The 17 is at the end of the section given above. Of course Mrs. Holland's "subliminal self" fixed the figures that way!(?) What traditional faiths people will swal-

low—those opposing supernaturalism as easily as those professing it! Isn't it about time to let brother Du Prel and his subliminal self go, along with alchemy and astrology?

"It may be that those who die suddenly suffer no prolonged obscuration of consciousness but for my own experience the unconsciousness was exceedingly prolonged.

|1

"The reality is infinitely more wonderful than our most daring conjectures. Indeed no conjecture can be sufficiently daring.

|01

"But this is like the first stumbling attempts at expression in an unknown language imperfectly explained so far away so very far away and yet longing and understanding potentialities of nearness."

M

Now as to the above date. On the hypothesis of the strictly individual subliminal self—as something in the agent or medium that enacts or apes reflections telepathically cast upon the soul as upon a mirror, by its own recollections or by other minds, why should said self not only make dramas for these reflected personalities to act in—make a mental portrait appropriately talk and argue, rejoice and mourn, and get mad and break things; but also try to mystify and mislead the supraliminal consciousness whose annexed subliminal consciousness mirrors it? Doesn't it force the note harder to make a mere piecemeal reflection do all this, than to accept its being done by a real personality?

And does this probability not increase when that personality professes motives for hiding its utterances in enigmas, because so doing gives more evidence of purpose and ingenuity than straightforward utterance might? That probability is not conclusive: there is too much to be explained on the other side; but is it not evidence of a purposeful personality rather than of a telepathic reflection?

The script I have just quoted, Miss Johnson does not give until fifteen pages later than her comment on it, and then after numerous extracts that appear chronologically later in the entire script, and that would have had light thrown upon them by this specimen had it been placed in its chronological position. This seems bad editing, but it is not necessarily so, and I allude to it only for the sake of illustrating

one of the difficulties which make handling this sort of matter a fearful task to the editor and even to the reader. This special difficulty arises from the complexity and incoherence of the matter, so that often the best way to handle it is to follow a topic right through, and then begin again with another topic and do the same. Yet the result is that the first topic reaches the chronological end before the second one reaches the chronological beginning.

Miss Johnson continues (Pr. XXI, 178) from the point to where I transposed the piece with the Myers stanza:

"Two days later came: '1873. 30 years ago. C m r d e A b i g Youth.' I read the first five enigmatic letters as 'Comrade' with two vowels left out; the other four, 'A b i g,' seemed meaningless. Long afterwards in glancing through *Human Personality* (Vol. I., p. 7), I came on this sentence: 'In about 1873... it became the conviction of a small group of Cambridge friends that the deep questions thus at issue must be fought out....' It was then clear that the nine mysterious letters were merely an anagram for 'Cambridge.' Mrs. Holland was quite unaware of their meaning till I pointed it out to her.

"The same writing goes on: 'It has been a long work—but the work is not nearly over yet— It has barely begun— Go on with it—go on— We were the torch bearers—follow after us— The flame burns more steadily now. E. G. 1888.'

"The year 1888 was the date of Mr. Gurney's death, a fact also stated in *Human Personality.*"

Note that the control seems to use it rather as a birth-date —into the alleged new life. Note also the strong resemblance between this Gurney and the Piper Gurney of the Lodge sittings *ante.*

"[J.] Here, and in other similar passages, the reference is unmistakable, and there soon begins to be apparent a struggle between the supraliminal self of the writer and the supposed influences. The supraliminal self is obviously afraid of being led into attaching too much importance to the writing. It is aware that some of the names are derived from its reading, and both resents and resists their incursion into the script. It doubts the use of the attempts and is not very willing to persevere with them."

Whereupon the script remonstrates and encourages (Pr. XXI, 179):

"(September 19th, 1903.) You should not be discouraged if what is written appears to you futile— Most of it is not meant

for you— You are the reporter—the recorder—and need not be the critic.... Don't be in too great a hurry.

"(September 21st, 1903.) Do not feel that criticism need act in the least as a fetter—don't let it hinder you at all.... Nothing is unimportant, however much it seems so—

"There is no effort unavailing—

"You fail—yet save another's failing."

Myers was a poet, remember.

"(November 25th, 1903.) Do try to forget your abiding fear of being made a fool or a dupe. If we ever prompt you to fantastic follies you may leave us. But we only wish you to give us a few passive patient minutes each day. It's a form of restless vanity to fear that your hand is imposing upon yourself, as it were.

"[J.] The 'Gurney control,' who expresses himself rather strongly and brusquely, writes: '(November 14th, 1903.) I can't help feeling vexed or rather angry at the half-hearted way in which you go in for this—you should either take it or leave it. If you don't care enough to try every day for a short time, better drop it altogether. It's like making appointments and not keeping them. You endanger your own powers of sensitiveness and annoy us bitterly—G.'

"[J.] The 'Myers control,' on the other hand, makes his appeal to the sympathies of the automatist: '(January 12th, 1904.) If it were possible for the soul to die back into earth life again I should die from sheer yearning to reach you—to tell you that all that we imagined is not half wonderful enough for the truth.... If I could only reach you—if I could only tell you—I long for power and all that comes to me is an infinite yearning —an infinite pain. Does any of this reach you—reach anyone—or am I only wailing as the wind wails—wordless and unheeded?'"

A very large part of the script is just reiteration of these themes. Many of the alleged Myers manifestations through Mrs. Holland are anxious and gloomy, and thus are the entire opposite of the manifestations of an enfranchised and beatified Myers that we saw through Miss Rawson, and shall later see through Mrs. Piper. It is impossible to see how a consciousness can be interested in anything subject to variations, without a feeling of regret when the variations are in the unfavorable direction, and of a regret intensifying with the variations. An unvarying happy Heaven would be an enormously self-centered and stupid one, though there's no apparent reason why, to be sufficiently interesting, it would need pains and sorrows as terrible as the worst we know here. In

fact many of the worst would disappear with death; and as to dishonor, one sometimes sees reason to question whether survival of death may not be granted only to the souls that somehow merit it—that survival may be an achievement. Query: Would mere good nature and kindness and sympathy, and love of children, be enough for the achievement, in spite of one's sometimes appearing a fine old egotist and *farceur?* If not, please account for friend Phinuit. Somehow I think he and Falstaff must have made out the achievement.

This tempts to another speculation that fits in with the oft-noted apparently fragmentary character of the alleged post-mortem personalities. Why should more of a personality survive than is fit to survive? That would probably leave a good many of us very fragmentary indeed, whether the standard of fitness be substantially the same as here, or a new one. This suggests a possible explanation for the otherwise unaccountable stupidity of the controls in some directions and their brightness in others. Hodgson recognizes all his friends, but cannot translate *Veni, vidi, vici.* Myers is about as apparently absurd. Perhaps they don't need language there—if there really is a "there"—but converse telepathically by thought alone, and only are able to use language exceptionally with us? Yet it would be pleasant to have a memory of everything worth while here; and not doing so seems to make, on the whole, against spiritism. Stainton Moses forgets not merely a language, but the names Imperator and his gang told him they bore on earth, and gives Professor Newbold different ones. Did Moses forget the old ones, or lie about one set or both? There's no indication of his ever having lied, in the flesh, except as his "possessions" are to be accounted for.

Myers shows lack of memory of languages, but apparently only where his medium doesn't know them; but there's that envelope which he left with Sir Oliver Lodge for the express purpose of giving its contents, and he gave something else! (p. 667). It seems a hopeless muddle of contradictions. We can only work and wait. Miss Johnson says:

"In these utterances, taken by themselves, there is clearly nothing to suggest more than a dramatization by her subliminal self of personalities that had attracted Mrs. Holland's interest

through the normal means of reading a book. The question whether anything more than this is really represented in them will be considered later on. Meanwhile I am bound to emphasize the large part played by Mrs. Holland's normal knowledge in the construction of the various rôles."

"The construction of the various rôles." What a dramatist Mrs. Holland must have been, not to speak of Mrs. Piper! I wonder if any one of the commentators on these ever tried to write a novel, not to speak of a play. I doubt if anybody who has would be quick to say that Mrs. Holland constructed the rôles. But after all, what is a rôle—a personality? How many items enter into it? One?—a flash of recognition on the street that revolutionizes and irradiates a young man's universe? Millions?—those that become familiar in long intimacy? Must a personality be something that can be put on a scale, and will register pounds and ounces, or can it be met and enjoyed, or dreaded and suffered, in a dream? Is the clod who takes away your daily ashes a personality, while Malvolio and Rosalind are not? All that we know of a personality is that it is a capacity to produce certain effects upon us, and if there is any effect that a personality can produce upon us waking that is not produced by the personalities of our dreams, I do not know what it is. The only distinction I know is that this personality we know when we are awake can make abiding changes in matter *outside* our brains, while the personalities we know when asleep apparently cannot; but they can produce changes *in* our brains—in our convictions, habits, hopes, as enduring as any we know.

Perhaps our habitual conceptions of personality may be so definite because they are so limited; perhaps we may be on the brink of wider conceptions which will materially affect our views of our cosmic relations. Possibly those conceptions will grow a little clearer even during our present investigations.

The more I question regarding the probability of the sensitives dramatizing—creating—the "personalities" which profess to speak through them, the more it seems to me that we are making out of our preconceptions the notion that they are not real personalities, and that if we could be the standard clear and unprejudiced "intelligences from another planet," we would simply take these manifestations for the personali-

ties they appear, be their degree of development or manifestation what it may. Yet as Miss Johnson continues (p. 180) regarding them, she presents the extreme of the opposite view. Perhaps the wisest conclusion yet open to us is that sometimes they are real personalities and sometimes not.

"They came into existence first shortly after she had read *Human Personality,* and it will be seen that passages from this book are clearly to be traced in the script; there is little or nothing in the characterizations that could not be derived from it directly or by inference by an intelligent and sympathetic reader. There are, moreover, a certain number of features that an intimate friend of Mr. Myers' would see to be uncharacteristic or positively incorrect. Further, the personalities become suddenly more vivid and realistic at a later date, after Mrs. Holland had seen the portraits of Mr. Myers, Mr. Gurney and Dr. Sidgwick in Mr. Myers' posthumous work, *Fragments of Prose and Poetry,* and glanced at parts of the book itself, as described below, Pr.XXI,p.245; and again after she had seen reviews of the *Memoir* of Dr. Sidgwick early in 1906."

Very well so far as concerns the mere material for the characterizations, but what made the characterizations themselves, and made them active, and endowed them with motive, will, repartee? Is it banal to suggest that they appear to have been made by the same agency that, independent of her will, made her poems? The influence of the books may have merely opened her mind to such impressions from the cosmic inflow, or the controls if you prefer.

Of course, *mere facts* mentioned in *Human Personality* were presumably in Mrs. Holland's subliminal consciousness, and therefore are not necessarily to be referred to an outside control. But I have reached a vague impression that the division between the "subliminal" and "outside controls" may be one of those divisions that we are constantly making as crutches to our halting intellects, and to whose vague and provisional character I have so often called attention. Most of our classifications, from the more or less exact sciences with which we started together, to the misty impressions among which we are now groping, are of this nature.

We are in a universe of vibrations, which the very etymology of the name universe expresses as *one.* We split off a set of vibrations, and call them matter; from that set we

split off minor sets, and call them resistance, light, heat, sound, and so on; these minor sets we farther split into external vibrations and resulting nerve vibrations; and then we are at the end of *that* string. But parallel with the nerve end of it we find another, reaching we know not where. This we split into impressions, sensations, emotions, volitions. Impressions we split into those *outside* our consciousness, *i.e.,* in other consciousnesses, and those *inside* our consciousness; but yet we have lately found them very interchangeable. The agencies moving those outside into the inside, we split up on the one hand into other people—the agencies we know, and on the other hand, those we don't know, which we again split up into hypothetical divine inspirations, "controls," "spirits," and what-not; and here we lose the second string.

Now for my guess-work, and of course it will be full of paradoxes; with farther knowledge some of them may disappear; but guess-work is our only way—successful only once in many times—of finding clues to farther knowledge. Well, as all the groups we have been splitting off are parts of one thing, I guess (or is it more than a guess?) that the subliminal and the controls are parts of one thing—are in a sense the same thing. To give the first guess more definite shape, I go on to guess (or is it more than a guess?) that, as so many have guessed before me, the universe abounds in impressions, visions, ideas, God knows what. Sometimes they surge in upon a heteromatist. They stir the will or some sort of impulse to write, and the impressions tumble pell-mell upon the paper; and when they come in a coherent mass with enough qualities like the mass we call a human mind, or the more special mass we call a special human mind, we call them, depending upon the size and quality of the mass, a human being, or a soul, or a phantasm, or a control, or anything else prompted by the circumstances. One mass of them shows itself as the heteromatist, another mass as the control, several masses as several controls—Gurney, Myers, Imperator, perhaps each an echo of the heteromatist or of a previous heteromatist, pretty substantial, but not half as substantial or enduring as Ariel or Apollo or Colonel Newcome or Mr. Pickwick. And all four of *them* are more substantial than I am or you are, unless you happen to be—who, in this genera-

tion—Admiral Togo? A generation ago I should have said Spencer or Bismarck or Tennyson.

All this provokes the fantastic speculation whether a genius cannot generate an *actual* psychic personality, as he can a physical one. But this harks back to the relatively primitive parthenogenesis. The suggested process, however, is presumably in its primitive stage, if indeed there is any basis at all for the seemingly extravagant notion. And yet things that may have seemed equally extravagant have been found to contain germs of truth; and a very similar fantasy is to-day an article of "faith" with the majority of Christians, including some of the best minds. Compare all this with my earlier suggestions regarding personality, and then come back with me to where there is a little less fog.

Now that's my somewhat turgid and somewhat fantastic guess. Vague? Of course it is: we are dealing with vague things. Paradoxical? Of course it is: we are in the land of paradox. But to my poor thinking or guessing, it fits the facts as well as the other guesses and the other paradoxes, and I have the presumption farther to guess that the progress of knowledge is going to be in the direction of giving just that guess farther shape.

The subliminal self, then, I have again, from a different standpoint, come around to guessing to be so much of the Cosmic Soul as any individual may at the time have sufficiently in hand to call his own soul—or so much as he may have in hand even if he can't call his soul his own. And as to one's own soul (though this is an episode): if there is any significance behind the universe, and reason for it—any purpose, I keep on guessing, as I have in other connections, that such significance, reason, purpose, is in the arrangement that constantly produces individuals who gather in and unify portions of the Cosmic Soul, and get out of them experience and growth and discipline and morality and sympathy and altruism and love—all making up happiness.

Well, this, and more which will come later, is what has been growing more and more definite to me, as invisible vapor grows into a cloud, as I have been studying alone these strange things we are now studying together; and I expect the cloud to grow more definite as we go on. To me it has seemed

to reflect some light into our dark places, and I expect it to reflect more.

I hope I need not apologize for this additional attempt to describe it, or for other attempts that I am apt to make as we go on. However much they may bore you, the impression will become none too definite if you think it worth while to go on at all.

After writing the foregoing guess, on turning back to the Proceedings, I met one of those expressions with which the literature of the subject abounds, where a substitution of cosmic soul for subliminal self would, it seems to me, aid to an explanation. The passage in no way influenced my guess: for that was settled long ago. Miss Johnson says (Pr. XXI, 179):

"Meanwhile the various 'controls,' aided and abetted by the subliminal self (of which they may, indeed, be fragmentary manifestations), appear to be exerting great pressure on their side by various arguments and artifices to encourage the writer and persuade her to go on."

Would not "fragmentary manifestations" of that size and that nature seem to come more naturally from a cosmic soul than from a subliminal self, unless the latter is taken to be merely a name for an inflow of the former? The job of manufacturing and working them—*extempore,* so to speak, which Miss Johnson attributes to Mrs. Holland, is, like Mrs. Piper's job, too big for any human capacity, and the invention of a subliminal capacity doesn't fill the bill.

So here from a different point and by a different road, we come to the same goal whither the strange phenomena, at least as seen through my eyes, are always sending us.

Let us return to Mrs. Holland and the groups of impressions that fell upon her script. On the foregoing quotations from the Gurney and Myers controls, Miss Johnson comments (Pr. XXI, 180f.):

"As usual, varieties of hand-writing are associated with the different controls, though they are not always used consistently for the same one.... The 'Gurney control' was a more bold and upright style.... Of this style Mrs. Holland wrote: 'When the writing changes from very sloping to upright, I always get the impression of a younger and more brusque personality. The initial "G." often comes then.'

".....On November 18th, 1903, the 'Myers control' begins in pencil, then writes: 'Take a pen,' and the writing goes on in ink, 'That's well—a pen is best when I am here—pencil for the upright vehement writing,' viz., that of the 'Gurney control'; and henceforth these two controls generally—but not invariably—use a pen or pencil respectively.

"There is no resemblance between their writings and the actual hand-writings of Mr. Myers and Mr. Gurney, nor—so far as I am aware—is there any reason for associating ink specially with one and pencil with the other. It appears to be simply a sort of subliminal device for keeping the two personalities distinct; nevertheless they often tend to merge into one another,—the suggestion being that two influences—real or imaginary—are present at once, or that one is being gradually displaced by the other."

A very natural suggestion! And why all this ingenuity to make the influences "imaginary," whatever that may mean in the connection, I cannot quite make out. I admire the ingenuity, but cannot help thinking that it forces the note, and also thinking that if Miss Johnson had not inherited Du Prel's "subliminal" via Myers, she would not have worked it out from the phenomena themselves.

Do not all things "tend to merge into one another," especially all minds, to a degree not dreamed of before we became familiar with telepathy?

"A similar subliminal device is manifested on Jan. 6th, 1904—thus described by the script: 'Two influences—that was why the pencil slipped from your fingers and flew across the room then.... Don't you notice a new feature to-day—that every few minutes we make you take another pencil. It's easier for us, and it marks the change for you.' Mrs. Holland notes...'At the end my hand felt shaken and pushed as it did when I first began to get these writings, scrawling wildly till it was stopped. The [word at the end of the script] "stop" was from without entirely. I was willing to let it scrawl on and over to the next page if the impulse continued.'

"On May 23rd, 1907, Mrs. Holland writes of this occasion: 'I still recall clearly the curious sensation that accompanied the word "stop." My hand seemed to be taken, the wrist turned towards the left and then drawn off the paper. It is the only time I have ever felt "uncanny" in connection with script....'"

When something definitely opposes a person, isn't it, I ask again, very apt to be time to let Du Prel and his subliminal go?

"Mrs. Holland says in her preliminary account—already quoted—that she used to have with the impulse to write or speak

a severe headache which vanished with the fulfilment and cessation of the impulse. In two of the cases described in the fuller account which I omit, she seems to have partially lost consciousness. Thus, in the first: 'I shut my eyes. It seemed to me that the pencil scribbled wildly, like a child pretending to write.... My right arm seemed the only part of my body that was not asleep, and I was only conscious of Mr. D. saying now and again, "Wait a minute," when he slipped fresh paper under my hand. Then the influence suddenly passed; I opened my eyes feeling refreshed and alert, my headache was absolutely gone.' Again, in the second case, when the impulse took the form of speech: 'Though I spoke English, I felt as if reading aloud from a language I could pronounce but not translate. It seemed to come from my lips only. I was perfectly conscious; I watched the effect of mingled moonlight and electric light on the deck before me.... My voice went on, but I did not grasp the sense of a single sentence.' In continuation of the same incident, next evening: 'I began to describe an elderly man, his character, manner and appearance, down to minute details, and this time I understood what I was saying, but the words came without being chosen.'"

This emphasizes the resemblance of these experiences to dreams. It reminds me of some of my own dreams when I read printed slips that seem, independently of me, to grow as I read them.

Messages from the Myers and Gurney controls similar to these which aroused the foregoing speculations, make a considerable part of Mrs. Holland's script. There is also considerable veridical telepsychosis and cross correspondence. Miss Johnson continues (Pr. XXI, 193):

"The next passage, written on the same day, begins with the date 1888 (the date of Mr. Gurney's death, also stated in *Human Personality*), and the initials F., E., and H. S.—obviously intended to represent Mr. [F.] Myers, Mr. [E.] Gurney and Professor [H.] Sidgwick.

"'September 16th, 1903, 11 A. M.

"'[M.] 1888 F. E. H. S. [in monogram.]

"'Believe in what thou canst not see
Until the vision come to thee
What though the work may seem all wrought in vain
What though the labor seems to bring no gain
Take courage and be strong to work again
There were three workers once upon the earth
Three that have passed through Death's great second birth

Their work remains and some of lasting worth
Long dead and lately dead shall be as one.
1888. 1888.
[illegible] Forgotten?'"

The following from the Myers and Gurney controls give a good idea of the situation:

(Pr.XXI,203-4): "[M.] My dear [J.: Here again no name is written, but a long irregular line is drawn.] Perhaps a letter to you will be easier than a sustained account—I have so little strength as yet for this form of communication—

"I know it will soon be three years since I 'passed over passed on'—but I feel still in early stages of development as it were—The obscuration of consciousness was prolonged in my case to an abnormal period— Nearly the whole of the first year was hidden for me—I was entranced as it were— That accounts for some failures of compact does it not. It is all so far more difficult than one imagines— Even granting the strength requisite to reach the threshold one can but fall helplessly upon it—spent—and one's message stilled—"

(Pr.XXI,205-6): "[G.] It's no good— He needs such congenial conditions or else he fails altogether— For one reason he really belongs in spiritual development to a higher level—a higher plane—and if he were there you under present conditions would not be able to receive even the faintest impression from him— Earth bound isn't quite the word I want but I do not know how else to convey to you the condition of those of us who are able to send messages— Understand it's not bound *by* earth it's bound *to* earth by love—memory powerful interests—F[rederic Myers. H.H.]'s mind is prepared for the higher planes—it is strong feeling—great attachments—that keep him on this level—and that prevent him from sending the messages he is so anxious to send— It was a tremendous effort to him to appear—in your mind's eye the way that he did a fortnight ago—and it has weakened the message ever since—

"[J.] This passage shows that the man seen by Mrs. Holland in a mind's-eye vision on November 7th, as described in her script of that day, quoted above, was identified by her at the time as Mr. Myers. I have already explained that this was a misrecognition. (See Pr.XXI,189.)"

Later still, the Myers control writes:

(Pr.XXI,213): "[M.] (Wednesday, January 6th, 10.45 A.M.) I have thought of a simile which may help you to realize the bound to earth condition which persists with me. It is a matter very largely of voluntary choice— I am as it were—actuated by the missionary spirit and the great longing to speak to the

souls in prison—still in the prison of the flesh—leads me to 'absent me from felicity awhile.'"

(Pr.XXI,218): "[M.] The appearance of the simulacre [*sic*] does not necessarily imply that the spirit is consciously present. It may project the phantasm from a great distance. More usually however it is present. On two occasions only I myself have been able to perceive the surroundings I so desired to see—once [illegible] at a Meeting and you all appeared to me as *flat* cardboard figures seen through a gray mist— The next time was a few weeks ago at home.....

An odd fantasy for Mrs. Holland to create for herself!

"I would try so hard on the anniversary [the third of his death. H.H.] that is only nine days away now if I could be sure that you really wished and desired my eidolon without any fear or reluctance—

Eidolon is a very natural word for a Grecian like Myers. I wonder if it was natural for Mrs. Holland!

"Any terror would distress me unspeakably.

"In my present state thoughts pain me more than wounds or burns could do while I lived— It is part of the stage through which I pass an evolutionary phase....."

(Pr.XXI,246-7): "[M.] If one could only find a *stupid sensitive* but the very quickness of the impressionability that enables the brain to perceive an influence from afar renders it an ever present danger to the message that is trying to be impressed. Anxiety to help—fear of unconscious cheating or of self-deception all cramp the hand and impede the willingness to give time and a *quiet* mind to this—.....

"It becomes increasingly hard for me to realize the effect of Time and Space upon your conditions— For me they have been annulled—I am obliged to remember now to recall what potent factors they are upon the body.....

"[G.] Names? Names and proofs are the very things we must withhold [*sic*] from you because your brain which you cannot or will not lull to a proper state of passivity—will spin its *own* web round whatever is presented to you— For *truth's* sake we must be veiled and ambiguous— A gurnet among the sedge which grew in the mires— [J.: This somewhat crude punning on the names Gurney, Sidgwick, and Myers, was not noticed by Mrs. Holland till I showed it to her later.]"

(Pr.XXI,230): [November 26th, 1903.] [M.] "The nearest simile I can find to express the difficulties of sending a message —is that I appear to be standing behind a sheet of frosted glass —which blurs sight and deadens sounds—dictating feebly—to a reluctant and somewhat obtuse secretary. A feeling of terrible impotence burdens me—I am so powerless to tell what means

so much— I cannot get into communication with those who would understand and believe me."

There is much more of this sort of thing scattered all through.

The following is a strange passage to assert, as some authorities would, to be manufactured by Mrs. Holland from shreds of forgotten knowledge: it looks so much more like what it purports to be—a communication from the disembodied Myers.

(Pr.XXI,210): "[M.] Nothing was written by me yesterday— The time when I may hope to write a continuous narrative—or to send evidential messages by your hand seems as far away as ever.

"Four years ago we were talking together one evening at my house Podmore was there I remember and Barrett I think Piddington and Lang but I am not sure—It was about a letter that had lately been received by Hodgson and which [illegible scribbles]

"[G.] It's no good— He can't manage more than a few lines —and your dislike to *names* makes it all the more difficult for him. You can't help it I know."

Yet Miss Johnson says that she has reason to "believe that no such meeting took place at that date."

The following telopsis through Myers (?) has an interest for us as introducing Mrs. Verrall, of whom we shall see considerable.

(Pr.XXI,212): "[M.] She is not very tall—a slender figure often dressed in green—dark hair—rather pushed from the forehead—straying a little from the centre parting—very mobile brows—pince-nez when she writes— A strong chin—mouth thin-lipped but sympathetic—a *strong* face but not a *hard* one— Mind admirably well balance [*sic*]—Hands with long fingers—but the palms well developed— No foolish impulses—but no fear of sudden actions which seem the outcome of sudden impulse— Age—32—33—I forget— What importance has age to me now—

"[J.] This description may be the first emergence of the idea of Mrs. Verrall's personal appearance and character which seems to have developed further in March, 1905, soon after the first experiments between Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Verrall began."

The following remarks of Miss Johnson seem to me to contain evidential matter far more than well-checked-up facts

can. Unfortunately they anticipate what knowledge we shall get, and some we shall not get, of Mrs. Verrall's script.

(Pr.XXI,239-40): "The reader who compares the general character of the two scripts can hardly fail to notice the emotional nature and the note of personal appeal in the utterances of the Holland-Myers as contrasted with the calmer, more impersonal and more matter-of-fact tone of the Verrall-Myers.....

"*If* Mr. Myers really knew what was going on and *if* he was really concerned in the production of the scripts, it would be natural and appropriate that he should attempt to impress the two automatists in these different ways. Mrs. Verrall, a personal friend and trained investigator, was already familiar with scientific methods and in close touch with other investigators. She did not require urging to go on with her writing, from which some important evidence had already resulted.

"Mrs. Holland, on the other hand, was in an isolated position [in India, with a family opposed to her heteromatic writing. H.H.]; she was conscious of the superficially trivial and incoherent nature of her script, and could not tell whether there was anything in it beyond a dream-like *réchauffé* of her own thoughts. She would naturally shrink from exposing this to strangers and thereby appearing to attach an unreasonable degree of importance to it. We may suppose then that the control realizes her situation and tries to impress on her a vivid realization of his own,—his intense desire to provide evidence of survival. The reiterations in her script as compared with Mrs. Verrall's,—a point brought out rather strikingly in the summary,—denotes perhaps that a more strenuous effort is required in her case, in order that she may be persuaded to disregard her own feelings and risk misunderstanding for the sake of a remotely possible good."

"We may suppose," etc. Yes, but if we do, what becomes of that precious "subliminal"? This sort of thing is inevitable, and consoles me a little for my own constant wobbling.

The following refers to a matter of crucial interest:

(Pr.XXI,242-4): "[M.] Under other conditions I should say how much I regretted the failure of the envelope test and I do regret it because it was a disappointment to you—otherwise it is too trivial to waste a thought upon—... Imperfect instruments imperfect means of communication. The living mind however sensitive—intrudes its own conceptions upon the signalled message—.....

"[J.] The reference here is obviously to an experiment with a sealed envelope left by Mr. Myers with Sir Oliver Lodge. As members of the Society are aware, various statements had been made in Mrs. Verrall's script during 1904 about the contents of

this envelope. It was opened on December 13th, 1904, and its contents were then found to have no resemblance to what was alleged about it in the script. An account of this experiment was printed in [several publications. H.H.] ... All these facts being of course familiar to me, I concluded that Mrs. Holland had most probably seen one of the newspaper accounts of the incident.... I asked her if she thought she had seen any reference to it. She answered very decidedly that she had no recollection of ever seeing or hearing anything about it till that moment. I asked if she thought it possible that she could have forgotten it, if she had read it. She thought this impossible, as she would certainly have been greatly interested in it."

At first sight, this is the most staggering blow the spiritistic hypothesis has received, unless it be the discrepancy between the names for their ante-mortem selves given by Imperator and his companions to Stainton Moses, and by him to Myers and others, and those given by the Piper-Moses to Professor Newbold. I have no desire to minimize the force of this discrepancy, but I have given some considerations that ought to be regarded, in connection with Professor Newbold's experience, on p. 547.

Regarding the Myers envelope, the council of the S. P. R. said, in the Journal for January, 1905, p. 13:

"It has, then to be reported that this one experiment has completely failed, and it cannot be denied that the failure is disappointing. Considering, however, how very few experiments of this kind have ever, so far as we know, been tried at all, and how great, on any hypothesis, must be the obstacles to success, it would be unreasonable either to relax our efforts on account of this single failure or because of it unduly to discount the other matter contained in Mrs. Verrall's script which there is any reason to regard as evidential."

Dr. Hodgson died on December 20, 1905. On February 6, 1906, the Myers control wrote, through Mrs. Holland (Pr. XXI, 283):

"A great loss for you on your side [of death, of course. H.H.] but a gain on the other. He may prove a communicating power soon."

A strange form of expression for Mrs. Holland to fall into! The dramatic quality of it is striking. It is Myers, not Mrs. Holland. To do the subject justice, it is essential always to be awake to the dramatic quality of the alleged communica-

tions—a remark perhaps banal after what has been said already.

I find that I am getting to use "banal" almost as frequently as Mrs. Piper used "evolute" in the Newbold Notes, Chapter XXXV. I hope the circumstances excuse me.

Miss Johnson thus writes (Pr. XXI, 286-7) of what she is pleased to call Subliminal Recrudescence, but when a recrudescence takes the shape of a veridical vision, that term hardly tells "the whole truth." The matter is enormously interesting as illustrating the genesis of visions—and dreams.

"Two incidents occurring at about this period illustrate in a striking manner the possibility of recrudescence of memories that have completely lapsed from the normal consciousness, and show at the same time the practical difficulty of proving a person's ignorance of almost any event in the past, and the consequent necessity for caution in attributing knowledge of any such event to a supernormal cause.

"In the first case, Mrs. Holland had heard of the incident only a few months before it was represented to her through a hallucination; but she had paid so little attention to the recital that apparently she forgot it immediately afterwards. In the second case she had been deeply interested at the time in what she heard; but the event had entirely faded from her memory before she reproduced it—nearly twenty years later—in her script.

"In a letter dated December 19th, 1905, Mrs. Holland describes an apparition recently seen by her as follows:

"'On Wednesday evening [Dec. 13th], at 9.30... when I came briskly into a small and very brightly lighted room, I saw the figure of a very tall, thin man, dressed in gray, standing with his back to the fire. He had a long face, I think a mustache—certainly no beard—and suggested young middle age; but at my second step forward he was gone. I had been thinking only of a business letter I was about to answer, and cannot explain the tall gray figure at all. I have seen nothing of the kind since 1901. I have gone into that little white sitting-room many times since, at all kinds of hours, often hoping to see the gray figure again, but I have not been fortunate.'

"The description suggested Mr. Gurney to me, but I made no comment on it to Mrs. Holland. On March 11th, 1906, she wrote:

"'Do you remember the tall man in gray I saw here one evening in the winter? The other morning I went into a small room next my own, thinking only of putting away an evening dress. The tall figure in gray was lying on the bed in a very flung-down, slack-jointed attitude. The face was turned from me, the right arm hanging back across the body, which lay on the left

side. I started violently, and my foot seemed to strike a small empty bottle on the floor.

"'The figure was gone in an instant, as before, and though I looked carefully I could find nothing on the floor to even suggest the bottle I had kicked.

"'I know this house has no story even remotely connected with a suicide or an over-dose of any drug, so I don't understand it at all. I had not been stooping or tiring my eyes in any way.'

"On March 29th, Mrs. Holland wrote to me that the date when she saw the second apparition was either February 27th or 28th [1906. H.H.].

"Mr. Gurney died from an accidental over-dose of chloroform, probably taken for neuralgia or insomnia, on June 22nd, 1888. I was at first much puzzled to account for the details of the second apparition, since the manner of his death is not, of course, mentioned either in *Human Personality* or in the obituary notice of him in Mr. Myers's *Fragments of Prose and Poetry*. Later, however, I found from my notes of my first interview with Mrs. Holland on October 6th, 1905, that I had myself told her the main facts. On May 28th, 1906, I saw her again and reminded her of this. She said she had entirely forgotten it (as I had) and was doubtful if she could remember it even when reminded of it; and that she took very little interest in Mr. Gurney, being mainly interested in Mr. Myers."

Note that the death was in 1888, the first vision in December, 1905, and the second in February, 1906, that she had never seen Mr. Gurney, and seen only a portrait that presumably was not full length, and that the sensation of kicking an empty bottle on the floor was an extraordinary element of a vision.

This may be as good a place as any to repeat the story which Myers told me in 1894 of the circumstances which gave him his first conviction of the personality's survival of death.

Gurney died on a Saturday night, in a hotel, while he was on a journey. Myers knew nothing of it before Monday. On Sunday, while in church, he suddenly got a mental impression: "Your friend is still with you." So far as I remember, he said he was little affected by it, and continued his attention to the service, until it was repeated several times; and by the time he left the church he could think of little else. I think he told me, but cannot be certain, that he was then and there reminded of a post-mortem communication pact that he had made with Gurney, and I am as near

certain as it will do to be of anything but the main fact, that he then and there expected to learn that some friend had died.

I regret that I made no notes when Myers told me, taking it for granted that he had made some cotemporaneously with the event, and would print them. I have found none, however. Yet I have no hesitation in repeating what he told me and probably told many others: for there was no seal of confidence.

We shall see more of Mrs. Holland in connection with a Hodgson control and Cross-Correspondences.

We have now, through Miss Rawson, Mrs. Thompson, and Mrs. Holland, had a somewhat systematic account of Myers' early appearances as a control. It does not seem well to follow the thread systematically, but we shall see more of him incidentally through Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Piper.

And getting all these ladies into a paragraph reminds me of somebody's expression a dozen years ago to the effect that all the hopes of immortality offered by the S. P. R. hang on the dreams of one hysterical woman! This was absurd at the time, and its absurdity has been growing.

The connection, however, directs attention to one circumstance that may be found, in time, to mean something. Despite some exceptions, the great mediums of the third quarter of the nineteenth century were men—those of the last twenty-five years have been women.

CHAPTER XLII

HETEROMATIC SCRIPT: MRS. VERRALL

We now turn to the heteromatic scripts produced by Mrs. Verrall, wife of Professor A. W. Verrall of Cambridge, and herself lecturer in Newnham College. The whole volume of Pr. XX is devoted to a very thorough examination of them by Mrs. Verrall herself.

To any person of scholarly sympathies, the book suggests the proverbial "liberal education." It is not uncomplimentary to the volume to name that aspect of it before its aspect as a contribution to Psychical Research: for the phenomena themselves are of moderate interest beside most of those described in these pages, but their evidential value is high, and their implications most important, and, as already intimated, the treatment of them is pervaded by wide scholarship, and is charming.

Mrs. Verrall's account of her experiences is in part (Pr. XX, 7-16):

"My experiences in Crystal Gazing during the years 1889-1892 were recorded and published in the *Proceedings* S.P.R., Vol. VIII., p. 473, et seq. With a few doubtful exceptions the pictures so seen were purely fantastic. With Planchette or a table, if I have sat with a second person, I have usually obtained movements, though the results were seldom of any interest; but till recently I was quite unable to get any movement with Planchette when sitting alone, or any writing with a free pencil, except a few letters repeated in meaningless combinations, *e, v, r,* appearing and reappearing as 'every, very, ever,' and so on. It is probable that the letters of my surname, the word most frequently written in ordinary life without conscious effort, were responsible for the words produced.....

She says that after several unsuccessful attempts, on March 5, 1901:

"I took the pencil between my thumb and first finger, and after a few nonsense-words it wrote rapidly in Latin. I was writing in the dark and could not see what I wrote; the words came to me as single things, and I was so much occupied in recording each as it came that I had not any general notion of what the meaning was. I could never remember the last word; it seemed to vanish completely as soon as I had written it. Sometimes I had great difficulty in recognizing what was the word I wanted to write, while at other times I could only get part of it. When I had filled one sheet of paper, I turned up the electric light and read what had been written, before going on to the next sheet. On this first occasion, March 5, 1901, my hand wrote about 80 words almost entirely in Latin, but though the words are consecutive and seem to make phrases, and though some of the phrases seem intelligible, there is no general sense in the passage.

"Till the end of the month, with a very few exceptions, I continued daily to write fluently in Latin, with occasional Greek words. The writing was not intelligible throughout, but it improved and was very different from the mere rubbish with which it began. Whole phrases were intelligible, and in spite of blunders of every description the general drift was often easily apparent. The actual writing was my own normal handwriting ... the script usually filled one page, that is, it consisted of from 70 to 90 words, but occasionally the impulse to write continued after the page was full and I then took a second piece of paper. The end of the impulse to write was often signalized by the drawing of a long line. After the first two or three times of writing I never read what had been written till the end, and though I continued to be aware of the particular word, or perhaps two words, that I was writing, I still retained no recollection of what I had just written and no general notion as to the meaning of the whole.....

"Whether I write in light or dark, I do not look at the paper. I perceive a word or two, but never understand whether it makes sense with what goes before ... when the script is finished I often cannot say, till I read it, what language has been used, as the recollection of the words passes away with extreme rapidity.....

This corresponds with the evanescent memory of dreams, and the following emphasizes the resemblance.

"I am sometimes exceedingly sleepy during the production of the writing, and more than once I have momentarily lost consciousness of my surroundings.....

"[NOTE.—It is not easy to describe the writing without seeming to assume a personality on the part of the supposed writer, of which I am very far from being convinced. But it is convenient to use such expressions as 'the supposed writer,' 'the control,' or 'the scribe' to represent the motive power which

seems to the owner of the writing hand something quite separate from his normal personality.]

"On November 24, 1902... I got very sleepy and lost consciousness, I think, in the middle: the writing was very violent when I again realized what I was doing and more 'automatic' than usual. Here, too, as in the earlier case, there purport to be more communicators than one, and there are certainly differences of hand-writing. When this writing was over, I was left with a feeling of fatigue, and some discomfort in the right arm; I mention this as it is the only occasion on which anything like a disagreeable feeling was associated with the production of the script.

"The next time that I went to sleep... I had arranged with two friends that they should sit with a Planchette at the same hour. I slept only for a moment, and when I woke went on with the automatic writing just as before. The words then written were: 'It has helped them and you will get a message now plain to read.' This latter statement was correct; a message written by their Planchette was perfectly intelligible to me, and introduced names quite unknown to the Planchette writers.....

"Once... I certainly continued writing during my sleep; I was interrupted by an unexpected visitor who found me writing. The hand-writing of the script thus produced is not my own, but bears a likeness to that of Dr. Sidgwick.....

This is very suggestive of Professor Sidgwick being a genuine control: for it's a sort of cross-correspondence with the fact of his writing through Mrs. Thompson. Cf. *ante*.

"On five occasions—besides those... not included in this paper—I have tried to obtain writing at a time when someone else was also 'sitting.'... On four out of these five occasions it seemed that there was some interest in the results."

These experiences of Mrs. Verrall appear very faint beside the gorgeous oriental lights and sounds and thaumaturgy of Stainton Moses or even beside many of the homely but vivid experiences of Mrs. Piper; but probably to many they carry more conviction; and the subjects with which they deal, despite their quiet trappings, are of serious importance.

Mrs. Verrall got a few drawings which reminded her of the meaningless pictures often seen in crystal gazing, and suggesting to me the phantasmagoria preceding sleep. In fact her whole experience, like so much in the experiences we are studying, seems closely allied with dreams.

The handwriting varies a good deal, as in Moses' case and Mrs. Holland's, but has much less definite connection with

individualities. In fact there is not always a claim of individuality in a writer, though there generally is, and a few times signatures are given.

Mrs. Verrall says (Pr. XX, 28):

"It is quite common for the first two or three words written on each occasion to have no connection with the rest of the script; they seem to serve as a sort of start, while the thing, whatever it is, is getting under way. It is seldom that two or three unintelligible and disconnected words are found, except at the beginnings."

Mrs. Piper's script was apt to be just the reverse of this. Mrs. Verrall's was incoherent while she was getting up steam; Mrs. Piper's, while steam was giving out. Mrs. Verrall's preliminary nonsense corresponds to the preliminary raps so frequent in telekinetic telepsychosis. Her interpretation, however, is not analogous to "getting up steam," but she says (Pr. XX, 29):

"A parallel is to be found in some experiments made by my daughter and Mr. Bayfield in table tilting, when it was common for the first few words to have no connection with what followed, and often to be in a different language.... This introductory rubbish often served to prevent the sitters from following what was being produced by the table, and we usually found the results better when the attention of the sitters had been distracted. Possibly some similar object is attained in the case of the automatic writing by the production of a few words of sheer nonsense which serve to occupy the attention of the conscious self, and so leave the subliminal self more free to act."

Again a contradiction to the cases where concentration of the sitter's mind helps the results.

The languages were mainly Greek, Latin, and English. Mrs. Verrall knows French substantially as well as English, and German, Italian, and Spanish fairly well, but there was barely a trace of any modern language but English. It seems fair to infer that the languages appeared about in proportion to the degrees in which they occupied her habitual attention. Greek and Latin she taught, English she used presumably for most of her writing—personal and for publication; the other languages she used incidentally. All this, so far as it goes, looks as if the script were but the echo of herself.

On the other hand, she says (Pr. XX, 36):

"The vocabulary and phraseology as well as the grammatical construction of the ancient languages used in the script are not such as I should myself employ if I were deliberately writing those languages.....

"A considerable number of words occur which are not extant, and the meaning of which is not obvious either from the context or the form. Many of these are probably pure inventions, but some of them are used with a curious persistence, even after investigation has shown that they have no existence."

My guess is that her mind was at work, and also a larger mind, of which her mind may be a part. The larger the mind, so long as its processes can be guessed at by human standards, the more apt it would be (wouldn't it?) to coin words from the mass of roots floating about in its consciousness, and make original constructions, many of them nonsensical. We all do this in dreamy moods or in following rhythmic sounds like those of a railway train. She says (p. 48):

"The sententiousness of dreams—verbose enunciation of the commonplace—appears often, *e.g.*, 'Not yet is the fullness of time—reaping follows the full sheaves,'...'Many harvests go to the fulfilment of the crop of promise.'"

The similarity to some dream effect appears on almost every page. This is interesting in this connection (Pr. XX, 103-5):

"There is no doubt that the script expects that information may be conveyed during my sleep to supplement what comes by automatic writing.... There is no reason to think that in my case the expectation aroused by the writing produces any effect on my dreams.....

"There has been no general moral advice [Shades of Imperator and Moses! H.H.], and such 'philosophical' talk as occurs seems to refer to particular philosophical views and to be meant for evidential matter rather than to have any ethical or didactic intention.... Parts resemble records of a dream."

Note the identity of the following experiences with those of "the condition between sleeping and waking":

(Pr.XX,65-7): "The first part of the writing of March 1, 1903, consisted of scraps of hexameter lines, the sort of rubbish that one might produce when half asleep.... It is not easy

always to distinguish... classes, as the reader who has followed me so far will understand, seeing how dream-like and confused are the utterances of the script."

(Pr.XX,59-62): "I have hardly ever made a pun in my life; I do not easily see analogies between words, and I am seldom amused by comic puns or interested by the ancient oracular play upon words. But it is otherwise with the automatic script. It is fond of punning and especially of punning upon names; it is indeed quite like an ancient oracle in its desire to find a meaning in a name, as well as in its complete disregard for the laws of philology.... The scribe adds the comment 'you write nicely, though there is a lack of sense owing to your want of faith.' [This note is very frequent. H.H.]... I have... no interest in derivations, no sympathy with fanciful symbolism of any sort. ... This is one of many cases where there seems no point of contact between my normal self and the productions of the scribe. ... Another characteristic of the script not shared by my normal self is a tendency to break out into verse.... I am capable, however, of producing some kind of verse, when in a condition between sleeping and waking."

(Pr.XX,75-80): "The script of June 27, 1901, was signed as follows: Two drawings of curved objects; then the words 'or a gourd.' Then three drawings representing apparently (1) a gourd, (2) a cross, (3) the horns or ears of an animal; then the words 'Moses not the prophet'; then a line between two brackets and the name 'Johann.'... Another suggestion has been made to me that in the Latin cross, taken in conjunction with 'horns' and 'Moses not the prophet,' are to be found allusions to W. Stainton Moses and his well-known 'control' Imperator. In that case there seems no explanation for the gourd or the name John.... My script on July 21, 1903, stated plainly that a certain cross—here described as a decorative Greek cross—was the mark of Rector.... But Dr. Hodgson had no recollection of any such drawing. I therefore supposed the conjunction of Rector's name and a cross to be a reminiscence of my knowledge of the Stainton Moses phenomena.....

"That the distinction between the Latin cross of Imperator and the Greek cross of Rector—not consciously observed by me was recognized by my subliminal self is clear, not only from the statement that the decorative Greek cross is the sign of Rector (July 21, 1903, *posuit signum suum ipse*), but also from the conjunction in the script of August 26, 1902, of the Latin cross with the capital I, which obviously stands for Imperator."

Mrs. Verrall seems to tend strongly to account for the script as an echo from her own mind in all cases where that is possible, but there seem to be not a few cases where it is not—here, for instance (Pr. XX, 82-3):

"The owner of the Greek cross, whether we call him Rector or not, is a specially successful communicator and seems to have a particular interest in Mrs. Piper and Dr. Hodgson; the owner of the transverse cross, on the other hand, makes efforts to produce evidential matter, but with very little success."

She by no means is an advocate for "the script" in any particular, *e.g.* (Pr. XX, 85):

"When the hand remarks that 'this is a clue,' or that 'this is verifiable,' after producing something quite vague or hopelessly confused, we can only express a pious hope that the future may justify the writer's claim. Only on three of the eleven occasions when success was claimed in this way was the claim justified."

But this (Pr. XX, 87-92) looks very much like outside agency:

"Three times the script asserted that it had made an effort to which I had not responded, and twice it complained in more general terms that it had wanted to say something, but had been prevented by me.... On the first occasion... my arm ached before I sat for writing, as it had done earlier in the day, and it is likely that with more experience I should have recognized this aching as a desire on the part of my hand to write; that is probably the explanation of the opening words of the script: *veni hodierno nondum parata eras,* 'I came to-day but you were not yet ready.' On another occasion, when I wrote in obedience to an impulse, May 3, 1901, the first words were a question as to why I had not written the day before when the hand wanted to write, and a warning that it was difficult if I refused. I felt a strong desire to write the day before while I was at a committee meeting, but naturally had not been able to yield to it. On two of the five occasions when I apparently failed to respond I was entirely unaware of any special sensation.... There are a very considerable number of remarks throughout the script addressed to me and urging me to 'go on,' or to 'wait for a result,' or to 'try again,' or to 'leave off now.'.....

"At first the script expressed a good deal of impatience with my stupidity, wilful or otherwise: 'I should like to speak, but you will not let me'; or *o mora, ingrata tibi canam,* 'O the delay, I should waste my words on you'; or again, 'how can I? help, can't you, combination is the best.' Once after reproaching me with not writing earlier, as it had long wanted to tell me something, it went on: 'you cant hear tonight. Your head is full.' Yet the next day it began: 'Why did you stop yesterday? It was interesting. But you did not understand.' In time, however, the scribe seems to have realized that the difficulties were not created wilfully by me, for its impatience unmistakably lessens with experience, and though it still tells me sometimes that the fault is mine, it seems to recognize that the fault is not

intentional. 'This is not right, but you can do no more,' is the latest expression of reproach, a very considerable modification of the incisive remarks of earlier days.... Six weeks later the script began with one of its rolling mysterious sentences that, like the poetry of dreams [Here they are again! In any such comments which may seem trivial, I have a purpose that, if not obvious, will appear in time. H.H.], appear impressive until you take a nearer view, though here, judged with the context, it may not be wholly meaningless: 'Unused of old forewarned but not exempt —none is. But we learn like you. It is hard.' Then it goes on in Latin: *monstro tibi quod vix possim; incredibile sane verum quidem. quod si credas maiora sequuntur,* and concludes: 'That is all I can do. You understand better tonight. Go on.' And henceforth, though the encouragement is still sparingly bestowed, the reproaches almost entirely cease.... An attitude of belief on the part of the person addressed is constantly recommended by the script. Patience is desired, perseverance is advised, careful recording of all that is written, even if not intelligible, is often urged; but the most frequently recurring injunction is to 'believe'—not to attach credence to a particular statement, but to have confidence, generally speaking, in the authenticity of the phenomena, and to allow the mind to assume a receptive attitude.... Although I was not aware of any particular change in my attitude between the end of August and the end of September of that year, the script seems to have been satisfied, for on Sept. 22, 1903, after referring to certain events which would—and did—occur, it went on: 'Then this writing of mine to you will bring conviction. Not to you—you have it.' Since that time no further reference to my skepticism was made till on August 14, 1904, it reproached me for not opening the 'sealed envelope' in the words: 'And you will not look—Faith is not yours.' So far as I have been able to ascertain, these remarks of the script do not correspond with any subjective feeling on my own part.... Looking through [my] diary I find there is recorded in it a distinctly increasing tendency towards what I suppose the script would call 'belief,' that is, to a disposition to attach value to the communications of the script and to attribute them to some external cause rather than to my own subliminal self."

Such unquestionably has been the general experience of the most active members of the S. P. R. And yet on the next page (Pr. XX, 93f.) the cautious writer says:

"The directions as to writing are positive and negative; I am told not to write for a certain time or to write regularly, or to write on some special day.... I have no reason to see in them anything more than the reflection of the impression which I may very well have had that the writing was poor, or that I had

been doing a good deal of it lately.... Twice ... out of four times the direction to write during a certain period proved fruitful."

Probably this was not materially more or less than the average chance.

Dreams are usually built from trivial circumstances, and while perhaps not experienced in the subliminal consciousness, are reported in the script.

(Pr.XX,121-3): "'A cradle with a phial of unguent holds the infant god. To-day the Holy One of Holies asks and obtains light for the faithful. Who in the Council of God beholds the glory? *or* Who in the Council beholds the glory of God?—with tinklings all is joyous; let the bystanders too sing.'... The script was written ... on the Festival of the Purification, or Presentation of Christ in the Temple, 'Candlemas Day.' Some of the associations with this day are certainly represented in the script, though the opening phrases, at least at first sight, are more suggestive of a Nativity than of the Purification.... On the whole I am disposed to attribute the whole performance to vague recollections suggested by the date at the head of the paper. It is true that the Festival of the Purification is not a Nativity, but it is also true that I am completely unlearned in matters of ritual, and had certainly never thought of distinguishing between their appropriate ceremonial.... A brother of my mother's was born on February 2, and I have all my life been familiar with a miniature painted by his mother, representing him as a child with two doves. It is possible that this early association of a birthday with the Feast of the Purification may be responsible for the introduction of the child and cradle into the script. It is possible also that the notion of a birthday was introduced by telepathic association with Mrs. Forbes. I was writing simultaneously with her, and I found subsequently that February 2 was her husband's birthday; so that the date February 2 undoubtedly was associated in her mind with birthday ceremonies."

Speaking of a long Orphic Greek passage, she says (Pr. XX, 128):

"I can only repeat that I cannot conceive myself under any normal circumstances using the words or entertaining the ideas of this curious fragment. Till my attention was attracted by the script, I had no knowledge of Orphism beyond what must be acquired in the course of classical reading by one who has always been interested in Platonism, the Platonism of Plato, that is to say, and not Neo-Platonism or any other imitation or modification, ancient or modern, of Plato."

The following (Pr. XX, 135-7) is the exact opposite of Stainton Moses's impression:

"But I should be giving a thoroughly false idea of the contents of the script if I allowed it to be supposed that the greater part, even of this verifiable matter, appears in the form of communications from supposed discarnate spirits. The information is for the most part stated without any color other than is made inevitable by the personal form of the phraseology. 'Tell So and So,' or more frequently, 'Someone ought to remember this.'... Often the incident is related without any suggestion of its connection with other portions of the script or any clue to its meaning.... That an intimate connection exists between the contents of the automatic writing and my own mind... is shown in the languages used, in quotations from authors known to me, in allusions to literary and other subjects familiar to me, and in many other ways.... The manner of expression seems to show that the script is referring to my own actual knowledge, exactly as a third person might do; there are also some cases where the script shows revived memories beyond the range of my conscious recollection; there are a few traces of reference to things thought of by me just before writing; and there are some traceable connections between my dreams and the automatic writing."

Here (p. 139) is another comparison with dreams:

"I have... watched carefully to see if in the automatic writing, as often in dreams, I could trace reminiscences of recent events or impressions. But to my surprise... in the whole 306 pieces of writing I can find only five occasions where the writing distinctly refers to something that had occurred shortly before its production."

It is hard to determine the general experience regarding some features of dreams. Touching this one, my dream experiences correspond with Mrs. Verrall's regarding the writing; they are shaped very little by actual events whose connection is traceable.

The connection of the writings with dreams does not seem to have been more intimate than that of any other set of these strange phenomena. Though the writing occasionally said something about truth to be ascertained in dreams, apparently nothing came of it.

(Pr.XX,156): "I think beyond dispute that the script was influenced by the desire of my husband unknown to me, that it should produce a certain phrase consisting of three Greek words,

for it seems to have made a large number of attempts—with varying success—to reproduce these words."

Before her absolute candor, it is reasonable to accept her estimate that half these would-be evidential references to her husband in the script are correct. This circumstance seems to indicate that the main influence in the script is external: for if it were all mainly the product of Mrs. Verrall's subliminal self (please try to remember the sense in which I use the term), the proportion of successes would probably be larger. Assuming that Mrs. Verrall's view is correct, what seems to be proved is some feeble telepathy between Professor and Mrs. Verrall, and a faint echo of Mrs. Verrall's first impression by the script.

On the other hand, Mrs. Verrall says (Pr. XX, 184) of the following cases:

"No one of these cases taken alone is of much evidential value, but the three taken together perhaps show some reflection in the script of thoughts and actions telepathically or otherwise not normally conveyed."

This is a much more moderate view than I take. To me the passages very strongly indicate telepathy, unless some other communication has escaped attention.

Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Dew Smith ("Alice") were in the habit of sitting simultaneously, but at a distance, in search of correspondence in their script. Here is Mrs. Verrall's account slightly condensed (Pr. XX, 183-4):

"(*a*) June 21, 1903 (Switzerland). 'What is Alice doing? She has found a house now—ask. A little house near a wood, with a sunny garden on one side.' I had not seen Mrs. Dew Smith since April and knew nothing of her intentions: at the end of July, on returning from Switzerland, I heard from her that she had been wanting to find a small house in the New Forest with a garden, but had no particular house in view.

"(*b*) Aug. 31, 1903. 'Tell Alice from me the pen (or pin) will be found and can then be given back. But she is too anxious.' I was uncertain whether the word was pen or pin, and asked Mrs. Dew Smith when I saw her on September 1, whether she had lost either a pen or a pin. She said that she had not. But the next day she remembered and told me that on Aug. 31 she missed a little parcel of pens which she valued and about which she had written to make inquiries. The pens were eventually found, but not till some months later.

"(*c*) Dec. 23, 1904. 'Now give this message to Alice Dew. Her plan is a good one and she should carry it out at once: I know there is some disapproval but that will pass. She is quite right in her view. Tell her that. Tell her with emphasis. She is to do it & not be deterred by their criticism. She sat alone last night late but I could not make her hear. She will remember the little tinkling bell. That will prove my truth.' In a letter of December 27, Mrs. Dew Smith told me ... that for the last six months her mind had been full of a plan for building a cottage ... and that all her friends opposed her plans and criticised the scheme.... She ... said that not being alone she had only once since leaving town made automatic experiments. She had unusual difficulty and obtained nothing.... She also said that she had a strong impression of hearing a little bell outside the house one evening ... but was not sure that it was on the evening mentioned."

There's possibly a little touch of prophecy about the pens.

October 9, 1892, while Mrs. Verrall was away from home, the script gave (Pr. XX, 189):

"'To the dark tower came who? ask him who? and where? The tower was dark & cold, but we all loved it. He will remember write regularly—there is truth in this.'"

And on Mrs. Verrall's return it appeared that Professor Verrall had been reading Browning's *Childe Roland.* There are many similar telepathic indications. The success with their daughter and Mrs. Sidgwick and her brothers was not so great, and so with other friends (p. 203), all of which corresponds with the degree of intimacy, but, on the other hand (pp. 198-9), with energetic members of S. P. R. the proportion rises again, and it is highest with Hodgson, probably the most energetic of them all. This suggests an effect from their deep interest in the subject and constant occupation with it—a sort of telepathy.

Mrs. Verrall's enthusiasm and ingenuity enable her to find many more indications of verification than my slow wits can recognize; but that fact, however viewed, does not affect the suggestions coming from the proportions in the various classes of allusions named above.

There were many apparent prophecies that came to nothing, but some were more successful. Here is one (Pr. XX, 322-3):

"On September 4th, 1901, at the end of a long piece of writing, the script, in quite a different hand, wrote: 'Madment Maidment Evan awnsley November 1857.' And on September 7th it wrote: 'MAIMENTISWITHIN. on the right-hand side as you look—the window is behind, so it is not very plain to read. But he knows it.'

"On September 30th, or possibly September 28th, I went with my hostess to a shop in Winchester, and noticed the name 'Maidment,' not outside the shop, but on a paper bag hanging up inside the shop on the right-hand wall. The shop-window was behind me, when I was within the shop, but the name was quite plain to read. At the time I did not connect it with anything; it was only after my return from Winchester that, on reading through the copies of the script and finding the words 'Maiment is within,' I remembered having noticed the name Maidment within a shop at Winchester. I then remembered the reading of a letter from someone called Rawnsley, but the date 'November 1857' has no discoverable connection with this or any other incident known to me."

Mrs. Verrall gives several other instances. She prefers to call them "anticipations" rather than prophecies.

Mrs. Verrall's account of the psychology and physiology of the writing seemed to deserve so much space that there has been little left for its substance. But we shall have a little more when we come to the subject of Cross-Correspondences.

CHAPTER XLIII

THE PIPER-HODGSON CONTROL IN AMERICA

In December, 1905, Hodgson died, and we come now to what profess to be a series of manifestations from his post-carnate self. The principal ones appear in three papers in Pr. XXIII, and are admirably edited; the first by Professor James, the second by Mr. Piddington and Mrs. Sidgwick, and the third by Sir Oliver Lodge. Wherever the strange material came from, this account we are about to consider is one of the most remarkable productions in all literature. I grieve at the necessity of condensing it. Those who care for the strange, perhaps instructive, and certainly moving experience of reading it complete, can obtain it in Pr. Part LVIII.

In considering these reports, we shall be aided by a better knowledge of the manner of man Hodgson was. He was born in Melbourne, Australia, in 1855, graduated at the Melbourne University, which subsequently gave him an LL.D., went to Cambridge to study philosophy, and took honors in 1881. Mrs. Sidgwick says, in a memoir in Pr. XIX, 356f.:

"It was characteristic of him that, having thus qualified for a degree, his friends had some difficulty in persuading him to take it, because the ceremony involved kneeling to the Vice-Chancellor, and he did not wish to bend the knee to any man."

He studied for a time at Jena, then lectured in University Extension courses in England, and upon Spencer at Cambridge. Mrs. Sidgwick says (p. 357):

"But he was not consciously a follower of Herbert Spencer or of any other philosopher. Indeed he was always a man of great independence of mind, with an almost inconceivable dislike of following others. It was, I suppose, to give relief to this feeling, and as a symbol of his desire to take an independent line, that he adopted while at Cambridge an evening dress suit of brown cloth instead of the ordinary black one. This becoming but eccentric costume he discontinued after some years,

realizing, doubtless, that it was not worth while expending energy in diverging from custom in unimportant details."

At Cambridge, while a student, he formed an enduring friendship with Henry Sidgwick, and was one of the small group whose names appear in the first published list of members of the S. P. R.

In 1884 the Society sent him to India to investigate Madame Blavatsky, and his report in Pr. III showed her up completely. It was especially while in India that he became an expert in conjuring tricks. He also became an expert in handwriting.

His work was almost entirely destructive of fraud and error (see paper on *Mal-observation and Loss of Memory* in Pr. IV, and one on *Imitations by Conjuring of Phenomena sometimes attributed to Spirit Agency,* in Pr. VIII), until he met Mrs. Piper's phenomena in 1887, when he went to America as secretary of the American S. P. R. As we have already seen, he began observing those phenomena with the skeptical mind developed by his experience of fraud and error, soon accepted their genuineness, and ended by giving them the spiritistic interpretation.

Abundant reasons will appear for obtruding a word regarding my own acquaintance with Hodgson. It began through common friends in Boston not long after his arrival in America. I always knew him as full of life, work, and amiability, but there is one feature of his life which is of great importance in connection with his work, that involves a reference to the less cheerful side every life must have.

Hodgson was received hospitably by some of the most conservative people in conservative Boston; but he was not a conservative man, and, as Mrs. Sidgwick has indicated, did not wear conservative clothes. Moreover, his work was not of a kind that appeals to conservative people, and was associated with general vague ideas of fraud. The result of all these influences was that not a few places in Boston which at first knew Hodgson, gradually came to know him not. I have stated this fact to give due weight to the contrasting and, in our study, most important fact that, as he reached his conviction of the relations of humanity with a broader and better life after this one, his character began to grow, until

he came to hold a broader and higher place in the regard of his neighbors than he had ever held. One of the best known of them, who had lost touch with him, but recovered it, said to me of his change of belief (which was not entirely indorsed by the speaker): "It made him a saint." At the Tavern Club he grew from a man viewed perhaps at times a little askance, into one of the best beloved—in fact, from the printed record of the memorial meeting, where noted men of ordinarily studied speech unreservedly poured out their sorrow at their loss of "Dick," and their joy in remembering him, it might well be inferred that he was indeed the best beloved.

Yet, though a saint, he was, as Mr. Piddington hints below, of his church militant, and when he came to believe that the ostensible words of Imperator and his companions, especially those relating to the well-being of the medium and the preservation of the light, had a more than earthly sanction, if anybody went counter to their injunctions, he let nothing impede the full expression of what he felt to be righteous indignation. He regarded himself as high priest in a sacred temple, and, despite his great and many virtues, was not entirely exempt from faults against which all priesthoods have had to struggle. Yet he was a very modern and genial saint; he was no ascetic; nothing human was alien from him; he had perfect health and enjoyed all things, but was temperate in the things where men are least apt to be temperate. He was a very valiant trencherman, but when the Imperator gang put him on a vegetable diet, he stuck to it religiously, though copiously; and he submitted, too, to other mortifications of the flesh and spirit which the guides in whom he believed enjoined upon him. But no mortifications checked the buoyancy of his nature. Mr. Piddington notes (Pr. XIX, 363f.):

"He died playing a game, and in the circumstance of his death there was nothing inappropriate,—I had almost said that it was characteristic.....

"Society in the conventional sense had no attractions for him [but he was made at home in some of the best and least accessible. H.H.], and each summer found him a delighted and a welcome guest among a circle of intimate friends in the Adirondack Mountains or at Bar Harbor. At Putnam's Camp in

the Adirondacks especially he could indulge to the full his pleasure in the companionship of children. He loved children—big and little—and they him. With them he became a boy again. He led their games, and the first to tire was never Hodgson. When he died, the first thought of more than one parent was not of their own loss, but 'What will our children do without him?.....'

"Once his mind was made up, he became constitutionally unable to appreciate another point of view, and his strong convictions were accompanied by an almost righteous indignation at the perversity of the other fellow.... If he played, or wrote, or talked for victory with excessive zeal, I do not believe for one moment that egotism was the cause. *He knew* his side was in the right, and his plain duty was to make that side prevail: a refreshing trait in the indifferent days when we lazily incline to hold that there is so much to be said for any side of a question that it matters little which gains the day.... He must, so it seems to me, have had his moments when with the Psalmist he might have cried: 'Of thy goodness slay mine enemies: and destroy all them that vex my soul.' But, mark you, as with the Psalmist so with him: his enemies were always the Lord's enemies too.....

"Still there was a very tender side to his character, which perhaps came out most fully in his intercourse with those who, raw from some recent bereavement, came for hope or consolation to him.... To such as these he gave lavishly of his time, his counsel and his sympathy.... Many of them poured out their hearts to him without restraint; and he, though naturally a man of deep reserve where his innermost emotions were concerned, would, repaying confidence with confidence, reveal to them his own most intimate experiences and convictions, in the hope of thereby lightening the darkness or assuaging the bitterness of their despondency. And he won not only their confidence but their gratitude also, and often their affection.

"His failings, such as they were, were the outcome of his intense earnestness. His virtues were those of a noble type of man."

And yet, despite the tenacity Mr. Piddington attributes to him, he changed from one of the most destructive critics of the spiritistic hypothesis into one of its most powerful supporters.

This happy, helpful, saintly soul is alleged to speak to us through Mrs. Piper, from the emancipated and illuminated life that he had looked forward to with eagerness—such eagerness that he was impatient to leave even the life here which, in spite of his share of disappointment and loneliness,

his temperament, and latterly his faith, had made an exceptionally happy one.

This impatience of his brings up something that I shall have more to say about later—there being possible a degree of certainty regarding a future life that would interfere with the usefulness and happiness of this one. Hodgson's certainty had no such bad results, but probably the reason is that this very certainty kept him hard at work, though it was in the effort to unravel the mysteries of the life he believed in and longed to escape to. Not all who might have that certainty could find similar occupation, and what amounted to such a certainty has disinclined myriads of men from any occupation at all.

On December 20, 1905, while Hodgson was playing handball at the Rowing Club in Boston, his heart failed and he fell dead. Eight days later, says James (Pr. XXIII, 2-4):

"a message purporting to come from him was delivered in a trance of Mrs. Piper's, and she has hardly held a sitting since then without some manifestation of what professed to be Hodgson's spirit taking place. Hodgson had often during his lifetime laughingly said that if he ever passed over and Mrs. Piper was still officiating here below, he would control her better than she had ever yet been controlled in her trances, because he was so thoroughly familiar with the difficulties and conditions on this side. Indeed he was; so that this would seem *primâ facie* a particularly happy conjunction of spirit with medium by which to test the question of spirit return.....

"The earliest messages from 'Hodgson' have been communicated by 'Rector,' but he soon spoke in his own name, and the only question which I shall consider in this paper is this: *Are there any unmistakable indications in the messages in question that something that we may call the 'spirit' of Hodgson was probably really there?...*"

James farther says (Pr. XXIII, 4):

"Sources other than R. H.'s surviving spirit for the veridical communications from the Hodgson control may be enumerated as follows:

"(1) Lucky chance-hits.

"(2) Common gossip.

"(3) Indications unwarily furnished by the sitters.

"(4) Information received from R. H., during his lifetime, by the waking Mrs. P. and stored up, either supraliminally or subliminally, in her memory.

"(5) Information received from the living R. H., or others, at sittings, and kept in Mrs. Piper's trance-memory, but out of reach of her waking consciousness.

"(6) 'Telepathy,' *i.e.*, the tapping of the sitter's mind, or that of some distant living person, in an inexplicable way.

"(7) Access to some cosmic reservoir, where the memory of all mundane facts is stored and grouped around personal centers of association."

Conviction of Hodgson's survival depends less upon what Hodgson is alleged to say than upon conviction that Hodgson says it—that the qualities that go to make up the personality, speaking or writing—the ideas, interests, tastes, emotions, manners of expression under various circumstances, are Hodgson's. But James would probably not have regarded these as the "unmistakable indications" that he wanted. He did not get them, and I do not believe that it is part of the system of things that, even if there is postcarnate survival, we, at least in our present stage of development, are going to have "unmistakable indications" of it. Hodgson living, or any other man, could report incidents in the past incorrectly, could have odd bits of ignorance and odd bits of knowledge; Hodgson going through the presumably vast change of death would, it seems, almost inevitably have his recollections much interfered with; but there or here, what characterizes a man most and longest is not his accurate memories. Accidents or disease, even often including that result of either denominated secondary personality, may blot out not only the "verifiable memories," but all the memories except those required for the mechanical functions of existence; and yet whatever the blotting out, the remnant of the individual left is generally recognizable as the one he was before. This recognition is often enormously helped by the visible man. To attain it without such help would strengthen the evidence of identity, and to attain it in spite of the communications coming through a visible body different even in sex from that previously occupied by the person recognized, would, other things even, be evidence stronger still. But what has come under these circumstances, James did not accept as "unmistakable." Moreover in all these cases the visible body may be assumed to be *acting* the alleged personality, so whatever alternate possibilities may be framed, in the case of medium and alleged

communicator, we are driven back to the fundamental question: Is the medium acting the communicator, or is the communicator actually existent and expressing himself through the medium? This question every reader is going to decide for himself. We may not all of us be able to act as judges or counsel, but we are all of us supposed to be capable of sitting on the jury.

In making selections from James's presentation of this case, I am, for the reasons stated, not going to pay special attention to the evidential or non-evidential character of any communication. The matter over which, under that title, the sitters, supervisors of sittings, and editors of records have labored most, seems to me at length demonstrated by their labors to weigh the least, or rather to have its weight about evenly distributed in both scales. I shall later, however, present additional considerations tending to show that it does not legitimately control the issue at all.

Outside, however, of the verifiable matter to which the term "evidential" has been unjustifiably restricted, there are other considerations worthy of attention. James says (Pr. XXIII, 5):

"Mrs. Piper had known H. well for many years, and one sees that her subliminal powers of personation would have had an unusually large amount of material to draw upon in case they wished to get up a make-believe spirit of Hodgson. So far, then, from his particular case being an unusually good one by which to test the claim that Mrs. Piper is possessed during her trances by the spirits of our departed friends, it would seem to be a particularly poor one for that purpose. I have come to the conclusion that it is an exceptionally poor one."

But is not the force of all this negatived by the fact that Mrs. Piper has done just as well with many other alleged communicators, often persons from whom she had no material at all, as with Hodgson? The cases already quoted will be realized abundantly to demonstrate that fact. And James farther says (p. 5):

"Hodgson's familiarity when in the flesh with the difficulties at this end of the line has not made him show any more expertness as a spirit than other communicators have shown; and for his successes there are far more naturalistic explanations avail-

able than is the case with the other spirits who have professed to control Mrs. Piper."

No: in the respects which to many will seem most important, Hodgson was no better communicator than the Thaw and Sutton babies. That, as well as the considerations in my preceding paragraph, certainly tends to show that Mrs. Piper's work did not depend on previous knowledge, and if it did, the reader will judge whether it was possible for her to use it as she did.

James goes on to say (p. 6):

"Abstractly, it seems very plausible to suppose that R. H. (who systematically imposed on himself the law of never mentioning the content of any trance in her waking presence) might have methodically adopted a plan of entertaining her on his visits by reciting all the little happenings of his days, and that it is this chronicle of small beer, stored in her memory, that now comes out for service in simulating his spirit-identity."

Such things of course count, but, as I am beginning to insist, in view of the failures in the same direction, they don't count much, and in view of the other considerations—not so much of what is said as of how it is said, they often seem not to count at all. I go so far as to say that, to judge as far as one can from printed records, if the control had been persistently lying, there would have been a feeling that, despite his truthfulness on earth, it was Hodgson who was doing the lying.

James begins the record (Pr. XXIII, 6-7):

"There was something dramatically so like him in the utterances of those earliest days, gradually gathering 'strength' as they did, that those who had cognizance of them were much impressed."

This dramatic power, or else manifestation of individuality, exists in spite of the notorious scantness and imperfection of the communications. From the scant material on hand, there could even be "hypothetical cases" constructed, lawyer fashion, which would be entitled to as much weight as real ones—and perhaps they could be constructed equally well for and against.

To avoid constant circumlocution, I will provisionally

write as if Hodgson were really speaking. Indeed, I doubt if I could persistently do otherwise: for the utterances are so natural that all the editors of the Pr. S. P. R. unconsciously fall into that way of expression.

Hodgson had difficulty in recalling names of persons when he well remembered circumstances concerning them (Pr. XXIII, 42), and this while the sitter remembered them perfectly. Now if the medium was simply reading the sitter's mind, why did she not read those names, which were probably the most distinct things in it? On the other hand, however, if it was really Hodgson's spirit communicating, does not his forgetfulness of names correspond with the oft-alleged benumbed condition of the faculties resulting from the transition to the spirit state? May not this condition correspond somewhat to that produced by advancing years, when proper names are the first things to disappear from the mind, even while it still appears to be gaining accretions of other things? January 8, 1906, he answers the remark, "You are just the same as ever," with, "Not quite as full of energy as I wish, but give me time"; and January 23 he says, "I am not strong."

They generally speak of the difficulty of communication. Thus on January 8, 1906, the second sitting, between two and three weeks after his death, he says (p. 9):

"Exceedingly difficult to come very. I understand why Myers came seldom. I must leave. I cannot stay."

Compare George Pelham's remark to me regarding communicating through a medium: "I find it difficult to get anything through this protoplasm."

James says (Pr. XXIII, 7) the first alleged appearance of Hodgson

"was at Miss Theodate Pope's sitting on Dec. 28th, 1905 [the eighth day after Hodgson's death. H.H.].... Rector had been writing, when the hand dropped the pencil and worked convulsively several seconds in a very excited manner.

"Miss P.: 'What is the matter?' [The hand, shaking with apparently great excitement, wrote the letter H,... bearing down so hard on the paper that the point of the pencil was broken. It then wrote 'Hodgson.']

Was all this a "put-up job"? And if so, who put it up, and why?

"Miss P.: 'God bless you!' [The hand writes 'I am'—followed by rapid scrawls, as if regulator of machine were out of order.] Miss P.: 'Is this my friend?' [Hand assents by knocking five times on paper-pad.] (Rector): 'Peace, friends, he is here, it was he, but he could not remain, he was so choked. He is doing all in his power to return.... Better wait for a few moments until he breathes freer again.'"

Do spirits require a supply of oxygen, or is the expression metaphorical for something not accurately communicable to our intelligence? It occurs several times. Frequently the "spirits" say they are tired, especially in the transition from the body. The expression "choked" may be purely metaphorical, yet it hardly reinforces my faith in spiritism. Lombroso says (*After Death—What?*, 197):

"In a séance with Delanne in Algiers, Richet was favored with several apparitions of an Arab phantasm called Benny Boa, who disappeared by sinking through the solid earth, then reappeared, pressed the hands of the spectators, and in response to a test with a solution of baryta showed that he breathed out carbonic acid gas, a thing that would assuredly have been impossible in the case of a mere semblance of a living being (as certain critics would suspect), nor could it have been arranged beforehand by a trickster."

This story is not stimulative of faith either. But to proceed with the sittings (p. 7f.):

"Miss P.: 'I will.' (R.): 'Presently he will be able to conduct all here.' Miss P.: 'That is good news.' (R.): 'Listen. Everything is for the best. He holds in his hand a ring.... He is showing it to you. Cannot you see it, friend?' Miss P.: 'I cannot see it. Have him tell me about it.' (R.): 'Do you understand what it means?' Miss P.: 'I know he had a very attractive ring.' (R.): 'Margaret.'

"'All' was then written, with a 'B' after it, and Miss P. asked 'what is that?' 'A,' 'B' and 'L' followed, but no explanation. [The explanation will be given later.].....

"At Miss Pope's next sitting (five days later), after some talk about him from Rector, R. H. appeared for the second time, and in the character, familiar to him, of being a well-spring of poetical lore. Mrs. Piper's hand cramped most awkwardly, first dropped and then broke the pencil. A new one being given, the hand wrote as follows:

"'RICHARD HODGSON I AM WELL HAPPY GLAD I CAME GOD BLESS POPE'

"Miss Pope: 'Many thanks.' [Then the hand wrote:—]

"'It lies not in her form or face
Tho these are passing fair,
Nor in the woman's tone of grace,
Nor in her falling hair;
It lies not in those wondrous eyes
That swiftly light and shine,
Tho all the stars of all the skies
Than these are less divine.

I am only practising.' Miss P.: 'Who wrote it?' (Rector): 'Richard only.' Miss P.: 'When?' 'Now.' Miss P.: 'Doesn't it exist on paper in our world?' 'No.' Miss P.: 'Did you really make that up?' 'Yes.' Miss P.: 'Well, you are clever.' (R. H.): 'If you ever find this in your world, never believe in this world!' Miss P.: 'I shall look for it, you may be sure.' (R. H.): 'Good! Think I'm asleep? Not much! My head. I must leave you now.' (Rector): 'It is impossible for us to hold him—that is all.' Miss P.: 'Rector, did he dictate that poem to you?... Do you think he made it up?' (Rector): 'I do positively know he did.... Farewell!'

"At the second sitting after this (Jan. 8th, 1906), Miss Pope again being the sitter, R. H. appeared again, writing as follows: 'I am Hodgson ... I heard your call—I know you—you are Miss Pope. Piper instrument. I am happy exceedingly difficult to come very. I understand why Myers came seldom. I must leave. I cannot stay. I cannot remain to-day.... (A tobacco-pouch that had belonged to Hodgson was presently given to the Medium as an 'influence,' when the writing went on:—) I am in the witness-box, do you remember?—Do you remember my promise to shake you up?' Miss P.: 'I once asked Geo. P[elham] to "shake me up."' (R. H.): 'No, I do not mean that.' Miss P.: 'What do you mean?' (R. H.): 'I said that if I got over here first I would soon learn how to communicate.—I would not make a botch of it.' Miss P.: 'I remember—indeed you did.' (R. H.): 'I am certainly R. H. I am sure. I have joined dear old G. Pelham, who did so much for me—more than all the rest put together. [After a few words in Rector's name, a brush that had belonged to Hodgson was put into the medium's hand.] ... Did you receive my lines to Miss D.?' [Referring apparently to the verses at the previous sitting.] Miss P.: 'Good, that is most interesting.' (R. H.): 'Amen! Miss D——' [This name, correctly given, is that of the cousin of R. H., mentioned as 'Q' in previous reports, a name well known to the trance-consciousness.—W.J.] Miss P.: 'Miss D——?' (R. H.): 'Yes. Ah, ah, ah,' (which written words indicate laughter). Miss P.:

'What does that mean?'—(referring to the 'ah, ah'). (R. H.): 'I am amused at you. Yet? found them?' [*i.e.*, the verses, in any previous copy. H.H.] Miss P.: 'No, I haven't.' (R. H.): 'It will take the remainder of your earthly life, and then you'll fail.' Miss P.: 'You are just the same as ever.' (R. H.): 'Not quite as full of energy as I wish, but give me time.'

"On Jan. 16th and Jan. 17th, R. H. spoke again to Miss Pope, but without anything evidential in matter—or in manner either, unless the following be counted as dramatically like:—'I shall never assume control here. Imperator shall lead me. In his care I am safe. I was met by him. There will be no moaning at the bar when I pass out to sea—remember it?... [After some more non-evidential talk, R. H. mentions his living friend, Miss Bancroft, and says:—] Give my love to her and tell her I hope to speak with her soon.

"'It seems as if the wondrous land
Within her vision lay:
I dimly sense the mystic strand
Behind the glorious gray.

To Margaret Bancroft. Give her this. She has light' [*i.e.*, mediumistic capacity. H.H.]. [Correct.—W.J.] Miss P.: 'Yes. Is this your own?' (R. H.): 'I just made it for her.... Tell her I shall never forget those hills, the water, our talks, and the delightful visit I had with her. [Correct.—W.J.] ... Ask her if she knows anything about my watch being stopped. Do you? I must go out and get a little breath.' [Again, do spirits need oxygen? H.H.] [Miss B. writes:—'I think the watch means *my* watch. We had a number of jokes about the frequent stopping of my watch.']

"On Jan. 23rd, 1906, Mrs. Wm. James, and W. James, Jr., had a sitting at which R. H. used the medium's voice and gave a very life-like impression of his presence. The record runs as follows: 'Why, there's Billy! Is that Mrs. James and Billy? God bless you! Well, well, well, this is good! [Laughs.] I am in the witness-box. [Laughs.] I have found my way, I am here, have patience with me. All is well with me. Don't miss me. Where's William? Give him my love and tell him I shall certainly live to prove all I know.....'"

Is this an inadvertence somewhere, or has the alleged spirit-plane its "death," as our plane has?

Note that this "proving" was a very dominant interest throughout, as it seems to be with the controls generally. Where did Mrs. Piper get it all?

"'Something on my mind. I want Lodge to know everything. I have seen Myers. I must rest. [After an interval he

comes in again:—] ... Remember, every communication *must* have the human element. I understand better now why I had so little from Myers. [To W. J., Jr.] What discourages you about your art? [W. J., Jr., was studying painting.] Oh, what good times we had, fishing! Believe, Billy, wherever you go, whatever you do, there is a God.'"

The Ring Incident. (Pr.XXIII,13f.)

"On Jan. 16th, Miss Pope being again the sitter, the R. H. control suddenly wrote: 'Give ring to Margaret back to Margaret.' [Mrs. Lyman's name [pseudonym. H.H.] is not Margaret.] Miss P.: 'Who is Margaret?' R. H.: 'I was with her in summer.' Miss P.: 'All right, but the ring has not been found yet. Can you find out where it is?' R. H.: 'The undertaker got it.....'

"On January 24th, Mrs. Lyman herself had her first sitting. As soon as Hodgson appeared he wrote: 'The ring. You gave it me on my fiftieth birthday. When they asked I didn't want to say you gave it me, I didn't want to say that.... Two palm-leaves joining each other—Greek. [Here followed an illegible word. The palms truly described the ring, which Mrs. Piper probably had seen; but it bore no Greek inscription....] You gave it me—' Mrs. L.: 'Yes, Dick, where is it now?' R. H.: 'They have got it. They took it off my finger after I was gone.' Mrs. L.: 'No, they didn't find it on your finger.' R. H.: 'Pocket, it was in my pocket. I'll find it, you shall have it.'

"On January 29th, Mrs. L. had another sitting. The Hodgson control wrote: 'I have been trying to make clear about that ring. It is on my mind all the time. I thought if I could get Margaret B. to get it for me, I would get it to you through her, then no one would understand. I could not tell Miss Pope about you.' Mrs. L.: 'Did you think Margaret B. gave it to you?' R. H.: 'Oh dear no! not at all.' Mrs. L.: 'Then why did you speak of her?' R. H.: 'I could trust her absolutely, and no one could understand. She would never betray it. You gave it to me on my 50th birthday. Palms and R. H. [Then a possible attempt to draw a symbol engraved on the ring.] No one living knows this but myself and yourself.' [Note the term "living" as applied to himself. H.H.] Mrs. L.: 'That is true, but what was the motto in the ring?' R. H.: 'All will be clear to me in time. Do not ask me test questions now.....'"

His failure to remember it is one of the most knock-down anti-evidential arguments, but it is equally anti-telepathic. His never speaking of the ring to other friends, the Jameses, and Mr. Dorr, seems very "evidential."

"On March 5th R. H. again inquires of Mrs. Lyman about the ring. She then asks him: 'Did you have it on that last day when you went to the boat-club?' [R. H. died while playing a game of hand-ball at the boat-club.] R. H.: 'I certainly had it on that day.' Mrs. L.: 'You told Miss P. the undertaker got it.' R. H.: 'Thought he did and I am sure a man took it from my finger. [After a few more words R. H. continues:] I had that ring on my finger when I started for the club, I recall putting it in my pocket. I did so because it hurt my finger when playing ball. I am not dreaming, I am clear. When I get here first I am a little stuffy, but I am as clear now as I ever was, I put it in my waistcoat pocket.'"

These absolutely individual sentences with all their spontaneities, inter-plays, and fitnesses, and thousands of others like them all come from "alternate selves" of Mrs. Piper, do they?

"Mrs. L.: 'Why do you think a man stole it?' R. H.: 'I saw it on a finger.... I put it in my pocket, and the one who took care of my clothes is responsible for it.... What did they do with my waistcoat?'

"On May 16th, on being told that the ring is not yet found, the R. H. control writes: 'I saw it taken by a man from my locker. He was in charge at the time and he has my ring.... I shall be able to discover his name so you may be able to find it. I see where he goes and the house where he lives, plainly... [a description of the house and man. H.H.]. I see the ring on his finger clearly. The waistcoat was in his room when I entered the light a few moments ago. I am as sure of this as I am that you are Mrs. Lyman.'

"In point of fact the ring was found a couple of months later in the pocket of Hodgson's waistcoat, which had been too carelessly explored for it, and which had lain during all the interval in a room at the house of Mr. Dorr, with whom the Hodgson control had all the time been having frequent communications.

"The whole incident lends itself easily to a naturalistic interpretation. Mrs. Piper or her trance-consciousness may possibly have suspected the source of the ring. Mrs. Lyman's manner may have confirmed the suspicion. The manner in which the first misleading reference to 'Margaret' was afterwards explained away may well have been the cunning of a 'control' trying plausibly to cover his tracks and justify his professed identity."

But, please, what is a "control"? And why does one want to be taken for somebody else? Is this explanation "naturalistic"? It seems to my poor wits to grant the whole

case, and reminds me of the deniers of telepathy availing themselves of it to explain away spiritism. Or does he mean a control faked by Mrs. Piper? If James had not already grown past that, he gave indications that he had later.

"The description of the house and of the man to whom he ascribes its present possession sounds like vague groping, characteristic also of control-cunning."

But why should there be "control-cunning"? Is it anything like commentator-cunning?

James proceeds, without any "cunning" (p. 16):

"On the other hand, if the hypothesis be seriously entertained that Hodgson's spirit was there in a confused state, using the permanent Piper automatic machinery to communicate through, the whole record is not only plausible but natural. It presents just that mixture of truth and groping which we ought to expect. Hodgson has the ring 'on his mind' just as Mrs. Lyman has. Like her, he wishes its source not to be bruited abroad. He describes it accurately enough, truly tells of his taking it to the fatal boat-club, and of putting into his waistcoat-pocket there, of the waistcoat being taken from the locker, and vaguely, but not quite erroneously, indicates its present position."

And why should it not be even "quite erroneously"? Nearly all the reasoning I have seen on these matters is vitiated by the entirely gratuitous traditional assumption that if a soul survives death, it enters at once into measureless wisdom. Hodgson (?) and the rest seem pretty much the same sort of people that they were here, and I for one am glad of it. James continues:

"Mrs. Lyman's [pseudonym, remember. H.H.] own impression of the incident is as follows: '... Had he had entire control he would never have mentioned the ring until I had come to a sitting, but in his half-dreamy state something slipped out to Miss Pope, the sitter, aided telepathically perhaps by her knowledge that he had lately worn an unusual-looking ring which she knew was missing after his death. I am sure that Miss Pope thought the ring would be a good "test," so that although she was not the first to speak of it, it must certainly have been in her mind. It is characteristic of R. H. that even in his half-conscious state he is able to keep his own counsel so well. The word Margaret and the letters B and L which followed the mention of the ring at the very first sitting seem to refer to Miss Margaret Bancroft and myself. He knew that Miss Bancroft had 'light,' and he seems to feel that if he can only reach her

she will understand what he wants. He was well aware of my own morbid dislike of having my affairs mentioned at the trance outside of my own sittings. You know that curious trait of suspicion in Hodgson's absolutely honest nature—trained in him professionally. When Miss Pope tells him the ring cannot be found, he at once thinks: "there was my body, and my clothes, etc., I believe the undertaker took it." Then I myself, Mrs. Lyman, come and again tell him the ring can't be found. His earthly memories presently become clear and he tells me exactly what he did with it before his death. But his suspicious side has been aroused—you know how anything once registered on the trance-machinery ["Trance machinery" is good, but is it entirely consistent without the rest of the explanation? H.H.] seems to make an impression and tends to recur—and again he thinks that someone took it. Nothing could be more characteristic of H. than his indignant remark about the man who had charge of his clothes being *responsible*. It all seems to me the kind of unpractical thing that a man would do in a dream. There are strong characteristics of R. H. in it, but it is R. H. dreaming and troubled. I am glad I haven't to make myself intelligible to a stranger to the persons involved; but knowing them as I do, I feel my own way straight through the maze, and the explanation is clear.'"

James resumes (Pr. XXIII, 17):

"This incident of the ring seems to me a typical example of the ambiguity of possible interpretation that so constantly haunts us in the Piper phenomenon. If you are willing beforehand to allow that a half-awakened spirit may come and mix its imperfect memories with the habits of the trance-automatism, and you apperceive the message sympathetically, what you get is entirely congenial with your hypothesis. But if you insist that nothing but knock-down evidence for the spirits shall be counted, then, since what comes is also compatible with natural causes, your hardness of heart remains unbroken, and you continue to explain things by automatic personation and accidental coincidence, with perhaps a dash of thought-transference thrown in. People will interpret this ring-episode harmoniously with their prepossessions. Taken by itself its evidential value is weak; but experience shows, I think, that a large number of incidents, hardly stronger than this one, will almost always produce a cumulative effect on the mind of a sitter whose affairs they implicate, and dispose him to the spiritistic view. It grows first possible, then plausible, then natural, and finally probable in a high degree."

Regarding this ring incident, Podmore got so far as to say (*New. Spir.*, p. 217):

"The interpretation of this incident, as Professor James has pointed out, is ambiguous. It is consistent either with the theory of fishing and general cunning on the part of the trance intelligence playing a new part, or with the theory of a living Hodgson, still half-mazed by the great change and without full control of his reason or his memories."

James continues:

"The next incident I will cite is one which at a certain moment gave me a little thrill, as if I might be really talking with my old friend. (I have to make the personal confession that this reality-coefficient, as Professor Baldwin calls it, has generally been absent from my mind when dealing with the Piper-controls or reading reports of their communications.) I will call the episode 'the nigger-talk case.'"

The Nigger-Talk Case. (Pr.XXIII,18f.)

"On February 27th, 1906, at a sitting with Professor Hyslop, the following dialogue took place:

"R. H.: 'I wonder if you recall what I said I would do if I should return first?' Hyslop: 'I do not remember exactly.' R. H.: 'Remember that I told Myers that we would talk nigger-talk—Myers—talk nigger-talk?' Hyslop: 'No, you must have told that to someone else.' R. H.: 'Ah yes, James. I remember it was James, yes, Will James. He will understand.'

"Mr. Hyslop immediately wrote to me—I being in California—inclosing the record and soliciting corroboration. I had to reply that the words awakened absolutely no echo in my memory. Three months later... it suddenly flashed across me that ... I had ... said to Hodgson, more than once, that a little tactful steering on his part would probably change the sacerdotal verbiage of the Imperator group so completely that he would soon find them 'talking like nigger-minstrels.'... I regret to say, however, that the subsequent developments of the incident have deprived it in my eyes of all test value.... Mr. Piddington has found in the Piper records evidence that Hodgson had used the words 'nigger-talk' in speaking to the Myers control, so that this expression must be considered as part of the stock of Mrs. Piper's trance-vocabulary."

"Test value" apparently has a highly technical meaning with the psychical researchers—so high, some plain people might think, as to deprive the term itself of all value. If a control uses an exceptional term once, it is legitimate to experience a "thrill"—to feel in the presence of the "old friend" represented by the control. But if the control happens to have used the same term during life in Mrs. Piper's

presence, it ceases to be his term, but becomes "a part of the stock of Mrs. Piper's trance vocabulary"! This too in face of the fact that, according to my best recollection, never again, so far as the records show, is the vocabulary tapped for that particular term. The technical objection may be sound—presumably it is, from such a master as James, but I confess that, as evidence, it seems one of those trifles of which *non curat lex.*

As to Mrs. Piper's "trance vocabulary," I wonder if James died believing she had one. I don't expect to. Barring certain transient mannerisms such as we all have, I have not seen in the reports the slightest sign of a trance vocabulary. Her vocabularies are substantially the vocabularies of the controls, even sometimes to the extent of foreign languages, of which she knows none herself.

In Pr. XXIII, 19-20, James says:

"One of the weirdest feelings I have had, in dealing with the business lately, has been to find the wish so frequently surging up in me that he were alive beside me to give critical counsel as to how best to treat certain of the communications of his own professed spirit."

Who that has lost a close friend has not felt this in some connection?

There may be those not absolutely devoid of reasoning capacity with whom the evocation of these cross-plays of emotion weighs more than all the "evidential" matter either way.

The Huldah Episode. (Pr.XXIII,20f.)

"During the voice-sitting of May 2nd, 1905 [obvious misprint for 1906: Hodgson was alive until near the close of 1905. H.H.], Mr. Piddington being present, the R. H. control said: 'Pid, I want very much to give you my private letters concerning a Miss—a Miss—in Chicago [pseudonym]. I do not wish anyone to read them.....'

"The name 'Densmore' [pseudonym] was then written.... The name 'Huldah' was then given as that by which the letters would be signed. On May 14th Piddington reported to the R. H. control that no such letters could be found, and asked... 'Can you tell me at what time this lady wrote letters to you? Was it lately?' R. H.: 'No, several years previously. I should be

much distressed if they fell into other hands. No one living except the lady and myself knows of the correspondence.' "

Note this second allusion to himself as living, and as in the same sense as his surviving friend.

" J. G. P.: 'If I cannot find those letters, should you feel any objection to my writing to the lady to ask if there has been such a correspondence?' R. H.: 'Yes, I would rather you would do so.'

" Later (May 29th) Piddington reports unsuccessful search again, and Mr. Dorr, who also is present, asks whether 'Huldah' is one of a family of Densmores known to him. 'Is she a sister of Mary, Jenny, and Ella [pseudonyms]?' R. H.: 'Ella is the one. Huldah we used to call her. [This was emphatically spoken. Then followed a statement (not caught in Mr. Dorr's notes) that the lady's full name was Ella Huldah Densmore.] ... I hope I have destroyed them—I may have done so and forgotten it. There was a time when I greatly cared for her, and I did not wish it known in the ears of others. I think she can corroborate this. I am getting hazy ["known in the ears" is a very evidential indication of it. H.H.]. I must leave.'

" On June 5th ... D. asked: 'Can you tell us anything more about Huldah Densmore? You said the other day that she was the same person as Ella? Were you clear in saying that?' R. H.: 'Did I say that? That was a mistake. She is a sister. Is one of the three sisters, but not Ella. [She *was* Ella.] I know what I am talking about. I saw Huldah in Chicago. I was very fond of her. I proposed marriage to her, but she refused me.' "

In time the lady wrote Professor James:

" 'Years ago Mr. H. asked me to marry him, and some letters were exchanged between us which he may have kept. I do not remember how I signed the letters to him. I have sometimes used my middle name, Hannah, instead of Ella.' [She knew of no 'Huldah' in her family.] ....."

" Hodgson *did* consult the Imperator group at the time of his disappointment, and the reasonable conclusion is that the revelation which so surprised Mr. Dorr and myself was thus a product of Mrs. Piper's trance-memory of previous conversations with the living Hodgson."

In face of all the evidence in existence at this late day, that may still be *a* " reasonable conclusion," but I wonder if James himself would now call it " *the* reasonable conclusion." Why should, and how could, Mrs. Piper fake out her memories into this lifelike dramatic form? That's a consideration whose

weight has been unfelt by many whose interest was concentrated in "tests." Yet it is perhaps the strongest test of all.

And by the way, as I learn directly from several sitters, this Imperator group have stuck their noses into the love affairs of many of the habitual sitters who had love affairs during their time. As actual personalities or as Mrs. Piper echoing the sitter's desires, they have advised proposals and acceptances, happily sustained many failing hopes, and made many bad messes and disappointments, including Hodgson's; and yet despite that, he kept up his faith in them to the last. Though on January 27, 1906, the Hodgson control suddenly says to Professor Newbold (Pr. XXIII, 23-4):

"'Let me ask if you remember anything about a lady in [Chicago] to whom I referred.' W. R. N.: 'Oh Dick, I begin to remember. About eight or nine years ago, was it, Dick?' R. H.: 'Yes.' [*Note by W. R. N.*—Such a lady was frequently mentioned at sittings, in 1895, and H. was told he would marry her. I was present when these statements were made, if my memory serves me.] ... W. R. N.: 'Was it *Jessie* Densmore?' R. H.: 'Yes, Good.' [Mr. Dorr, who was present, here interjects:] 'Do you mean the name was *Jessie* Densmore, Hodgson?' R. H.: 'No, no, no, no.' [Jessie was the first name of R. H.'s Australian cousin, 'Q.'—W.J.] ... W. R. N.: 'Dick, it comes back to me as a cloud.' R. H.: 'She was a Miss Densmore; I loved her dearly....' W. R. N.: 'I'm not sure you told me her name.' R. H.: 'Yes, I did.' W. R. N.: 'The name is the least likely thing for me to remember.... What is the married name of Miss Densmore?' R. H.: 'Heaven knows! It has gone from me and I shall soon go myself.'"

Again the impossibility of summoning up names when other things are clear. No man of my age needs to have it explained.

Does his remark, "I shall soon go myself," refer to the frequent statement that spirits move on to higher planes, or that he was getting tired, or what? Whatever it is, it is a touch of nature—due of course to some double back-action mechanism hypothetized by the psychologists in Mrs. Piper!

James continues:

"Dr. Newbold ... has sent me a letter written to him by Hodgson in 1895, from which it would appear that the Piper controls had prophesied that both he and Newbold would ere long be made matrimonially happy, but that whereas the prophecy

was being verified in N.'s case, it had been falsified in his own, he having that day received formal announcement of the marriage of Miss Densmore to another.... October 24th, 1906.... I ask: W. J.: 'Did you make anyone your confidant?' R. H.: 'No, though I may possibly have given a hint of it to Newbold....' W. J.: 'She denies any knowledge of the name Huldah.' R. H.: 'I used that name instead of the right christian name [he here gives the latter correctly] to avoid compromising —it was a very delicate matter, and caused me great disappointment. Have you communicated it to her? R. H.' W. J.: 'Yes, and she corroborates....' [R. H. displays no further curiosity,— a living person would probably have asked whether the lady had said nothing about him, etc.] R. H.: 'Do you remember a lady-doctor in New York? a member of our Society?' W. J.: 'No, but what about her?' R. H.: 'Her husband's name was Blair ...I think.' W. J.: 'Do you mean Mrs. Dr. Blair Thaw?'"

Another of those queer lapses of memory absolutely inconsistent with telepathy from the sitter, and absolutely consistent with the fazed condition of a "control." Hodgson knew the Thaws much better than James did. So, for that matter, did Mrs. Piper herself: she needn't have *faked* all this uncertainty.

"R. H.: 'Oh yes. Ask Mrs. Thaw if I did not at a dinner party mention something about the lady. I may have done so.'

"[Mrs. Thaw writes in comment upon this:—'Fifteen years ago, when R. H. was visiting us after his operation for appendicitis he told me that he had just proposed to a young lady and been refused. He gave no name,'—Mrs. Thaw is the only living person beside Newbold to whom I can certainly find that he ever spoke of this episode, and *the clue to Mrs. Thaw comes from the control!*—W.J.] [Italics mine. H.H.]"

Why does he not say from Mrs. Piper—her trance memory or trance vocabulary or alternate personality or subliminal something or other? Simply because he *cannot,* I venture to think—because the most natural and least strained thing to do is exactly what he has done. That does not *prove* it the correct thing, though.

"W. J.: 'Do you remember the name of Huldah's present husband?' [To which R. H. replied by giving his country and title correctly, but fails to give his name.]"

That fits too with what I have said three times in as many pages.

James, who had been as intimate as anybody with Hodgson

and his circle, could not find a person, except a sister of the lady, who had ever suspected Hodgson's state of mind, but, James adds (Pr. XXIII, 25):

"If spirit-return were already made probable by other evidence, this might well be taken as a case of it too. But what I am sifting these records for is *independent* evidence of such return; and so long as the record in this instance lends itself so plausibly to a naturalistic explanation, I think we must refuse to interpret it in the spiritistic way."

But there's getting to be a portentous accumulation of these things to be interpreted in the less obvious way. Though there are, of course, big arguments against the obvious way.

The Pecuniary Messages. (Pr. XXIII, 26f.)

The American branch of the S. P. R. never paid its expenses, and twice, in time of trouble, Hodgson's salary was eked out by friends. One of these, at a sitting, the surviving (?) Hodgson reminded of a funny story the occasion had suggested; and the other, *whose identity Hodgson had never known,* he warmly thanked at the first sitting with him after Hodgson's death. Professor James says (Pr. XXIII, 27):

"I cannot well understand how Mrs. Piper should have got wind of any part of the financial situation, although her controls may have got wind of it in trance from those who were in the secret."

It looks to me almost as if I must have overlooked something. What does James mean by "her controls"? Is not one control as good as another, and the Hodgson control good enough? This is apparently the second time in this report where, so far as I can see, James uses "control" to disprove a control, a sort of thing, however, which nobody with his reserve of opinion could avoid without much borous circumlocution, and which illustrates the almost unescapable verisimilitude of these communications.

James, in summing up the first part of his report, says (Pr. XXIII, 28-9):

"(1) The case is an exceptionally bad one for testing spirit-return, owing to the unusual scope it gives to naturalistic explanations.

"(2) The phenomena it presents furnish no knock-down proof of the return of Hodgson's spirit.

"(3) They are well compatible, however, with such return, provided we assume that the Piper-organism not only transmits with great difficulty the influences it receives from beyond the curtain, but mixes its own automatic tendencies most disturbingly therewith. [And what more natural than that "the Piper-organism" should do just those things? And its own limitations? Cf. my remarks in Chapter XXXVI on the Piper-George-Eliot and Piper-Scott, and on p. 637 on the Myers control through various mediums. H.H.] Hodgson himself used to compare the conditions of spirit-communication to those of two distant persons on this earth who should carry on their social intercourse by employing each of them a dead-drunk messenger.

"(4) Although this Hodgson case, taken by itself, yields thus only a negative, or at the best a baffling conclusion, we have no scientific right to take it by itself, as I have done. It belongs with the whole residual mass of Piper phenomena, and they belong with the whole mass of cognate phenomena elsewhere found. False personation is a ubiquitous feature in this total mass. It certainly exists in the Piper case; and the great question there is as to its limits.... I admire greatly Hodgson's own discussion of the Piper case [which I abstracted in Chapter XXXIV. H.H.], especially in sections 5 and 6, where, taking the whole mass of communication into careful account, he decides for this spiritist interpretation. I know of no more masterly handling anywhere of so unwieldy a mass of material; and in the light of his general conclusions there, I am quite ready to admit that my own denials in this present paper may be the result of the narrowness of my material, and that possibly R. H.'s spirit has been speaking all the time, only my ears have been deaf. It is true that I still believe the 'Imperator band' to be fictitious entities, while Hodgson ended by accepting them as real; but as to the general probability of there being real communicators somewhere in the mass I cannot be deaf to Hodgson's able discussion, or fail to feel the authority which his enormous experience gave to his opinion in this particular field.

"(5) I therefore repeat that if ever our growing familiarity with these phenomena should tend more and more to corroborate the hypothesis that 'spirits' play some part in their production, I shall be quite ready to undeafen my ears, and to revoke the negative conclusions of this limited report. The facts are evidently complicated in the extreme, and we have as yet hardly scratched the surface of them. But methodical exploration has at last seriously begun, and these earlier observations of ours will surely be interpreted one day in the light of future discoveries which it may well take a century to make. I consequently disbelieve in being too 'rigorous' with our criticism of anything

now in hand, or in our squeezing so evidently vague a material too hard in our technical forceps, at the present stage."

Troubles of the American Branch of the S. P. R.

In the second part of the report, James describes some features of the chaos in which Hodgson's sudden death left the affairs and records of the Am. S. P. R., and the serious difficulties—partly of personal temperament—encountered in the labors of certain survivors who worked uncompensated purely in the interests of science. He says (Pr. XXIII, 31f.):

"The records of the Piper trance show that during all this period the 'controls' had cognizance of the main factors of perplexity. There were, however, so many sources of leakage at this epoch that no part of this cognizance can be counted as evidence of supernormal knowledge.... The result, however, was that those who held sittings at this time had a lively feeling that the control-personality they talked with, whether Rector or Hodgson, was an intelligence which understood the whole situation. It talked appropriately with Dorr about certain records not being made public; with Henry James, Jr., about the disposition of R. H.'s books and other property; with Piddington and Dorr about Hyslop's desires and how best to meet them; with Hyslop about his responsibilities and about mediums in whom he and Hodgson had recently been interested; with Dorr, James, Piddington, and Mrs. Lyman about whom to induce to manage the sittings; with more than one of us about a certain person who was unduly interfering, etc., etc.; the total outcome being that each sitter felt that his or her problems were discriminatingly perceived by the mind that animated the sleeping medium's organism.

"More than this—most of us felt during the sittings that we were in some way, more or less remote, conversing with a real Rector or a real Hodgson. And this leads me to make a general remark about the difference between reading the record of a Piper sitting and playing an active part in the conversation recorded.

"One who takes part in a good sitting has usually a far livelier sense, both of the reality and of the importance of the communication, than one who merely reads the record."

It has hardly been so with my little experience as sitter, and considerable as reader. A sitter is more distracted by the non-essential *res gestæ* than a reader, especially as those non-essentials are generally eliminated by the editors.

"Active relations with a thing are required to bring the reality of it home to us, and in a trance-talk the sitter actively co-operates.... When I first undertook to collate this series of sittings and make the present report, I supposed that my verdict would be determined by pure logic. Certain minute incidents, I thought, ought to make for spirit-return or against it in a 'crucial' way. But watching my mind work as it goes over the data, convinces me that exact logic plays only a preparatory part in shaping our conclusions here [or anywhere else in direct human interests. H.H.]; and that the decisive vote, if there be one, has to be cast by what I may call one's general sense of dramatic probability, which sense ebbs and flows from one hypothesis to another—it does so in the present writer at least—in a rather illogical manner. If one sticks to the detail, one may draw an anti-spiritist conclusion; if one thinks more of what the whole mass may signify, one may well incline to spiritist interpretations.....

"The common-sense rule of presumption in scientific logic is never to assume an unknown agent where there is a known one."

Yes, provided the known one is up to the job. But, for one, the more I read of these manifestations, the less the whole string of "fraud, subconscious personality, lucky accident, and telepathy," as James puts it (see below), seems adequate, except under the association of the subconscious self and telepathy with the cosmic soul. Under the ordinary meaning of the terms, the attempt to use these explanations is beginning to strike me as ludicrous, and his dwelling on them so much more than on the "dramatic probability," the inevitable effect of early preconceptions. But if the stock explanations are all inadequate, that does not prove the truth of spiritism.

But James goes on (I hope he and you will pardon my interruptions):

"Our rule of presumption should lead us then to deny spirits and to explain the Piper phenomena by a mixture of fraud [He has contradicted the fraud possibility time and again? H.H.], subconscious personation, lucky accident, and telepathy, whenever such an explanation remains possible. Taking these Hodgson records in detail, and subjecting their incidents to a piecemeal criticism, such an explanation does seem practically possible everywhere; so, as long as we confine ourselves to the mere logic of presumption, the conclusion against the spirits holds good."

Logic has explained away Shakespere and Napoleon. It can very easily be overdone, and more than once in reading

the Pr. S. P. R. I have thought it has been. James seems to agree: for he goes on to say:

"But the logic of presumption, safe in the majority of cases, is bound to leave us in the lurch whenever a real exception confronts us; and there is always a bare possibility that any case before us may be such an exception. In the case at present before us the exceptional possibility is that of 'spirits' really having a finger in the pie. The records are fully compatible with this explanation, however explicable they may be without it.... I myself can perfectly well imagine spirit-agency, and I find my mind vacillating about it curiously. When I take the phenomena piecemeal, the notion that Mrs. Piper's subliminal self should keep her sitters apart as expertly as it does, remembering its past dealings with each of them so well, not mixing their communications more, and all the while humbugging them so profusely, is quite compatible with what we know of the dream-life of hypnotized subjects.... If we suppose Mrs. Piper's dream-life once for all to have had the notion suggested to it that it must personate spirits to sitters, the fair degree of virtuosity it shows need not, I think, surprise us. Nor need the exceptional memory shown surprise us, for memory seems extraordinarily strong in the subconscious life."

These statements stagger me: for, so far as I know, there never has been shown in any clear case of hypnotism a degree of those capacities at all comparable with Mrs. Piper's.

If Mrs. Piper's is a "fair degree of virtuosity," I would like to be put on the track of a high degree: for, in a pretty wide reading, I have found no degree of it, or no allusion to a degree of it, to be compared with hers; and the nearest to such a degree has been that of other mediums. Yet my reading is nothing beside James's. But I cannot help believing that this passage is heavily seasoned with his impulsive generosity to a side which he was gradually coming to oppose, and to which he still felt an habitual allegiance. He continues (Pr. XXIII, 35-7):

"When I connect the Piper case with all the other cases I know... and with the whole record of spirit-possession in human history, the notion that such an immense current of experience, complex in so many ways, should spell out absolutely nothing but the words 'intentional humbug' appears very unlikely. The notion that so many men and women, in all other respects honest enough, should have this preposterous monkeying self annexed to their personality seems to me so weird that the spirit-theory immediately takes on a more probable appearance.... The more

I realize the quantitative massiveness of the phenomenon and its complexity, the more incredible it seems to me that in a world all of whose vaster features we are in the habit of considering to be *sincere* at least, however brutal, this feature should be wholly constituted of insincerity.... I am able, while still holding to all the lower principles of interpretation, to imagine the process as more complex, and to share the feeling with which Hodgson came at last to regard it after his many years of familiarity, the feeling which Prof. Hyslop shares, and which most of those who have good sittings are promptly inspired with. I can imagine the spirit of R. H. talking to me through inconceivable barriers of obstruction, and forcing recalcitrant or only partly consilient processes in the Medium to express his thoughts, however dimly.....

"Hodgson was distinguished during life by great animal spirits. He was fond of argument, chaff, and repartee, a good deal of a gesticulator, and a great laugher.... Chaff and slang from a spirit have an undignified sound for the reader, but to the interlocutors of the R. H. control they seem invariably to have been elements of verisimilitude. Thus T. P. writes, *à propos* of a bantering passage in the record of Jan. 16, 1906: 'T. P. and R. H. were such good chums that he was saucy to her, and teasing her most of the time. R. H.'s tone towards T. P. in all his communications is *absolutely characteristic,* and as he was in life.' Similarly, Dr. Bayley appends this note to a number of ultra-vivacious remarks from R. H.: 'Such expressions and phrases were quaintly characteristic of R. H. in the body, and as they appear, often rapidly and spontaneously, they give the almost irresistible impression that it is really the Hodgson personality, presiding with its own characteristics.'"

God save me from a heaven where there is no "chaff and slang"! I should fail to recognize some of my best friends among the loftiest souls who have escaped the flesh, Hodgson not the least. However intense the interest heretofore taken in a future world, I doubt if it has ever been thoroughly healthy, or ever will be before we get our conceptions of that world off stilts.

James continues (Pr. XXIII, 37-8):

"This, however, did not exclude very serious talk with the same persons—quite the reverse sometimes, as when one sitter of this class notes: 'Then came words of kindness which were too intimate and personal to be recorded, but which left me so deeply moved that shortly afterwards, at the sitting's close, I fainted dead away—it had seemed as though he had in all reality been there and speaking to me.'.....

"Hodgson quickly acquired a uniform mode of announcing

himself: 'Well, well, well! I am Hodgson. Delighted to see you. How is everything? First rate? I'm in the witness-box at last.' etc., with almost no variety. This habitual use of stock-remarks by Mrs. Piper may tempt one to be unjust to the total significance of her mediumship."

To me the temptation is directly opposite: she never mixes up the "stock remarks" of her many controls, and any man (or spirit?) gets into a regular way of speech in regularly recurring circumstances.

"[J.] ... The control G. P., at the outset of his appearance, gave supernormal information copiously, but within a few years he has degenerated into a shadow of his former self, dashing in and quickly out again, with an almost fixed form of greeting. Whatever he may have been at first, he seems to me at last to have 'passed on,' after leaving that amount of impression on the trance-organism's habits."

This does not seem inconsistent with the genuineness of the controls. Assuming them to be what they purported, they had no new experiences to speak of in common with the sitters; the circumstances of their "meeting" day by day were virtually identical; even "the weather" was no longer a topic of common interest and varying detail. As the stock of common topics becomes exhausted, why shouldn't the variety of conversation diminish? In going over this with a person of somewhat similar experience, I elicited the remark: "Why, we've almost got down to a little litany."

Moreover, all the controls speak (whatever their observations may be worth) of their general tendency to get farther and farther away from earthly interests, *and* the medium's sensitiveness was decreasing with advancing years.

CHAPTER XLIV

THE PIPER-HODGSON CONTROL IN AMERICA (*Continued*)

The Oldfarm Series. (Pr.XXIII,38f.)

JAMES next gets back to the records in the sittings relating to Oldfarm, Mr. George B. Dorr's place at Bar Harbor, Maine, where Hodgson had often been a summer guest.

I was there many times, including a fortnight in 1894 with James, Hodgson, and Myers, and about everybody mentioned as being there in the Hodgson sittings, and although I shall not quote much of the record, I add my testimony to its wonderful verisimilitude.

But there is little that is "evidential" about it in the sense that most of the psychical researchers go in for evidence: it was nearly all in Mr. Dorr's mind. The same is true of about all the "evidential" manifestations of the Hodgson control (except Miss Bancroft's lights, cf. *infra*): the material was nearly all in some incarnate mind, and careful and exact and unfoolable scientists want us to believe that each of those minds, as Mrs. Piper's mind, using that material, could draw Hodgson as well as Shakespere could have drawn him.

Perhaps it is "unscientific" to make extracts from it, but why did those scientists go to the trouble of printing it all? Their reasons must justify our going on with it.

"Mrs. Piper at the time of these sittings had never been at Bar Harbor; and although she had had many interviews, as well with Mr. Dorr as with Mr. Dorr's mother before the latter's death, it is unlikely that many of the small veridical details in what follows had been communicated to her at those interviews. At Mr. Dorr's sitting of June 5th, 1906, he asks the R. H. control for his reminiscences of Oldfarm: 'Do you remember your visits to us there?'

"R. H.: 'Certainly I do. One night we stayed out too long and your mother got very nervous, do you remember? Minna

was there.... We stayed out *much* too long. I felt it was a great breach of etiquette but we couldn't help it! I fear as guests we were bad [laughs]. [... One of the first things he would recall, associated as those evenings were with people whom he cared for.—D.] And do you remember the discussion I had with Jack, when he got impatient? You were much amused!... And I remember your mother's calling me out one Sunday morning to see the servants go to church on a buckboard.... I can see the open fireplace in the living room....' G. B. D.: 'Do you remember where you used to sleep?' R. H.: 'Out in the little house just out across the yard, where we used to go and smoke.' [... We used to close the house itself early in the evening, and R. H. was very apt then to go up to the cottage with some other man or men and sit up and smoke and talk,—often until quite late.—D.] R. H.: 'I remember the bathing and the boats and a walk through the woods....' G. B. D.: 'Do you remember whether you used to bathe off the beach, or off the rocks?' R. H.: 'We used to bathe off the *rocks;* I'm sure of that. *I can see the whole place.*' [... My bath-house was not on the beach, but on a point running far out into the sea, very bold and rocky....—D.] R. H.: 'I can see the little piazza that opened out from your mother's room and the whole beautiful outlook from it, over the water.' [... The piazza ... only familiar to my mother's more intimate friends, is not a thing which would occur naturally to anyone not familiar with our life down there. —D.]

"Mr. Dorr then asks R. H. if he remembers a walk he once took with a young friend from New York, where R. H. outwalked the other man and was very triumphant about it afterward, and whether he could recall the man's name. He also asks him if he remembers the name of the man who lived in the farm house, where R. H. used generally to sleep when staying at Oldfarm. Both of these names would have been quite familiar to R. H. in life. R. H. cannot give them and makes no attempt to do so."

Again the paradoxical memory that I trust I have adequately explained! If Mrs. Piper was merely echoing Mr. Dorr's mind, apparently she could have got the names more definitely than anything else.

"R. H.: 'Names are the hardest things to remember; it's extraordinary but it's true. The scenes of my whole life are laid open to me but names go from one's memory like a dream.'"

I have experienced it daily in advancing years. Names go first. Why not in the transfer to the new life, assuming one to be?

On July 2, 1906, Mr. Dorr asked (Pr. XXIII, 43):

"'Now, Hodgson, can't you tell me something about the lady you were interested in, whose letters you asked Piddington to find?... Was she out of sympathy with your work?' R. H.: 'She wanted me to give it up—it was a subject she did not care to have to do with.' [Correct as to the lady's animus.—W.J.]"

Later Hodgson says:

"'I remember one evening, and it impressed me so vividly because your mother did not like it, and I felt we had done wrong and hurt her—M. and I were smoking together and we talked too late, and she felt it was time to retire—...' [She used to smoke cigarettes occasionally, and was the only person of the feminine sex whom I now recall as having done so at our house.... Hodgson would have been most unlikely to speak of it...—certainly not to Mrs. Piper, either in trance or awake.—D.] [But D. knew it, and Mrs. P. could have got it from him telepathically. H.H.]"

James thus concludes (Pr. XXIII, 47):

"It is hardly possible that all the veridical points should have been known to Mrs. Piper normally.... For the mass, it seems to me that either reading of Mr. Dorr's mind, or spirit-return, is the least improbable explanation."

But why didn't she get names? Foster got them from me very readily. This would seem to leave James arguing for "spirit-return."

The Owl's Head Series. (Pr.XXIII,47f.)

"Owl's Head was the name of the summer place of Miss Bancroft, overlooking Rockland Harbor, in Maine, where Mrs. Piper had never been.... Miss Bancroft had been a sitter of Mrs. Piper's and was a convert to spiritism, with some degree of 'psychic' susceptibility herself. At her first sitting after Hodgson's death, Feb. 19th, 1906, Mr. Dorr also being present, the following dialogue took place:

"'I am Hodgson! Speak! Well, well, well, I am delighted to see you. How are you?' Miss B.: 'I am all right. How are you?' R. H.: 'First rate.' Miss B.: 'I can scarcely speak to you.' R. H.: 'But you *must* speak to me.' Miss B.: 'Will you give me some definite message?' R. H.: 'Surely I will. I have called and called to you. Do you remember what I said to you about coming here if I got a chance?' Miss B.: 'Yes, I do.' R. H.: 'I wish you to pay attention to me. [The sitter and Mr. Dorr were together trying to decipher the script.] Do you remember how I used to talk about this subject, evenings? You

know what you said about my writing—I think, I am getting on first-rate.'

"[Everything accurate so far! Miss B. can herself write automatically, and since R. H.'s departure, has thought that he might have been influencing her subconsciousness in that and other ways. The words 'I have called,' etc., she interprets in this sense. Rector, however, already knew of her automatic writing.—W.J.] .....

"[J.] On the night of Hodgson's death, Miss B., whom I described above as having 'psychic' aptitudes, had received a strong impression of his presence."

Let me again call attention to the fact that persons with "psychic aptitudes" always get most through the mediums.

"Miss B.: 'Yesterday you said you had "called and called" me. When did you ever call me?' R. H.: 'Just after I passed out I returned to you and saw you resting ... and came and called to you telling you I was leaving....' Miss B.: 'Did I not answer?' R. H.: 'Yes, after a while.' Miss B.: 'What did I do?' R. H.: 'You arose and seemed nervous. I felt I was disturbing you. I then left.' Miss B.: 'Do you not recall another time when I was sure you were there and I did something?... What did I do at one o'clock, Christmas morning?' R. H.: 'I saw you, I heard you speak to me once, yes. I heard you speak to someone, and it looked like a lady. You took something in your hand, and I saw you and heard you talking.' Miss B.: 'Yes, that is true.' R. H.: 'I heard you say something about someone being ill, lying in the room.' [Nellie was ill in my room.—M.B.] Miss B.: 'Yes that is true. I also said something else.' R. H.: 'You said it was myself.' Miss B.: 'Yes, I said that. Anything else?' R. H.: 'I remember seeing the light, and heard you talking to a lady.' [Correct.—M.B.] .....

"[Note.—*A propos* to Miss Bancroft's 'psychic' susceptibility, at a sitting on October 17th, 1906, which Mrs. M. had with Mrs. Piper, the following words were exchanged:

"Mrs. M.: 'Any other messages, Dick?' R. H.: 'Not for him [the person last spoken of], but tell Margaret it was I who produced that light she saw the other night.'

"The sitter immediately wrote to Miss Margaret Bancroft... to ask (not telling her of the message) whether she had had any special experiences of late. Miss B. answered: 'I had a very curious experience on the morning of the 14th. At four o'clock I was awakened from a sound sleep, and could feel distinctly the presence of three people in the room. I sat up and was so attentive that I hardly breathed. About nine feet from the floor there appeared at intervals curious lights, much like search-lights, but softer, and there seemed to be a distinct outline of a figure....

This lasted probably from fifteen to twenty minutes . . . when I went into a sound sleep.'] "

It may be justifiable to introduce here a "light" experience of my own. Late one night a few years since I was lying awake facing the fireplace containing only dead ashes, when I saw a distinct light like a live coal slowly move from the back toward the front. Fearing it might start a fire on the floor or rug, I got up to examine, and found nothing. Then I, perhaps superstitiously, felt moved to look about the house for fire. I found that the fire under the boiler in the cellar had gone out, and as the night was bitter cold, if I had not restored it, not only would we have had a freezing house in the morning, but our water-pipes, both supply and heating, and radiators, would have frozen, with great consequent damage and inconvenience for many days. About that time I had had other strange super-usual informations, and I could not then, and cannot now, avoid thinking that this may have been a friendly warning from some unknown intelligent source. It of course reminded me of Phinuit's assertion (which I have not tried to verify) that I am a medium.

But to return to James's report (Pr. XXIII, 52f.):

"Dr. Bayley, to whom reference was made in connection with Owl's Head, at Miss Bancroft's first sitting, had two sittings in April, in which the hearty and jocose mannerisms of R. H. were vividly reproduced. . . . . .

"R. H.: 'Have you seen Billy?' [My friend Prof. Newbold. —B.] Dr. B.: 'No, have you any word for him?' R. H.: 'Ask him if he remembers the day we went to the seashore and we sat on the beach, and I told him how I hoped to come over here any time, only I wanted to finish my work. And ask him if he remembers what I told him about my getting married.' Dr. B.: 'I don't know anything about it. That's a good test.' [Proves to have been correct.—W.J.] . . . . . "

"On June 20th, 1906, Miss Bancroft had her third sitting. Some days previous to this, Mrs. M., an old friend of Hodgson, had taken to her sitting a cross which remained among his effects, and asked the R. H. control for directions concerning its disposition. The control had ordered it to be sent to Miss Bancroft; and when he appeared to Miss Bancroft at the sitting a few days later almost his first word was:

"'Get my cross?' Miss B.: 'Yes, thank you very much. . . .' R. H.: 'A Mascot I send to you.' Miss B.: 'Yes, I know you sent it to me.' R. H.: 'I shall be with you when you are in the

cottage.' Miss B.: 'Do you know that I have bought the place?' R. H.: 'Of course I do. I understand pretty well what you are about....' Miss B.: 'I have seen you several times in dreams.' R. H.: 'Remember my knock?' Miss B.: 'When did you knock?' R. H.: 'You were sleeping.' Miss B.: 'I remember twice when I thought someone knocked my arm.' R. H.: 'But I woke you, I certainly did.' [Correct.] Miss B.: 'Can't you do me a favor by knocking now?...' R. H.: 'Not while I keep on speaking. You wish me to knock your arm now, eh? I cannot do so and keep on speaking.....'"

And yet Mrs. Piper could at the same time write for one control, and talk for another: see Hodgson's report. But as far as I know, there never have been any telekinetic phenomena through Mrs. Piper. Later, in the Piper-Junot sittings, we find the control frequently suggesting telekinetic things, but never performing them, apparently for lack of a telekinetic medium. The implication seems to be that the Hodgson control could perform them for Miss Bancroft because she was a telekinetic medium herself. There are cases where the "spirits" in alleged haunted houses say they can manifest only when persons of mediumistic capacity are present.

"Miss Bancroft had two more sittings, on Dec. 2nd and 3rd, 1907. On Dec. 2nd Hodgson seemed to be cognizant of certain changes in the Owl's Head Place, that there was a new wall-paper of yellow color, a new bath-house, a new pier and platform, etc., none of which facts Mrs. Piper was in a way to have known.

"He also showed veridical knowledge of a very private affair between two other people, that had come under Miss Bancroft's observation....."

Telepathy from sitter possible in both cases, and good enough for a great portion of this Hodgson matter—for the least significant portion—for nearly all but *the life.*

"[J.] Dr. Bayley himself wrote me after his sittings: 'They are pretty good, and have about convinced me (as evidence added to previous experience) that my much loved friend is still about.'"

And Dr. Bayley had a scientific man's imperviousness to such a conviction! He adds:

"I realize that the average reader of these records loses much in the way of little tricks of expression and personality, subtleties impossible to give an account of in language....."

Professor Newbold's Sittings. (Pr.XXIII,61-78.)

"The message given to Dr. Bayley for 'Billy' (*i.e.*, Prof. Wm. R. Newbold) makes it natural to cite next the experience of this other intimate friend of R. H. Prof. Newbold had two written sittings, on June 27th and July 3rd, 1906, respectively.....

"R. H.: 'Well, well, of all things! Are you really here! I am Hodgson.' W. R. N.: 'Hallo, Dick!' R. H.: 'Hello, Billy, God bless you.' W. R. N.: 'And you, too, though you do not need to have me say it.' [To me, the foregoing lines sometimes seem the most evidential thing I have met, but it could be telepathy—all but the "life" in it. H.H.] R. H.: 'I wonder if you remember the last talk we had together—' W. R. N.: 'I do remember it, Dick.' R. H.: 'I can recall very well all I said to you that glorious day when we were watching the waves.' [Our last talk was on a splendid afternoon of July, 1905, at Nantasket Beach.—N.] W. R. N.: 'Yes, Dick, I remember it well.' R. H.: 'I told you of many, many predictions which had been made for me. I told you I hoped to realize them but I would not consent to give up my work.' W. R. N.: 'First rate, Dick, you told me just that.' R. H.: 'I would give up almost anything else but my work——my work——and my pipe.' W. R. N.: 'Dick, that sounds like you.' R. H.: 'Don't you remember?' W. R. N.: 'Do you remember something *I* told *you* on the boat going to Nantasket?' R. H.: 'Yes of course. Long ago you wrote me of your happiness and I wrote back and asked you if you were trying to make me discontented.' W. R. N.: 'I don't remember, but I have your letters and will look it up.' [This allusion to my 'happiness' is very characteristic. He often spoke to me of it.—N.] R. H.: 'Look over your letters and you will find my memory better than yours.' W. R. N.: 'Like as not! Like as not!'"

One of the strongest evidences for the spiritistic hypothesis is the frequent occurrence of just this—the control's memory better than the sitter's. I hope I don't remark on it often enough to bore you.

"R. H.: 'I have hoped to boss things on this side.' [R. H. had often told me of his belief that if he could 'pass over' and communicate, many of the difficulties of the spiritualistic theory would disappear. I can mentally see him now shaking his pipe at me threateningly and saying: 'If I get over before you, Billy, I'll make things hot for you.'—N.] W. R. N.: 'Yes, Dick, so you did.' R. H.: 'Therefore if I seem bossy pardon me —— Bossy —— Pardon.' W. R. N.: 'Go ahead, Dick, be as bossy as you will. I have nothing to say to you until you get through.' R. H.: '*Good.* That's what I wish. I remember telling you how you must not write more about your happiness.' W. R. N.: 'Did you tell me this on the trip or in the letter?' R. H.: 'In

the letter.' W. R. N.: 'First-rate! I have piles of letters. I will go through them.' R. H.: 'If you do you will find it *all.* [I cannot find it in the letters.—N.] Oh, I am so delighted to see you of all persons.' W. R. N.: 'Well, you were a dear friend of mine.' R. H.: 'I had the greatest affection for you.' W. R. N.: 'Do you remember what a friend you were to me, years ago?' R. H.: 'Yes, I do, and how I helped you through some difficulties?' W. R. N.: 'I should say you did, Dick!' R. H.: 'But I do not care to remind you of anything I did! —— only as a test —— only as a test.....'"

Does all this read more like Mrs. Piper than Hodgson? We skip to p. 66:

"R. H.: 'I will give it all eventually—eventually. Yes. I am in the witness-box.' W. R. N.: 'Poor Dick!' R. H.: 'Poor Dick! Not much! Poor Dick! Not much! Fire away! I recall your psychological teaching very clearly.'

"[R. H. next goes 'out' to rest, but returns after a brief interval of Rector.] 'Hello, Billy! All right? All right now? You told me you were working on some interesting work.....'"

In Professor Newbold's sitting of July 23, the subject of work is resumed (Pr. XXIII, 72f.):

"R. H.: 'I told you I would not give up my work even for a wife.' [I don't recall this remark, but it sounds characteristic.—N.] W. R. N.: 'Yes, Dick, you are very clear and easy to understand.' R. H.: 'I am glad to hear it. I am trying my level best to give you facts.' W. R. N.: 'Very good.' R. H.: 'I said my pipe and my work would not be given up even for a wife. Oh how you have helped me, Billy. Yes, in clearing my mind wonderfully. [I omit here a few sentences from R. H. in which he credits me with a remark I have often made to him, seldom to others.—Important veridically.—N.] ... You said you could not understand why so many mistakes were made, and I talked you blind, trying to explain my ideas of it.' W. R. N.: 'Dick, this sounds like your own self. Just the way you used to talk to me.' R. H.: 'Well if I am not Hodgson, he never lived.' W. R. N.: 'But you are so clear.' R. H.: 'Of course I am, I am drawing on all the forces possible for strength to tell you these things. You laughed about the ungrammatical expressions and said, why in the world do they use bad grammar?' W. R. N.: 'Yes, Dick, I said that.' R. H.: 'I went into a long explanation and attributed it to the registering of the machine. You were rather amused but were inclined to leave it to my better understanding.' W. R. N.: 'You mean, I think, that you understood the subject better than I and I took your explanation?...' R. H.: 'I think I do. I find now difficulties such as a blind man would experience in trying to find his hat. And I

am not wholly conscious of my own utterances because they come out automatically, impressed upon the machine.....'"

I wonder how often you can stand my calling attention to specially natural *personal* interplay in the conversation! I confess it is getting me to the point where the talk about Mrs. Piper's secondary personality "makes me very tired."

"W. R. N.: 'Can you see me, Dick?' R. H.: 'Yes, but I feel your presence better. I impress my thoughts on the machine which registers them at random, and which are at times doubtless difficult to understand. I understand so much better the *modus operandi* than I did when I was in your world. Do you remember you said you could faintly understand—faintly understand the desire on the part of a friend after coming to this side to communicate with his friend on the earthly side. But why he would choose such methods were the most perplexing things to you.' W. R. N.: 'No, Dick, you are thinking of someone else. I never told you that.' R. H.: 'Yes you did in the case of the man I am talking of, who pretended to give manifestations, and you were right in your judgment.' W. R. N.: 'Yes! I think I did say it in that case.' [When the 'choice of such methods' was first mentioned, I supposed it referred to the notion that mediums ought to be persons of distinguished character or abilities. I therefore disavowed it, for I have never seen any reason for the assumption. When it was referred to the 'men who pretended to give manifestations,' I doubtfully acknowledged it, supposing it referred to the so-called 'physical phenomena,' especially those of Stainton Moses. The objections upon which I used to lay most stress in my talks with H. were (1) the astonishing ignorance often displayed with reference to subjects which the supposed communicators must have been acquainted with; (2) the whole Imperator group, its historical and philosophical teachings, its supposed identity with the similar group in the Stainton Moses case and its connection with the seed-pearls, perfumes and other physical phenomena which Moses professed to produce. To these objections H. could never give an answer. ...—N.] R. H.: 'While in other cases you were open and clear to my explanations—and agreed with me, especially regarding G. P.' W. R. N.: 'Right! First-rate! That is all very characteristic.' R. H.: 'You were a good listener always, Billy, always.... I remember when you were with me I got very much interested in some letters you wrote me after your return home ——your saying some things puzzled you very much.' [A first-rate veridical statement from R. H. has had to be omitted here. The matter referred to had, however, been mentioned at sittings in 1895.—N.] W. R. N.: 'By jingo! that is true, Dick. It was ten years ago.... Do you remember telling me that day that when you got on the other side you would make it hot for me?'

R. H.: 'I do indeed remember it well. I said I would shake you up—shake you up.' W. R. N.: 'That is just the word you used Dick.' [I am not now sure the word was 'shake you up,' but it was some such colloquial expression.—N.] R. H.: 'Yes, I did. Oh—I said, won't I shake you up when I get over there if I go before you do! And here I am, but I find my memory no worse than yours in spite of the fact that I have passed through the transition stage—state. You would be a pretty poor philosopher if you were to forget your subject as you seem to forget some of those little memories which I recall, Billy. Let me ask if you remember anything about a lady in [Chicago] to whom I referred.' W. R. N.: 'Oh Dick, I begin to remember. About eight or nine years ago was it, Dick?' [Here follows the 'Huldah' material already quoted in my Part I of this report.—W.J.]"

All through R. H. remembers everything but names better than the sitter. Mrs. P. could hardly have got it from the sitter's mind, though there is a great deal of talk about impressions latent in the sitter's mind—in the Cosmic Mind, I venture to guess, mainly Hodgson's portion of it this time.

"R. H.: 'I heard you and William—William discussing me, and I stood not one inch behind you.' W. R. N.: 'William who?' R. H.: 'James.' W. R. N.: 'What did William James say?' [I recall this talk with W. J. last week.—N.] R. H.: 'He said he was baffled but he felt it was I talking—at one moment—then at another he did not know what to think.' [Perfectly true of my conversation with N. after his sitting with Mrs. P. a week previous.—W.J.] W. R. N.: 'Did you hear anything else?' R. H.: 'Yes, he said I was very secretive and careful.' W. R. N.: 'Did you hear him say that?' R. H.: 'He did. He said I was, —— I am afraid I am.' W. R. N.: 'I don't remember his saying so.' [I remember it.—W.J.] R. H.: 'I tell you Billy he said so.'"

Did Mrs. P. get a correct impression from J., who was absent, rather than the incorrect impression of N., who was present, *or* was Hodgson talking?

"W. R. N.: 'Did he say anything else?' R. H.: 'He paid me a great compliment. [I recall this.—N.] I fear I did not deserve it. However, I am here to prove or disprove through life. Amen.' [The second or third allusion I note of a contemplation of possible death in the next world. Possibly a habit retained by those who have left this world, more probably, perhaps, the habit of the medium and the sitter. H.H.]"

James remarks (Pr. XXIII, 78):

"Some persons [those with a bit of mediumistic faculty, I think I have said before. H.H.] seem to make much better 'sitters' than others, and Prof. Newbold is evidently one of the best. The two sittings of his from which I have quoted are more flowing and contain less waste matter, perhaps, than any others.... Not many items were certainly wrong... and the great majority were certainly right. If two of the omitted communications could have been printed, they would have greatly increased the veridical effect. Professor Newbold gives me his own resultant impression in the following words: 'The evidence for H.'s identity, as for that of other communicators, seems to me very strong indeed. It is not absolutely conclusive; but the only alternative theory, the telepathic, seems to me to explain the facts not as well as the spiritistic. I find it, however, absolutely impossible to accept the necessary corollaries of the spiritistic theory, especially those connected with the Imperator group, and am therefore compelled to suspend judgment.'"

This Imperator group sticks in almost everybody's crop. Hodgson at last came to accept them. They were James's principal stumbling block to the last. Why can't they be put in the same category with the apparent rubbish in dreams? Some dreams are important, despite the apparent rubbish in most. My concluding chapters treat these views in considerable detail, and with considerable evidence.

As we have seen, the fundamental trouble with these gentry is that they give one set of names for themselves at one time, and another set at another, or rather that Stainton Moses, living, announces that they give themselves one set, and that then his alleged spirit, talking through Mrs. Piper to Professor Newbold (Chapter XXXV), says they gave another. It is not quite plain, however, why Professor Newbold and Professor James should dwell on this circumstance, as we have seen that they do, any more than upon the Wilde and Myers sealed envelopes: they all seem about equally unanswerable against spiritism—that is, unanswerable with our present knowledge. Opposing them, however, is perhaps an equal array—perhaps a greater array, of unanswerable facts on the other side—unanswerable with our present knowledge. All that the inquirer can do is to determine on which side the preponderance lies.

Assuming for the argument's sake that those communications were genuine, they contain many frank confessions of

error from Moses, and among his errors was that of coloring these gentlemen too much with his own glasses. But admitting them not to be genuine, are they and other failures to count fatally against the successes? The argument reminds me of the alleged criminal who said: "Only two people swear they saw me do it, while I can bring a thousand who will swear they didn't."

Weighing both sides may be all that the inquirer can ever do. As far back as records go, and in contemporary savagery of a grade that antedates records, man has been busy with this question, and it does not seem improbable that he always will be busy with it—that the order of Nature is such that not only must he be interested in it as long as his curiosities and affections last, but that, as in the past, he will receive nothing more than constant stimulus to his hopes, never a demonstration fully satisfying the demands of his intellect.

And perhaps it may be well if this shall be so. The significance and value of a life depend upon the ratio between capacity and opportunity; and if there be a future life vastly more important than the present one, a comprehension of it might easily reach a point where the tantalizing opportunities of that life, visible but not available, would make this life appear so contemptible in comparison as to paralyze effort and even interest.

But there's another trouble with Imperator and his group that may have had something to do with making them obstacles to the acceptance of the spiritistic theory by James and Newbold. It is their "queerness." Those who find it an obstacle, and still more those who don't, will not need any definition of it.

When I found Hodgson (living) making the sign of the cross with them, and going through their ceremonies, I confess it gave me "that sinking feeling." But reflection shows me that this was a narrow view of the case—as narrow as some other views from which some of us like to think ourselves emancipated. Imperator, Rector, and the rest of those amiable people—taking things at their face value—appear to be combinations of sundry early sacerdotal people seen, on their first appearance, through the glasses, so to speak, of a modern

ritualist clergyman. I don't know or much care whether they are genuine or not, but what argument is it against their genuineness that they like to make the sign of the cross and use the slang of their trade, to rise superior to grammar, and say "friend" on every available occasion, and do other things according to their kind? Such people appear to have their place in the universe (here and beyond?) as well as the rest of us, and if good old Hodgson, who, after his reason was convinced, could sympathize with anybody or anything, fell into some of their ways, what argument is that against their ways being genuine? Some of them may not be quite to our fancy, but a great many ways still less to our fancy have been very genuine indeed—horribly genuine, sometimes.

If anybody refuses to accept Imperator's heaven because he does not like it, and Fra Angelico's heaven because he does not like that, and Milton's or Dante's heaven because he does not like that, he need not for that reason say there's no heaven at all. There may be one that will suit him exactly. Why shouldn't there be enough kinds to go around? I don't like Imperator's, but I've seen nothing in G. P.'s that wouldn't do well enough for me, or in George Eliot's, or in Hodgson's, unless Imperator has led him off too much—which, despite the signs and ceremonies, seemed very far from the case before Hodgson left earth, or since, according to latest accounts, such as they are.

But wherever the facts came from, the marvel is more in the dramatic rendering of them than in the knowledge of them. The investigators have been very slow to wake up to this. Possibly I have been too fast, but it seems more important to me every day.

If James ran any one of his virtues into the ground, perhaps it was his modesty concerning anything connected with himself. Instance the following introduction and what it introduces:

W. J.'s Sitting. (Pr.XXIII,80f.)

"[J.] The evidence is so much the same sort of thing throughout, and makes such insipid reading, that I hesitate to print more of it in full. But I know that many critics insist on having the largest possible amount of *verbatim* material on

which to base their conclusions, so I select as a specimen of the R. H. control's utterances when he was less 'strong,' one of two voice-sittings which I had with him myself (May 21st, 1906). The reader, I fear, will find it long and tedious, but he can skip.

"(R. H. enters, saying:) 'Well, well, well, well! Well, well, well, that is —— here I am. Good morning, good morning, Alice.' Mrs. W. J.: 'Good morning, Mr. Hodgson.' R. H.: 'I am right here. Well, well, well! I am delighted!' W. J.: 'Hurrah! R. H.! Give us your hand!' R. H.: 'Hurrah, William! God bless you. How are you?' W. J.: 'First rate.' R. H.: 'Well, I am delighted to see you. Well, have you solved those problems yet?' W. J.: 'Which problems do you refer to?' R. H.: 'Did you get my messages?' W. J.: 'I got some messages about your going to convert me.' R. H.: 'Did you hear about that argument that I had? You asked me what I had been doing all those years, and what it amounted to?' [R. H. had already sent me, through other sitters, messages about my little faith.—W.J.] W. J.: 'Yes.' R. H.: 'Well, it has amounted to this,—that I have learned by experience that there is more truth than error in what I have been studying.' W. J.: 'Good!' R. H.: 'I am so delighted to see you to-day that words fail me.' W. J.: 'Well, Hodgson, take your time and don't be nervous.' R. H.: 'No. Well, I think I could ask the same of you! Well, now, tell me,—I am very much interested in what is going on in the society, and Myers and I are also interested in the society over here. You understand that we have to have a medium on this side, while you have a medium on your side, and through the two we communicate with you.' W. J.: 'And your medium is who?' R. H.: 'We have a medium on this side. It is a lady. I don't think she is known to you.' W. J.: 'You don't mean Rector?' R. H.: 'No, not at all. It is —— do you remember a medium whom we called Prudens?' W. J.: 'Yes.' [His not naming G. P. or Rector gives decided food for skepticism. H.H.] .....

"R. H.: 'What I want to know first of all is about the society. I am sorry that it could not go on.' W. J.: 'There was nobody to take your place.... Hyslop is going to,—well, perhaps you can find out for yourself what he is going to do.' R. H.: 'I know what he is going to do, and we are all trying to help Hyslop, and trying to make him more conservative, and keener in understanding the necessity of being secretive.' W. J.: 'You must help all you can. He is splendid on the interpreting side, discussing the sittings, and so forth.' R. H.: 'I know he is, but what a time I had with him in writing that big report. It was awful, perfectly awful. I shall never forget it. [Hodgson had tried to get Hyslop's report in S.P.R. *Proceedings,* Vol. XVI, made shorter, a fact possibly known to the medium.—W.J.] ... William, can't you see, don't you understand, and don't you remember how I used to walk up and down before that open fireplace trying to

convince you of my experiments?' W. J.: 'Certainly, certainly.' R. H.: 'And you would stand with your hands in your trousers pockets. You got very impatient with me sometimes, and you would wonder if I was correct. I think you are very skeptical.' W. J.: 'Since you have been returning I am much more near to feeling as you felt than ever before.' R. H.: 'Good! Well, that is capital.' W. J.: 'Your "personality" is beginning to make me feel as you felt.' R. H.: 'If you can give up to it, William, and feel the influence of it and the reality of it, it will take away the sting of death.... Now tell me a little bit more about the Society. That will help me keep my thoughts clear. I think, William—are you standing?' W. J.: 'Yes, I am standing.' R. H.: 'Well, can't you sit?' W. J.: 'Yes.' R. H.: 'Well, sit. Let's have a nice talk.'....."

There is little "evidential" about the last couple of lines in the scientific sense, but there are several kinds of sense.

"R. H.: 'I want to ask you if you have met at all Miss Gaule?' W. J.: 'Maggie Gaule? I have not met her.' [A medium known to R. H. during life, probably also known by name to Mrs. P.—W.J.] R. H.: 'I am very much disappointed in some respects. I have tried to reach her. [In 1908, Hyslop got messages from R. H. through Miss Gaule.—W.J.] I have reached another light and I did succeed in getting a communication through.' W. J.: 'What was your communication?' R. H.: 'I did not believe in her when I was in the body. I thought she was insincere, but I believe her now and know that she has genuine light, and I gave a message recently to a Mrs. M. in the body. I referred to my books and my papers and several other things. Her name is Soule.' [R. H. acted as Mrs. Soule's control, and something like incipient cross-correspondences were obtained.—W.J.] ... W. J.: 'Why can't you tell me more about the other life?' R. H.: 'That is a part of my work. I intend to give you a better idea of this life than has ever been given.' W. J.: 'I hope so.' R. H.: 'It is not a vague fantasy but a reality.' Mrs. J.: 'Hodgson, do you live as we do, as men do?' R. H.: 'What does she say?' W. J.: 'Do you live as men do?' Mrs. J.: 'Do you wear clothing and live in houses?' R. H.: 'Oh, yes, houses, but not clothing. No, that is absurd. [Query: the clothing? or the statement made about it?—W.J.] Just wait a moment. I am going to get out.' W. J.: 'You will come back again?' R. H.: 'Yes.' Rector: 'He has got to go out and get his breath.'"

Perhaps it is a little too often that a question has to be asked twice, or the control has to "get out," or something else happens when anybody asks about the life on the other side, though G. P. did tell me that they are free from bodily

ills there, and many others say the same, and then turn around and enact what they suffered here. Is it all "for evidential purposes"?

We skip half a dozen pages to Pr. XXIII, 94.

"R. H.: 'Now I want,—William, I want one thing. I want you to get hold of the spiritual side of this thing and not only the physical side. I want you to feel intuitively and instinctively the spiritual truth, and when you do that you will be happy, and you will find that I was not idling and was not spending my time on nonsense; and as I thought over all, as it came to me after I entered this life, I thought "What folly! If I could only get hold of him!"' W. J.: 'I wish that what you say could grow more continuous. That would convince me. You are very much like your old self, but you are curiously fragmentary.' R. H.: 'Yes, but you must not expect too much from me, that I could talk over the lines and talk as coherently as in the body. You must not expect too much, but take things little by little as they come and make the best of it, and then you must put the pieces together and make a whole out of it. Before I lose my breath [Again! H.H.], is there any other question you want to ask me? What do you think of that bust, William? I don't quite approve of it. I think it is all nonsense.' [On March 12th Mr. Dorr had told the R. H. control that Mr. Biela Pratt had begun to model a bust of him for the Tavern Club.] W. J.: 'I do not know anything about it. I have not seen it. But it is a natural thing for the Tavern Club to want of you, they were so fond of you, all of them.' R. H.: 'I want to know, William, what is that you are writing about me?' W. J.: 'I am not writing anything about you at present.' R. H.: 'Aren't you going to?' W. J.: 'Perhaps so.' R. H.: 'Can I help you out any?' W. J.: 'Yes, I want you to help me out very much. I am going to write about these communications of yours. I want to study them out very carefully, everything that you say to any sitter.' R. H.: 'Well, that is splendid. You could not have said anything to please me more than that.' W. J.: 'I am glad you approve of my taking it in hand.' R. H.: 'Yes, I do. Of all persons you are the one.' W. J.: 'I'll try to glorify you as much as I can!' R. H.: 'Oh, I don't care about that. I would like to have the truth known, and I would like to have you work up these statements as proof that I am not annihilated.... You must remember I have not been over here an endless number of days? but I wish they would all try as hard as I have tried to give proof of their identity so soon after coming over.' W. J.: 'I wish you would more and more get Rector to let you take his place. You do all the talking and let Rector have a rest. And it would be much better, I think, for you to take control of the light, and for me particularly.' R. H.: 'Yes, that is a very good

suggestion, very good.' W. J.: 'Because I want to write this up, and the time taken by Rector is so much lost from you.' R. H.: 'But he repeats for me very cleverly, and he understands the management of the light. I want to speak with Alice a moment, and then I shall have to leave you, I suppose.' Mrs. J.: 'Mr. Hodgson, I am so glad to know that you can come at all.' R. H.: 'Well, you were always a great help to me, you always did see me, but poor William was blind. But we shall wholly straighten him out and put him on the right track.... I am sorry to be off so soon, but I know there are difficulties in remaining too long. They often told me too frequent communication was not good for anyone. I understand what that means now better than ever. I am going to look up one or two cases and put you on the track of them, William, when I can communicate here,—at the same time repeat the messages elsewhere.' [An early looking forward to cross-correspondences, see Chapter XLVII. H.H.] W. J.: 'That is first rate.' R. H.: 'I think that is one of the best things I can do. Now I am going to skedaddle. Good-by, William. God bless you. Give my love to the boys.'"

James remarks (Pr. XXIII, 97-8):

"The sitting, although quite compatible with the spiritual explanation, seems to me to have but little evidential force. ["Evidential force" is of course a matter of definition. H.H.] The same is true of the second sitting which I had a fortnight later. Much of it went over the same matters, with no better results. I vainly tried to make Hodgson remember a certain article he had written for *Mind* in 1885, and to give the name of Thomas Brown, whom he had praised there. Neither could he remember anything about the American Society for Psychical Research, as he found it on arriving in this country....[He remembered enough about it as he left it *and after he left it. Cf. ante.* H.H.] He insisted much on my having said of a certain lady 'God bless the roof that covers her.' I trust I may have said this of many ladies, but R. H. could lead me to no identification."

On the theory of telepathy from the sitter, Mrs. Piper could have had from James all that Hodgson lacked. That theory is failing all the time. The very incapacities of the control make for spiritism. James continues:

"The only queer thing that happened at this sitting was the following incident. A lady had sent me a pair of gloves as an 'influence' to elicit, if possible, a message from her husband, who had recently committed suicide. I put the gloves into Mrs. Piper's hand, naturally without a word of information about the

case, when 'Hodgson,' who had been speaking, said, with a rather startling change of his voice into a serious and confidential tone, that he had just seen the father (known to us both in life) of a young man who a few years before had made away with himself. 'I never knew it till I came over here. I think they kept it very quiet, but it is true, and it hastened the father's coming.'"

Two Sittings of Miss M. Bergman. (Pr.XXIII,99f.)

"..... [I had become so discouraged by the great difficulty of reading the writing and the confusion in making things clear that I felt very indifferent and inert in mind.—M.B.] R. H.: 'Bosh.' Miss B.: 'What do you mean by that?' R. H.: 'You understand well.' Miss B.: 'Bosh?' R. H.: 'Yes, I say bosh. *B O S H B O S H*' Miss B.: 'What do you mean by that?' R. H.: 'Oh I say it is *all bosh*.' Miss B.: 'What is bosh?' R. H.: 'Why the way you understand. It is simply awful.' Miss B.: 'That sounds like you, Dr. Hodgson.' R. H.: 'I could shake you.' Miss B.: 'How can I do better?' R. H.: 'Put all your wits to it, you have plenty of them.' Miss B.: 'I will do my best. Go on.' R. H.: '*Do*. Do you remember I used to chaff you.' Miss B.: 'Indeed I do.' R. H.: 'Well I am still chaffing you a bit just for recognition.' Miss B.: 'It helps.' R. H.: 'Amen. Now you are waking up a bit.' Miss B.: 'I am.' R. H.: 'Capital. So am I. Don't you remember I told you I would show you how to manage if I ever came over before you did.' Miss B.: 'Indeed I do.' R. H.: 'Well now I am trying to show you. I used to scold you right and left and I shall have to keep it up, I think, unless you do better.' Miss B.: 'I deserve it.... Have you a message for Theo [Miss Theodate Pope]?' R. H.: 'Yes indeed give her my love and tell her I am not going to forsake her. I do not think she has been keeping straight to the mark.' Miss B.: 'What do you mean by that?' R. H.: 'I think she has been getting a little mixed up in her thoughts and ideas of us over here. I am the same old sixpence and I wish she were the same. I want to see her very much.' ['Theo' had had no sitting for a long time, her interest being lessened by the circumstance that records of several sittings had not been kept systematically, as before Dr. Hodgson's death. At this point the hand wrote comments relating to circumstances which had arisen in Theo's life since Dr. Hodgson's death. These comments were singularly appropriate.—M.B.]"

But Miss B. knew them. Though I confess that, as I read, such a fact makes less and less difference to me.

"At the second sitting, when R. H. appeared, the voice began speaking very rapidly and heartily:

"'Well, well, well, this is Miss Bergman; hullo! I felt as

though I could shake you yesterday.' Miss B.: 'Well, I was pretty stupid. I think we can do better to-day.... Did you leave other messages?' R. H.: '... Every message given at this light must be repeated through Mrs. Verrall before anyone opens any of my sealed messages. Mrs. Verrall is the clearest light except this which I have found. Moreover she has a beautiful character and is *perfectly honest.* That is saying a great deal. [The reader will notice that Mrs. Piper had been in England [where she often met Mrs. Verrall. H.H.] and returned, at the date of the sittings with Miss Bergman.—W.J.] ... It is never the way to get the best results by peppering with questions. Intelligences come with minds filled and questions often put everything out of their thought.... Will thinks I ought to walk into the room bodily and shake hands with him. I heard him say "Hodgson isn't so much of a power on the other side." What does he think a man in the ethereal body is going to do with a man in the physical body?' [Seems to show some supernormal knowledge of the state of my mind.—W.J.] Miss B.: 'To whom did you speak first from that world?' R. H.: 'Theodate, yes, Theodate, she was the one to whom I first spoke.' [Correct.]"

From eleven incidents cited by James as of "evidential" value, I quote the following. I don't see anything of what *he* calls "evidential value" in it. According to the standards set up by him and some others, it *could* be accounted for by telepathy—all but its most important features.

(Pr.XXIII,109): "The following incident belongs to my wife's and Miss Putnam's sitting of June 12th, 1906:—Mrs. J. said: 'Do you remember what happened in our library one night when you were arguing with Margie [Mrs. J.'s sister]?'—'I had hardly said "remember,"' she notes, 'in asking this question, when the medium's arm was stretched out and the fist shaken threateningly,' then these words came:

"R. H.: 'Yes, I did this in her face. I couldn't help it. She was so impossible to move. It was wrong of me, but I couldn't help it.' [I myself well remember this fist-shaking incident, and how we others laughed over it after Hodgson had taken his leave. What had made him so angry was my sister-in-law's defense of some slate-writing she had seen in California.—W.J.]"

(Pr.XXIII,110): "At a written sitting at which I was present (July 29th, 1907) the following came:

"R. H.: 'You seem to think I have lost my equilibrium. Nothing of the sort.' W. J.: 'You've lost your handwriting, gone from bad to worse.' R. H.: 'I never had any to lose.' Mrs. M.: 'It was a perfectly beautiful handwriting' [ironical]. R. H.: 'Ahem! Ahem! William, do you remember my writing you a long letter once when you were ill? You had to get

Margaret [my daughter—W.J.] to help you read it and you wrote me it was detestable writing and you hoped I would try and write plainer to a friend who was ill, next time. How I laughed over that, but I was really sorry to make you wade through it. Ask Margaret if she remembers it.' [Perfectly—it was in London.—M.M.J.] "

No matter how much knowledge Mrs. Piper might get telepathically, this dramatic verisimilitude could not have been constructed on the spur of the moment by her or anybody else, even once, not to speak of myriads of times. She could have dreamed it, but I doubt if we do our own dreaming, for reasons given in Chapter LIV. I confess that, as I am now reading over this matter for the fourth or fifth time, accounting for it by anything Mrs. Piper can do, voluntarily or involuntarily, is beginning to seem to me to verge on the ridiculous.

(Pr.XXIII,111): "R. H.: 'Do you remember a story I told you about my old friend Sidgwick? Don't you remember how I imitated him?' Miss P.: 'Yes, what word did you say about Sidgwick?' [I had not deciphered the word 'imitated.'—T.P.] R. H.: 'If I believed in it they would say I was in the trick.' [Still not understanding, T. P. said:] Miss P.: 'What about Sidgwick?' R. H.: 'I imitated him.' Miss P.: 'What did you do?' R. H.: 'I said s-s-s-should-be i-n th-e t-r-i-c-k.' Miss P.: 'I remember perfectly, that's fine.' R. H.: 'No one living could know it but yourself and Mary Bergman.'

"[It was most interesting to see the hand write these words to imitate stuttering, and then for the first time it flashed over me what he had some time ago told Mary and me about Sidgwick, imitating at the same time Sidgwick's stammer: 'H-Hodgson, if you b-b-believe in it, you'll b-be said to be in the t-trick.' I cannot quote the exact words, but this is very nearly right. Sidgwick referred to Hodgson's belief that he was actually communicating, through Mrs. Piper, with spirits. He meant that people not only would not believe what Hodgson gave as evidence, but would think he was in collusion with Mrs. Piper.—T.P.] "

(Pr.XXIII,112): "On Jan. 30, 1906, Mrs. M. had a sitting. Mrs. M. said:

"'Do you remember our last talk together, at N., and how, in coming home we talked about the work?' (R. H.): 'Yes, yes.' Mrs. M.: 'And I said if we had a hundred thousand dollars—' R. H.: 'Buying Billy!!' Mrs. M.: 'Yes, Dick, that was it—"buying Billy."' R. H.: 'Buying only Billy?' Mrs. M.: 'Oh no—I wanted Schiller too. How well you remember!'

"Mrs. M., before R. H.'s death, had had dreams of extending the American Branch's operations by getting an endowment,

and possibly inducing Prof. Newbold (Billy) and Dr. Schiller to co-operate in work. She naturally regards this veridical recall, by the control, of a private conversation she had had with Hodgson as very evidential of his survival."

This buying Billy and Schiller brought Podmore squarely around, for the first time, I think, from his previous life-long fight against telepathy. He says (*New. Spir.*, p. 222):

"It is impossible to doubt that we have here proof of a supernormal agency of some kind—either telepathy by the trance intelligence from the sitter or some kind of communication with the dead."

Two pages farther on, however, appears the *advocatus diaboli* (*New. Spir.*, p. 224):

"When asked to give the contents of any sealed letters written in his life-time for the express purpose of being read by him after death the two sentences were given: 'There is no death' and 'out of life into life eternal' (p. 102.) Whatever Hodgson may have written, it was surely not quite so commonplace as that."

To my gullible apprehension, it seems eminently appropriate.

(Pr.XXIII,113-4): "Among my own friends in the Harvard faculty who had 'passed over' the most intimate was F. J. Child. Hodgson during life had never met Professor Child. It looks to me like a supernormal reading of my own mental states (for I had often said that the best argument I knew for an immortal life was the existence of a man who deserved one as well as Child did) that a message to me about him should have been spontaneously produced by the R. H. control. I had assuredly never mentioned C. to Mrs. Piper, had never before had a message from his spirit, and if I had expressed my feelings about him to the living R. H., that would make the matter only more evidential. The message through R. H. came to Miss Robbins, June 6th, 1906.

"R. H.: 'There is a man named Child passed out suddenly, wants to send his love to William and his wife in the body.' Miss R.: 'Child's wife?' R. H.: 'Yes, in the body. He says... I hope L. will understand what I mean. I [*i.e.*, R. H.] don't know who L. is.' [L. is the initial of the Christian name of Professor Child's widow.—W.J.]"

Too dramatic for Mrs. P. or anybody else in the flesh.

James says (Pr. XXIII, 115):

"These eleven incidents [only a few of which I have quoted. H.H.] sound more like deliberate truth-telling, whoever the

truth-teller be, than like lucky flukes. On the whole they make on me the impression of being supernormal. I confess that I should at this moment much like to know (although I have no means of knowing) just how all the documents I am exhibiting in this report will strike readers who are either novices in the field, or who consider the subject in general to be pure 'rot' or 'bosh.'"

As an erstwhile "novice in the field," I am willing, at the cost of some repetition, to record how they have struck me, whatever may be the chance of my quondam friend James' reading the record.

For years after my sittings with Foster and Mrs. Piper, up to my studies expressly for this volume, I accounted for most of the cases by telepathy from the sitter, and for the rest by teloteropathy. But after reading the S. P. R. records over and over and over again, I find myself no longer able to do so. The eleven incidents dwelt on by James are among the best, but there are many others equally good, and perhaps a few better. The best I think is the growing up of the Junot boy in the last sittings I quote. The simpler points in all may have been only telepathic, but who or what is the unsurpassed dramatist who threw them into shape? My feeling has gradually grown into impatience with the old-fashioned stock explanations, or anything else short of suspended judgment, and I have more and more patience with those who go beyond that.

James continues (Pr. XXIII, 115):

"It seems to me not impossible that a bosh-philosopher here or there may get a dramatic impression of there being something genuine behind it all. Most of those who remain faithful to the 'bosh'-interpretation would, however, find plenty of comfort if they had the entire mass of records given them to read. Not that I have left things out (I certainly have tried not to!) that would, if printed, discredit the detail of what I cite, but I have left out, by not citing the whole mass of records, so much mere mannerism, so much repetition, hesitation, irrelevance, unintelligibility, so much obvious groping and fishing and plausible covering up of false tracks, so much false pretension to power, and real obedience to suggestion, that the stream of veridicality that runs throughout the whole gets lost as it were in a marsh of feebleness, and the total dramatic effect on the mind may be little more than the word 'Humbug.' The really significant items disappear in the total bulk. 'Passwords,' for example, and

sealed messages are given in abundance, but can't be found. (I omit these here, as some of them may prove veridical later.) Preposterous Latin sentences are written, *e.g.*, 'Nebus merica este fecrum'—or what reads like that (April 4th, 1906). Poetry gushes out, but how can one be sure that Mrs. Piper never knew it? The weak talk of the Imperator band about *time* is reproduced, as where R. H. pretends that he no longer knows what 'seven minutes' mean (May 14th, 1906). Names asked for can't be given, etc., etc.[1] All this mass of diluting material, which can't be reproduced in abridgment, has its inevitable dramatic effect; and if one tends to *hate* the whole phenomenon anyhow (as I confess that I myself sometimes do) one's judicial verdict inclines accordingly."

"[Note.—[1] For instance, on July 2nd, the sitter asks R. H. to name some of his cronies at the Tavern Club. Hodgson gives six names, only five of which belonged to the Tavern Club, and those five were known to the controls already. None of them, I believe, were those asked for, namely, 'names of the men he used to play pool with or go swimming with at Nantasket.' Yet, as the sitter (Mr. Dorr) writes, 'He failed to realize his failure.'"

I wonder if James would have hated it less if he had thought, in the connection, of what a mass of "humbug" most of the dreams of a lifetime are, and yet of what importance two or three may be! He continues:

"Nevertheless, I have to confess also that the more familiar I have become with the records, the less *relative significance* for my mind has all this diluting material tended to assume. The active cause of the communications is on any hypothesis a will of some kind, be it the will of R. H.'s spirit, of lower supernatural intelligences, or of Mrs. Piper's subliminal... a will to say something which the machinery fails to bring through. Dramatically, most of this 'bosh' is more suggestive to me of dreaminess and mind-wandering than it is of humbug. Why should a 'will to deceive' prefer to give incorrect names so often, if it can give the true ones to which the incorrect ones so frequently approximate as to suggest that they are meant? True names impress the sitters vastly more. Why should it so multiply false 'passwords' ('Zeivorn,' for example, above [Pr.XXIII,], p. 86) and stick to them? It looks to me more like aiming at something definite, and failing of the goal.... That a 'will to personate' is a factor in the Piper phenomenon, I fully believe, and I believe with unshakeable firmness that this will is able to draw on supernormal sources of information. It can 'tap,' possibly the sitter's memories, possibly those of distant human beings, possibly some cosmic reservoir in which the memories of earth are stored, whether in the shape of 'spirits' or not....."

But whose will? and what "reservoir"? Isn't this a pretty good formula for a soul communicating?

The sting of this bee is in the right place: telepathy from sitter, teloteropathy from remote incarnate intelligences, a dramatic secondary self, each fits some cases; but the Cosmic Reservoir seems to fit all.

James continues (Pr. XXIII, 118):

".....*Primâ facie,* and as a matter of 'dramatic' probability, other intelligences than our own appear on an enormous scale in the historic mass of material which Myers first brought together under the title of Automatisms. The refusal of modern 'enlightenment' to treat 'possession' as a hypothesis to be spoken of as even possible, in spite of the massive human tradition based on concrete experience in its favor, has always seemed to me a curious example of the power of fashion in things scientific.....

"The plot of possibilities thus thickens; and it thickens still more when we ask how a will which is dormant or relatively dormant during the intervals may become consciously reanimated as a spirit-personality by the occurrence of the medium's trance."

Why dormant? Can it not be simply "otherwise engaged"?

CHAPTER XLV

THE HODGSON CONTROL IN ENGLAND

I. The Holland-Hodgson

Miss Johnson says (Pr. XXI, 303f.):

"In February, 1905... Mrs. Holland found that the automatic writing was beginning to make her feel faint or sleepy. The condition was obviated at the time.... It now began to recur. [This sort of thing is noted in several places as preceding the advent of a new, and especially a strong control. H.H.] On Feb. 17th, 1906, she wrote to me:

"'The inclosed writing [that of Feb. 9th quoted below] dates from several days ago. I was able to try it early in the evening for once, and I was anxious to see if the almost stupor which writing has been causing lately was due to late hours and writing in bed. I found that even when I was not tired (and sat in a stiff chair well away from a table, with nothing to support arms or head), a few moments of writing made me feel at once very sleepy and exceedingly loquacious. I fancy that under favorable conditions my automatic writing would change (for a time at any rate) into trance or semi-trance conditions with spoken words instead of written ones.

"'Twice or thrice lately, just before falling asleep at night, I have *heard* fragments of talk which I know are not actual conversation, and as I am in my usual excellent health, perfectly free from excitement or brain fag of any kind, I can only ascribe them [and she may well have included the tendency to trance with them. H.H.] to a possible new attempt at communication.'

"It will be observed that this condition seems to coincide with the first definite attempt at a communication from a Hodgson control,"

—*i.e.*, through Mrs. Holland. The Piper communications began some six weeks earlier. Mrs. Holland learned of Hodgson's death on January 2, 1906. Her script on Friday, February 9, 1906, 9 P. M., is as follows (Pr. XXI, 304):

"..... Sjdibse Ipehtpo—Only one letter further on—

18	8
9	15
3	4
8	7
1	19
18	15
4	14

"They are not haphazard figures read them as letters—...

"K. 57. [a Christian name]— Gray paper—

"The (?) straggler [?straggles] returns—a printed address on the sheet of paper—Three small lines of writing—a wide margin left— I cannot make it clear to you—

"*Concentrate hard.*

"'_____

_____

_____' 3 initials.

"Nothing else upon the sheet—

"[NOTE.—From 'a printed address' to this point is no doubt an attempt to describe a supposed letter, the three lines being in the original long and wavy, obviously meant to represent three lines of writing in the letter. The description, however, is very vague, and has not been identified.]

"It's a wide prospect from the windows—

"A gold watch chain with a horse-shoe shaped cigar cutter attached to it— An old seal not his own initials— A white handled knife inkstained—

"Nitrate of amyl—probably too late even if it had been thought of—

"A corpse needs no shoes."

Miss Johnson continues (Pr. XXI, 304-5):

"On Feb. 21st, 1906, when, as already stated, I saw Mrs. Holland, we discussed this script. I found that in spite of the rather obvious hints given in it,—'Only one letter further on' and 'Not haphazard figures read them as letters,'—Mrs. Holland had not deciphered the initial conundrums. The first letters are formed from the name 'Richard Hodgson' by substituting for each letter of the name the letter following it in the alphabet; the numbers represent the same name by substituting for each letter the number of its place in the alphabet.

"I asked Mrs. Holland if she had ever played at conundrums of this kind. She told me that as a child in the nursery she had played at a 'secret language' made by using either the letter before or the letter after the real one. But she had never practised or thought of using numbers in this way. She noted afterwards: 'When my hand wrote them I thought they were an addi-

tion sum and hoped [my subliminal] would add it very correctly and quickly. [My supraliminal] is *very* poor at figures.' As to the rest of the script: Dr. Hodgson died suddenly of heart-disease while playing a game of handball at the Boat Club in Boston, on December 20th, 1905. There was no preliminary illness, as suggested in the script.... Mrs. Holland... asked me if he had died of heart-disease, as she said she knew nitrate of amyl was given for heart failure, and she suggested this as the interpretation of the words 'Nitrate of amyl—probably too late even if it had been thought of.'"

The remaining script of this period, Miss Johnson gives as follows:

Feb. 28, 1906. (Pr.XXI,305.)

"Dickon of Norfolk [This... is obviously meant for a sort of pun on the name Richard Hodgson.—J]—is that far enough away from the real name? I'll describe R. H. [initials written in monogram].

"A short man—but held himself well—broad shoulders—thick gray white hair—thick gray brows—*very* straight— A florid face—reddish brown— (though it was pale enough at the end). Strong chin—mobile mouth.

"The young wife died so long ago—that perhaps some people forget her. [Here follows the same Christian name as that written on Feb. 9th.]"

(March 7th, 1906.)

"Brittleworth—Brickeldale. Britleton—No—not him and not James—Brit—Brittle Brick Brickleton— Hugo—H.M.—Minster Berg. Hugo.

"Was he not aware? R.

"*Why* are they so brutally dense. H.

"I always had a quick temper."

(May 16th, 1906.)

"When the deep red blood of the maple leaf
Burns on the bough again.

"Spring on a Boston hillside. One clump of maples stands alone— they are outlined against the sunset and the sunset is no redder than they. R. H."

Miss Johnson gives the following elucidations (Pr. XXI, 306-10):

"Mr. Piddington was in Boston, U. S. A., during April and May, 1906, and I sent him a copy of the above pieces of script (except that of May 16th).... On May 25th, 1906, he wrote:

"'.....To represent R. H. as communicating his name to a sensitive by means of numbers representing letters, and especially "s j d i b s e," etc., is an *extremely* characteristic touch.....

"'I reached R. H.'s old rooms.... I noticed a dilapidated note-book.... On the front cover R. H. had written "The Eternal Life." Inside are two loose sheets on which R. H. had made rough notes for an article which he had apparently intended to write in answer to Prof. Münsterberg's book, *The Eternal Life*. It is known that R. H. was much incensed by Münsterberg's book.....

"'It is at least a curious coincidence that within 1¼ hours of receiving and reading Miss Johnson's copy of Mrs. [Holland's] script I should fortuitously come across a memorandum made by Hodgson which shows that he used K. followed by a numeral for some purpose or other.....

"'[Script of Feb. 28th, 1906.] Description not either very good or very bad if applied to R. H. [Good enough, I think. H.H.]

"'[Script of March 7th, 1906.] In view of what has been said above about Prof. Hugo Münsterberg, the obvious reference to him here is quite appropriate. "Why are they so brutally dense? H. I always had a quick temper." These phrases are very like the "R. H. control" sayings through Mrs. Piper.

"'J. G. Piddington.'

"I sent a copy of these passages in the script later to Professor James's son, Mr. Henry James, Junr., who had been appointed one of Dr. Hodgson's executors, and he wrote to me:

"'July 29th, 1906.

"'The lines ["a printed address on the sheet of paper, etc."—script of Feb. 9th, 1906] suggest this to me,—that Hodgson is struggling to procure the return of letters or papers which he tries to describe. Mr. Piddington will tell you that the Piper control has abounded with this sort of request.....

"'I know of no place in Boston frequented by Hodgson where there was a wide prospect from the windows, unless possibly the Union Boat Club, where he died. Its windows overlook the Back Bay to some hills beyond.....

"'He wore a gold watch-chain on which I find that there is a gold cigar-cutter of the ordinary type—not at all horse-shoe shaped. I found an old seal, the stone of which was broken, and which had a female figure cut on it. It was not worn at the time of his death.....

"'[In regard to the script of May 16th, 1906] the foliage of one of our American maples turns a very brilliant red in the autumn, and its minute flowers are a most brilliant red in the spring. The lines might be a quotation from some American poem, or something of Hodgson's own.....

"'I think that the phrases at the end of March 7th are rather like Hodgson, as Mr. Piddington says; but if one can refine on what is already so refined, they are more like Mrs. Piper's Hodgson control.'

"The description of Dr. Hodgson's personal appearance (given

on Feb. 28th) seems to me characteristic; but as his portrait has been published more than once in illustrated magazines, it cannot be evidential. Mrs. Holland believes, however, that she has never seen a portrait of him, and that she had never heard of him till she read *Human Personality.*

"On March 7th, the various attempts made at the name Hugo Münsterberg are comparable with the feeling after the name Eusapia Palladino referred to above (Pr. XXI,274); but whereas in that case there is clearly an effort of *memory* to recall the name, in this the partial emergence is possibly a *telepathic* effort; for Mrs. Holland, as she told me later, had never heard of Prof. Münsterberg.....

"[J.] There is a certain interest in the resemblance between the kinds of remarks made by the Hodgson control through Mrs. Piper and through Mrs. Holland. Mrs. Piper was of course well acquainted with Dr. Hodgson in life, and it was therefore natural that in her trance condition some of his characteristics should come out vividly and indeed in a somewhat accentuated form. But no report of the sittings with her since his death had been published, and there was, so far as I can see, no normal channel through which her trance conception of him could have filtered through to Mrs. Holland.

"A similar resemblance was found... between the Gurney controls of Mrs. Forbes and of Mrs. Holland. Here again Mr. Gurney in his life-time was known to Mrs. Forbes but unknown to Mrs. Holland. She knew both Mr. Gurney and Dr. Hodgson by name through *Human Personality,* but there is nothing in that book to suggest in either case the particular characteristics exhibited by these controls in her script.

"The Christian name following 'K. 57' in the script of Feb. 9th, 1906, and coming at the end of the extract from the script of Feb. 28th, is that of a lady referred to in Dr. Hodgson's report on his sittings with Mrs. Piper in *Proceedings,* Vol. VIII. Of this lady 'Phinuit' remarked, 'The second part of her first name is ——sie.' Dr. Hodgson afterwards told him the full name, but this was not published, the lady being spoken of in the rest of the report as 'Q.' It was the full Christian name which was given by Mrs. Holland, who—it is to be remembered—had not seen the *Proceedings* at all. On Feb. 28th the script said, 'The young wife died so long ago that perhaps some people forget her.' 'Q.' died in 1879, but she was, I believe, never married. The name had also occurred in Mrs. Holland's script on Dec. 1st, 1905 (*i.e.,* 19 days before Dr. Hodgson's death)."

This is the one name Hodgson would have been most apt to express. Even Podmore says (*New. Spir.,* 217): "It seems impossible that Mrs. Holland should have known of it by normal means."

Is all this a telepathic tapping of Mrs. Piper's mind, or the mind of some other surviving friend of Hodgson, or the minds of several; or Hodgson's surviving mind trying to express itself, or all of them together—the Cosmic Mind?

With great reluctance I leave this, to me at least, exceedingly interesting account of Mrs. Holland's experiences. We shall see a little more of them under our next topic of Cross-Correspondences, but I strongly recommend the interested reader to make farther acquaintance with them through Pr. Part LV (Vol. XXI).

II. The Piper-Hodgson in England

We now come to the alleged communications of Hodgson through Mrs. Piper in England. A note regarding them by Mrs. Henry Sidgwick and Mr. Piddington is printed in Pr. XXIII, and in the same volume he appears in a long report regarding several controls, from Sir Oliver Lodge, from which I make a few extracts.

At the outset, I want to repeat in connection with these sittings a fact mentioned by Sir Oliver (p. 431), where the sittings were partly anticipated for reasons there given. It is that communicators(?) do better when the medium is among their most recent and most familiar surroundings. For many years before his death, Hodgson was practically an American, and it was not with surprise that I found Mrs. Sidgwick and Mr. Piddington saying (Pr. XXIII, 122f.):

"The Hodgson control appeared frequently at Mrs. Piper's English sittings, but was seldom the most prominent control. In explanation of this he stated that he was engaged in helping Myers and others to communicate, and thought it better to keep himself in the background. On the one hand his style and expressions in communicating resembled those described by Professor James, and were dramatically suitable to Hodgson.... On the other hand, the attempts made by Hodgson to recall trivial incidents were not convincing, and were, in fact, often wrong.....

"We introduced... intimate English friends of Hodgson's... nothing that could be regarded as adequate evidence of recognition was said, and there was a great deal of what looked like guessing and fishing, and much said that was inappropriate. A fourth friend of Hodgson's had five sittings under what might be supposed to be very favorable circumstances—in the very rooms in which Hodgson had dined with him the last time that they

had met in England. Nevertheless there was no good evidence that there were any associations for Hodgson either with the friend or with the room....."

Contrast this with the control's relations to his American friends. All this seems to me to make strongly for the spiritistic hypothesis. Hodgson's English memories were all behind memories in America which were much more recent, vivid, intimate, emotional, and even affectionate.

And yet the following manifestation of the Hodgson control from Sir Oliver Lodge's report (which we will go farther into later), although it indirectly traverses the foregoing statements, is not half bad in itself. In the eighth sitting, says Sir Oliver (Pr. XXIII, 243):

"the following came from Hodgson.

"'I am Hodgson, but I cannot take Rector's place to-day. However I will make a poor attempt to speak through him.' O. J. L.: 'Very glad to see you.' R. H.: 'Here's ditto.'"

In my perverted judgment, these two words are among the most evidential things on record—so far as I know the record, but the medium *may* have heard Hodgson use them in life, and so from the scientific point of view they are not evidential at all. But I am not exclusively scientific. Yet they are evidential from my point of view only as parts of the whole mass of dramatic presentation, which to me is the one evidential feature of the whole business. Then the Hodgson control says:

"'Do I understand that Mrs. Piper is in England?'"

He was communicating through her at the time! What are the implications? That his not knowing her was a put-up job, or that the occasional alleged difficulties in recognizing and communicating are genuine?

At the thirteenth sitting, on December 3, 1906, the following occurred (Pr. XXIII, 245f.):

"R. H.: 'Hello, Hello, Lodge. How are you on that side?' O. J. L.: 'Hullo, Hodgson, I want to ask you something.' R. H.: 'Fire away at me, I am in the witness box.' O. J. L.: 'Well, you told me to give a message to "Billie Newbold."' R. H.: 'Right.' O. J. L.: 'About the title of a Hindustani poem, but you did not tell me anything in Hindustani. That is, I ex-

pect, what he wanted.' R. H.: 'No, I beg your pardon; he asked me to translate into English the name of a poem I wrote, now in his possession....' O. J. L.: 'Very well; and is that all I am to say to him?' R. H.: 'Yes, about that. But you will please tell him that he is not to feel disturbed about that Medium's message: it is all rot. He will understand about it; i.e., his going to the bottom with his wife; i.e., going to the bottom of the sea. U.D. [usual condensation, for U(nderstan)D, either a question or an affirmation. H.H.] ... Myers has had very little opportunity or encouragement to prove his identity.' O. J. L.: 'Yes, that is fairly true so far.' R. H.: 'And now if the opportunity can be given him, no one on our side is more desirous of proving his identity than Myers. U.D.' O. J. L.: 'Yes, I quite understand....' R. H.: 'We cannot remain here; our utterances are fragmentary but they are earnest and sincere. This must be the case however until the veil is lifted, with all made clear to you. *Your mind cannot help us. If you think of a thing seriously it cannot convey anything to us.* [Contradicts Foster, and p. 279. H.H.] We go, and may God be with and watch over you always.'

"'+ Farewell R.'"

This sign of the cross is part of the ceremonies instituted by the Imperator company after they took possession of Mrs. Piper.

For the sake of comparing Sir Oliver Lodge's experience with the Hodgson control, with that of Mrs. Sidgwick and Mr. Piddington, I have quoted from advanced portions of Sir Oliver's report. I will now go to the beginning.

After reading a large mass of records of sittings, and comments on them, I made a memorandum (which has since led to repetitions that I fear have bored you) that the experimenters and commentators, in their eagerness for what they were pleased to term "evidential" matter, were not making enough of the powerful argument for spiritism presented by the dramatic character of the manifestations—the naturalness and distinct individuality of the "controls." Although this has been mentioned by virtually all the commentators, it was not made prominent before Hodgson in Pr. XIII, and James in Pr. XXIII, and was not brought to the forefront in the Society's Proceedings before Sir Oliver Lodge in the paper we are now considering. He first of anybody rises to the full measure of the occasion. At the outset he says (Pr. XXIII, 128):

"My object in drawing up the following Report is to give a general idea of the dramatic aspect of the Piper phenomena, and of the utterances of some of the ostensible controls. For this purpose therefore I do not limit myself to the consideration of evidential matter, but regard the non-evidential and the trivial as sometimes equally instructive. I do not propose to argue as to the nature of these same controls, although that constitutes the main problem before us. The time hardly appears ripe for useful discussion of that kind, and I feel myself in agreement with Professor William James when he says"

—and then he quotes the passage from James quoted by me on p. 529, l. 7 from bottom: "The facts are evidently," etc. (Cf. *ante,* pp. 709-10.)

Sir Oliver farther says most wisely (Pr. XXIII, 129):

"The contention that a hostile or squeamish attitude should be taken by every unprejudiced investigator is quite absurd; it would only be appropriate to one who so despises and sneers at the whole subject as to refuse an opportunity of learning anything about it. Doubtless there are many such people in existence, and with them I have no quarrel; but they are not asked to read or review these and other such reports."

As often intimated already, that attitude at a sitting tends to upset the medium and spoil the game—a circumstance legitimately open to suspicion, but thought by many to be now demonstrated beyond it.

Sir Oliver says that in the early days of his acquaintance with Mrs. Piper (Pr. XXIII, 131):

"The dramatic activity of the hand was very remarkable: it was full of intelligence, and could be described as more like an intelligent person than a hand. It sometimes turned itself to the sitter, when it wanted to be spoken to by him; but for the most part, when not writing, it turned itself away from the sitter, as if receiving communications from outside, which it then proceeded to write down; going back to space—*i.e.,* directing itself to a part of the room where nobody [incarnate. H.H.] was—for further information and supplementary intelligence, as necessity arose.....

"In the old days the control had styled itself 'Phinuit'; now Phinuit never appears, and the control calls itself Rector."

Sir Oliver (Pr. XXIII, 134) corroborates Hodgson's remarks at the end of his last report about the beneficial effect on Mrs. Piper and her phenomena produced by the regulations imposed by the Imperator *régime.*

"If anything went wrong with the breathing, or if there was insufficient air in the room, or if the cushions slipped so as to make the attitude uncomfortable, the hand wrote 'something wrong with the machine,' or 'attend to the light,' or something of that sort.....

"The following illustrates the care taken of the physical conditions and the way they are spoken of. It is an extract from a sitting held by Mr. Dorr at Boston in 1906.

"(Rector interrupting a 'Hodgson' communication) 'Friend, you will have to change the conditions a moment.' [At the beginning of the sitting only one of the two windows in the room was open a very little way. A few moments previous to this time H. J. Jr. noticing that the room was a little close had opened the other window, and G. B. D. had nearly closed it again.] G. B. D.: 'What is wrong with the conditions? Do you want more air or less?' R.: 'Well, there will have to be a change in the surroundings, there will have to be more strength, what is it, air, yes, air. And a good deal more just now. Hodgson takes a good deal of strength when he comes, but he is all right, he understands the methods of operation very well. (The window was now opened wide.) That is better. Now the light begins to get clear. All right, friend.'"

Sir Oliver also says (Pr. XXIII, 138-9):

"In the old days, undoubtedly, the appearance was sometimes as if the actual control was changed—after the fashion of a multiple personality; whereas now I think it is nearly always Rector that writes, recording the messages given to him as nearly as he can, and usually reporting the first person, as Phinuit often did. I do not attempt to discriminate between what is given in this way and what is given directly, because it is practically impossible to do so with any certainty.... If a special agency gets control and writes for a few minutes, it does not seem able to sustain the position long, but soon abandons it to the more accomplished and experienced personality, Rector. In the recent series there appeared very little evidence of direct control other than Rector. [Cf. G. P.'s assertion that they need a medium on that side as we do on this. H.H.]

"We shall speak however of the 'Gurney control,' the 'Hodgson control,' etc., without implying that these agents—even assuming their existence and activity—are ever really in physical possession of the organism; and, even when they are controlling as directly as possible, they may perhaps always be operating telepathically on it rather than telergically—operating, that is to say, through some stratum of the mind, rather than directly on any part of the physical organism."

Sir Oliver gives (Pr. XXIII, 160-1) "an extract from a

sitting with Mr. Dorr, who is speaking to the Hodgson control."

"G. B. D.: 'I wanted to ask whether you ever controlled the organism of the light yourself, or whether it is wholly done by Rector.' R. H.: 'It is wholly done by Rector and it will continue to be. I shall take no part in that.' G. B. D.: 'Then it is he who is speaking?' R. H.: 'It is Rector who is speaking and he speaks for me. I have no desire to take Rector's place. I trust him implicitly and absolutely.' G. B. D.: 'And he constantly reports for everyone?' R. H.: 'Everyone. [He seems then to report as from dictation in the first person. H.H.] There is no question about that. In the first place he is more competent to do it, he understands the conditions better than any individual spirit; he is fully capable and is under the constant direction of Imperator. When I finished with the conditions in the earthly life I finished with my control over the light.'"

That is: he finished with his influence with Mrs. Piper. Sir Oliver remarks:

"So it would appear that the changes of control claim to be now usually dramatic rather than real."

I am not professing to guide you through these intricacies to any definite and necessary conclusions, but merely to give you as good an outline of the intricacies as I can, with candid statements, for what they may be worth, of such suggestions—often contradictory—as the evidence brings to me. One such statement is that the intelligent and initiative action of Rector, as intermediary and amanuensis, seems absolutely at variance with my impression that he and his companions are mere figments of the dreams of Stainton Moses and Mrs. Piper, eked out perhaps with impressions from sitters. This harks back to the half-crazy question I have already raised: whether a genius can generate a working psychic personality. There may be something in it. While we wait to see, our only course seems to be to leave this part of the puzzle in suspense, and continue trying to correlate such other parts as seem to admit of correlation. We can hardly hope soon to reach any systematic grouping that will include all the pieces. We will be fortunate when we reach a grouping so comprehensive as to encourage the expectation that farther knowledge will soon enable us to fit in the remaining pieces, until we have a congruous and significant whole.

From these accounts of the Hodgson control we pass, in defiance of chronology, to a series of sittings of which the earlier occurred just before his death, and were conducted by him; and similar disregard of chronology will be necessary in presenting other series. It will be a less evil, however, than would have been the splitting of each of these series, and the fitting of their fragments into a jumble whose only unity would have been sequence in time.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE ISAAC THOMPSON SERIES IN 1906

We now come again to the Thompson family, whom we met in Chapter XXX as having sittings in 1889. This family has no connection whatever with Mrs. Thompson the medium. Sir Oliver Lodge says (Pr. XXIII, 163):

"In 1906, when the recent series of sittings was held, one of the three daughters, who in 1889 were children, was married, and the son engaged; ... the grandmother, alive in 1889, was now dead; and I regret to say that Isaac Thompson himself had suddenly died of an apoplectic seizure in his own house on the 6th November, 1903.

"The interest of the family at the present time therefore lay in receiving communications if possible from him."

Some two years after his death, his son Edwin, happening to be in America, had a sitting on December 11, 1905, with Mrs. Piper, in which the father ostensibly appeared, and, Sir Oliver says, "seemed to wonder how his son had 'managed to find him' [in America]. It was, however, a bad sitting and evidentially blank." It does not seem so to my lay mind, in view of the first sentence quoted. Mr. Edwin Thompson's lay mind seems to have been affected in the same way: for Sir Oliver continues (Pr. XXIII, 163-4):

"Undoubtedly there ought to have been another sitting without delay, to clear up this unsatisfactory interview ... though I believe that Mr. E. Thompson is on the whole more satisfied with it than these remarks of mine would suggest; but unfortunately he had to return to England immediately, and at the next sitting he was not present. From some points of view—however unfortunate it undoubtedly was—this absence of any connecting link at ensuing sittings held by R. Hodgson or others in America may be held to strengthen the evidence, provided anything further was obtained—as it was; since now the facts could hardly be supposed to be obtained from the sitter; American strangers naturally knowing nothing about the family, and Dr. Hodgson being a complete stranger to them all, except E. T., whose slight acquaintance he had only just made."

On December 12th, the day after Edwin Thompson's sitting, a sitter who did not know him received through Rector a message for him from George Pelham regarding E. T.'s father. The next day, at a Hodgson sitting with Mrs. Piper in America, occurred the following (Pr. XXIII, 164f.):

"[Rector]: 'Didst thou receive the message from George?' R. H.: 'Yes, last night, thank you.' [R.]: 'Have you the influences of the young man's [Edwin Thompson's. H.H.] father?' R. H.: ('No.') R.: 'It seems almost an injustice to us not to have met him once more, as it would be a great help to the communicator himself and all on our side.' R. H.: 'I have explained all to him, and he will send me some articles of his father after he returns to England. He had no more time here, and is already on his way back. He had no opportunity before leaving home, to know what he ought to do.' R.: 'We U.D. and since the spirit is now waiting with our good and faithful co-worker George we shall after preliminary matters are cleared up listen to what he hath to say.' R. H.: 'I shall be glad.' R.: 'That young man [Edwin Thompson. H.H.] hath some significant light himself.' (Scrawls were now made, ending 'help me.') R. H.: 'Kindly tell me anything you wish.'

"[Isaac Thompson begins. H.H.] 'I hold this bottle in my hand for identification.... Bottle... in my hand.' R. H.: 'Yes?' T.: 'I had much to do with them when in your world.' R. H.: 'Who are you?' T.: 'I used to be address [sic] Dr. I got.' [He had medical ambitions, and was partner in Thompson & Capper [drug dealers. H.H.].—O.J.L.]"

Isn't this immensely funny and immensely pathetic? Draw the picture (there is no use in reading these things without imagination)—the old man "with medical ambitions," slightly bent, venerable and benign, but curious and mistrustful of his reception; then give him his spectacles and his "bottle for identification." Nothing "evidential" about it? As you please. As I please, until you put Mrs. Piper among the greatest of dramatists, that bottle belongs, with Hodgson's "Here's ditto," among the most "evidential" things in the record—evidential, that is, of something outside of Mrs. Piper and any other person whom we call living.

But to return to the sitting (p. 165f.):

"(G. P. communicating.) 'He is trying very hard. let him dream it out H and he will be all right. If he says anything clearly, congratulate him help him by words of encouragement only, remember he has nothing or no one except yourself to attract him here.' R. H.: 'Yes. Is he the young man's father?'

G. P.: 'he is surely. Agnes is his daughter.' R. H.: 'Yes?' G. P.: 'So he tells me.' R. H.: 'Shall I talk to him?' G. P.: 'Just encourage him a little by telling him who you are etc. what your object is etc. It will help him greatly.' R. H.: 'I will explain in answer to your inquiry who I am,—that I am an old friend of Professor Lodge.' T.: 'LODGE.' R. H.: 'Yes.' T.: 'What my old neighbor in LIV. (Excitement in hand which cramps and twists about.) 'calm friend (Between sp[irits? H.H.]) LI... (Excitement stops the writing again.) Drugs ... Do not go. Wait for me. LIVERSTOOL.' R. H.: '*Liverpool,* you mean.' T.: 'I say so. I say so I say so I say so I say so [sic.]...' R. H.: 'Yes I understand.' T.: 'I say so. Liverstool' [Livestool?] R. H.: 'Liver-pool. POOL. R' [R= Rector.] T.: 'I live I live I had three daughters one son [true] (scrawls over sheet)... I want to help them all all all. God help me to help them to understand that I am alive.' R. H.: 'Yes?' T.: 'I am confused [confussed] No doubt but I will be better soon it is so hard to understand. You look so heavy, a black cloud comes over you and I can scarcely see you. Do you know me?' R. H.: 'I do not know you personally, but I now know your son who came with me. Did you not see the lady in England with Professor Lodge through whom you are now communicating? I mean the light?' T.: 'Oh I cannot tell you yet wait until I find my way about.' R. H.: 'Don't...' T.: 'Tell me all about yourself first. I want to get acquainted with you.' R. H.: 'Yes I will. Kindly listen.' T.: 'I'll do my best, because I want to reach my family. very very much.' R. H.: 'I am interested in psychical work and sent Mrs. Piper many years ago to England,—don't you remember seeing Mrs. Piper?' [At the sittings in 1889. H.H.] T.: 'Piper?' R. H.: 'Yes, and the...' (Perturbation in hand.) T.: 'Oh yes I remember Piper. Was Mrs. Piper a Medium, an American lady?' R. H.: 'Yes.' T.: 'Oh yes Oh yes I do I do, but I'll find her out and come to you if it is a possible thing. What is your name?' R. H.: 'My name is Hodgson, Richard Hodgson.' T.: 'Can't you spell it for me?' R. H.: 'Hodgson.' T.: 'Oh he is telling me thank you greatly.'"

Sir Oliver explains this remarkable bit of drama—all "put up," of course, and on the spur of the moment! (p. 171):

"Whereas the Thompson control had been trying to understand with difficulty what Dr. Hodgson was saying, he was now being told on his own side by G. P., whom he thanks—all this by-play being, now as often, automatically recorded by the writing hand."

The record continues (p. 167f.):

"T.: 'Let me think. I am so anxious to U.D. all about this then I can talk with you.' R. H.: 'Well, now, Mr....' T.:

'Where are we? I left my body some time ago. Where are you?' R. H.: 'This is America where I am now.' T.: 'America?' [Note that the distance is no apparent obstacle to the control reaching the medium. H.H.] R. H.: 'Yes.' T.: 'Well well that is very interesting to me. You are in the body?' R. H.: 'Yes I am.' T.: 'Well, happy?' R. H.: 'Yes, both, thank you.' T.: 'Splendid I begin to U.D.' R. H.: 'Well now I will tell you more about myself and Lodge.' T.: 'My wife is better thank you I am watching over them. but my business will be better in time. I am trying to take care of it for the children.... I had a business called... sounds like DRUGS. I am helping all I can [this was evidently Rector.] (Hand to Sp. 1.) he must rest + ' [meaning Imperator.] R. H.: 'I shall be so pleased for you to come again and send any messages you wish to your family.' 'he will return in a moment friend but I command him to go for a moment. + R. (Thump of hand.) Mrs.... kindly Your friend George is the very best helper we have.' R. H.: 'I am very grateful to him.' [Rector inquires. H.H.] 'Did his spirit seem any clearer? R.' R. H.: 'Yes I should judge that he will probably be a very clear communicator shortly.' R.: 'talk with him in general when he comes whether he gives you a chance or not.... chance or not... he is very earnest but he does not U.D. yet our methods.' R. H.: 'No.' R.: 'I say I shall return and help you. was very glad I came.' R. H.: 'Thank you very much.' T.: 'I could not U.D. while you [Rector?] were here but I could see him after you left. T——' R. H.: 'I understand.'

"(During the waking stage Mrs. Piper said) '... Thompson [sic.] ... with you all.' [This was the first time the name had been mentioned.] 'Before I let you go [apparently to Rector or George. H.H.] ... you must take this over to Mr. Hodgson. Tell him ...' R. H.: '"Tell him"?' T.: 'Tell Mrs. Thompson I'm very glad to be here. It is better so. I am grateful for all God has done to help me.... the truth will find its way. Farewell. fare *thee* well ... peace ...' [Remember, the Thompsons were Quakers. H.H.] (Pause.) [Mrs. P.]: 'There was two gentlemen resembling each other. One was George, the other was another man looked something like him.....'

"[L.] The excitement which the hand displays, as here at the mention of Lodge and Liverpool, is characteristic. On such occasions it twists and squirms about and frequently breaks the point of the pencil by pressure against the paper. It is as if the nerves conveyed too strong a stimulus to the muscles, so that until the excitement abates no writing can go on.... The things said are all true and appropriate.... When it is remembered that the whole thing is being obtained through Mrs. Piper's body, the curiosity of the position is obvious.....

"The way in which he receives the information that Hodgson is in America,—where in 1884 Isaac Thompson [the control]

had been with me [Sir Oliver. H.H.] alone for nine weeks,—is also very natural; and his inquiry as to whether Hodgson is a living person or not is curious....."

Sir Oliver also gives the following (Pr. XXIII, 171f.):

"A record has been sent me by Mr. Piddington of an incident which was unexpectedly interpolated in a sitting of his during a visit to America in the spring of 1906.... Mr. Piddington was ignorant of and not interested in the Thompson family. The following is the relevant extract:—

"*Portion of a Sitting held by J. G. P. with Mrs. Piper in Boston on 23 May,* 1906.

"[Rector]: '... We have a message to give you from a spirit whom we call Thompson. He wishes to send his love to his wife and children and says he is anxious to meet Teddy again.' [Not Mr. Roosevelt, but Mr. Thompson's son. H.H.] J. G. P.: 'Yes, I will give that message to Ted.' T.: [Perhaps through Rector. H.H.] 'Tell him not to feel anxious about the business as I am helping him constantly. (Hand seemed to listen and then wrote) I was sorry about Theo's headaches but I know [she] will be better now. (J. G. P. read 'Ted's' instead of 'Theo's.') Not Ted's. Listen. Theodore's. Theo.'s (read) Yes, correct. Oh my, I hardly realized I could speak so well.' J. G. P.: 'Was that the spirit Thompson who said that?' T.: 'It was I myself. I have been waiting this opportunity a very long time.'"

Despite what was said a little way back about Rector doing all the talking, some of the rest seem to get in very well. It's another of the puzzles about the Imperator gang.

Sir Oliver next passes to the sittings in England, in November, 1906, when Mrs. Piper was brought over by the S. P. R. He says (Pr. XXIII, 174):

"..... The getting into communication at a strange house in America was evidently difficult and tiresome as the first [omitted] sitting, held on 11 Dec. 1905, shows: but here in Isaac Thompson's own home, so to speak, and with his own family, recognition is easy enough,—though even there, after the interval, not quite sudden. The change of locality seems a barely recognized incident, he continues at first to talk to his son much as he had tried to do before; but the excitement, when at a certain stage in the sitting the widow let her presence be known and her voice heard, was very great and remarkable."

Sitting No. 1, *Liverpool, November* 10, 1906. (Pr.XXIII,175f.)

"Present: Mrs. Isaac (Susan) Thompson, Edwin Thompson, and sister, with O. J. L. recording.

"'+ HAIL.' (Hand raised. Cross in air.) O. J. L.: 'Hail, Imperator!'

Sir Oliver seems to have caught it too!

"'We return to earth once more this day with peace and love + R.' [The written signs of Imperator and Rector. H.H.] R.: 'A spirit is present whom we have seen before, he is imploring us to let him speak.' O. J. L.: 'Yes we wish to speak to him.' R.: 'We understand you very well, friend, and you are understanding me also.' [Then came the change of control, either real or simulated, and O. J. L. gives place to E. T. as sitter.] (Excitement in hand, many scrawls.) I. T.: 'I am so very glad to return again. I have longed to speak once more.' E. T.: 'Have you ever communicated with me before through this medium?' I. T.: 'Are you by any possibility my son?' E. T.: 'Yes, have you spoken to me before?' I. T.: 'Oh yes, do you not remember how difficult it was for me to reach you under those new and strange conditions? [In America. H.H.] I am so delighted to see you again. I cannot think fast enough. God bless you my boy. I have been helping you and Theodo....' E. T.: 'Can you give your name?' 'What name? R.' [Rector writes. H.H.] E. T.: 'I do not know who it is yet.' 'Neither do I. R. Theoder. THE' E. T.: 'Oh, you mean Theodora.' I. T.: 'All the time I am helping her.' [Now Rector apparently reports what I. T. says. H.H.] E. T.: 'Do you remember speaking to me before?' I. T.: 'God bless you. Not long ago, but it was not here.... I am your father, I am, and I sent several messages to you through a friend who came with you, and who is now on our side. [This of course refers to Dr. Hodgson.] Do you understand, my son?... How is it you do not speak?' E. T.: 'Can you give any message that I can tell mother?'

"[O. J. L.] The trance personalities appear to be ignorant of, or to be groping after, a number of things that Mrs. Piper knows quite well, and, on the other hand, to attain knowledge of which she is ... entirely ignorant.....

"I. T.: 'Tell her I am sorry I did not understand about coming here. Had I, I should have arranged things differently for her. Take good care of her will you?' E. T.: 'She is here, would you like to speak with her?' I. T.: 'Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes. Why did you not tell me before?' Mrs. T.: 'Do you see me?' I. T.: 'I hear her speak. (Excitement. Breaks pencil.) Isa' Mrs. T.: 'Do you see me?' I. T.: 'I do, I do, I do, I do. Isaac.' Mrs. T.: 'Can you call me by my name?' I. T.: 'S s s A. Let me free my mind and tell you how I feel. I am not dead now, but I am speaking with you. Isauc. [*Sic.* H.H.] I am he. Do you remember Issa. Issa. Susa. Susa.' Mrs. T.: 'Can you help me about Theodora?' [Their daughter was not well. H.H.] I. T.: 'Yes I can now, but I did not before. Dear, are

you tired? Are you tired and discouraged at times?' Mrs. T.: 'Yes, Isaac, since you went.' I. T.: 'Better I came. Think it so. Can't you see me?' Mrs. T.: 'No, I cannot.' I. T.: 'Susar Susan Susu Susin' (Excitement. scrawls.) Mrs. T.: 'Shall Theodora come in? Would you like to see her?' I. T.: 'Yes, more than you think.' Mrs. T.: 'Here is Theodora.' I. T.: 'She is going to get well and get stronger and better than ever before in all her life. She has light, she has light, but do not use it. It isn't good for her.' Mrs. T.: 'You mean she could write automatically, but is not to try!' I. T.: 'Correct. Do not let her do so, I beg of you. Father. Papa. [Last two words as signatures. H.H.] I wish you to get all good out of that life: that let me desire for you. [?] Dear Theo, you have a claim to health—it is your right.' T. T.: 'Can you tell me anything I should do to get strong?' I. T.: 'Yes, I'll ask the Doctor, I'll call the Doctor. (Change of control.) Come here.' (Then the control calling itself 'Doctor' [presumably not Phinuit, but one of the Imperator group. H.H.] entered into long medical details and precepts.)

"[L.] Then the Isaac Thompson control returned and talked of business matters with his son, and was much interested to hear about the result of a lawsuit, begun before he died.... The anxiety to be told about it—a matter which had weighed on his mind and caused him a good deal of worry just at the end of his life—seemed quite genuine.

"I. T.: 'Good for you. [?] I shall be happier to understand. I tried to tell that man who helped me reach you in America, and who is now with me.' [Hodgson had "passed over" about a year before. H.H.] E. T.: 'Who is that?' I. T.: 'His name is Hodgson.' E. T.: 'Oh yes, Dr. Hodgson. I understand.' I. T.: 'And he is helping me now....' E. T.: 'Would you like to speak to Agnes?' I. T.: 'I should, I should, I should.' [Agnes is the married daughter, living in another town.—O.J.L.] E. T.: 'Shall she come to-morrow or next day?' I. T.: 'I do not understand. Ask Rector.... You are all talking at once, and I do not understand you.' [Is this telepathy? H.H.] O. J. L.: 'Shall we all go out of the room except one?' I. T.: 'No, stop talking. What is that fellow doing? (An organ-grinder was playing outside in the street, and the sound coming in through the open window evidently introduced confusion. This must have been what was spoken of as 'all talking at once.') What are you doing? Stop it, stop it. Rector.' O. J. L.: 'We have sent out to stop it.' I. T.: 'What is he talking about?' O. J. L.: 'It was a man outside, we have sent out to stop the noise.' I. T.: 'Oh I understand....' E. T.: 'Has my father gone away now?' R.: 'He is here, but he is getting weak.' I. T.: 'Good-by for the present, I will speak again. Good-by children, I will speak again. Darling S. Are you getting on well without me? I am looking after you, and when you think of me I am nearest

you. You are a part of me always. I am a part of you always, a part of you always. Nearest you dear.'

"[L.] In continuation of what I have said above (Pr.XXIII, 177) about the normal knowledge of Mrs. Piper having little or no influence on the knowledge shown by the controls, the instance of the surprise and eagerness shown by the Isaac Thompson control when told that Mrs. Isaac Thompson was present is a case in point. For of course Mrs. Piper had known perfectly well the people likely to be present at the sitting.... Although ... we cannot claim anything as evidential when it comes out in the trance if it had ever been known to Mrs. Piper, I myself am unable to trace much, if any, connection between the trance knowledge and her normal knowledge. [Both seem mixed as in other dreams. H.H.] For instance, a sitter introduced by name is no more likely to have his name mentioned during a sitting than one who is introduced as an anonymous stranger....."

Sitting No. 2, *Liverpool, November* 11, 1906. (Pr.XXIII,184f.)

"O. J. L. again present.

".....I. T.: 'May I speak to my wife alone?' (All go out but Mrs. T.) Mrs. T.: 'Do you see me Isaac?' I. T.: 'Yes I do see you dear, and I love you dearly. I see it clearly. I know you are, dear, and when you think of me I know it.....'

"She was called by the right abbreviation of her Christian name which he always used.... In a previous set the 'Uncle Edwin' called her by another abbreviation—which was the appropriate one also in his case.... He called Ted as usual, but... not ... by a childish nickname which was asked for and not given.....

"While coming out of trance Mrs. Piper spoke: '... I saw you before. It is fearful. [This means that she dislikes changing from her trance state and coming back to ordinary surroundings.] They are going away. It's awful. Too bad. Snap. [This refers to a sensation which she calls a snap in the head, which nearly always precedes a return to consciousness. Sometimes it heralds almost a sudden return; and she is always more conscious after a snap than she was before; but often it takes two snaps to bring her completely to. What the snap is I do not know, but I expect it is something physiological. It is not audible to others, though Mrs. Piper half seems to expect it to be so.] ... I saw a man in the light, which looked like Mr. Thompson. Kept waving his hand. The man with the cross was helping him out. ['The man with the cross' is intended to signify Imperator.] ... I came in on a cord, a silver cord. [In all sorts of trance dreams there are notions of the separated soul being connected with its body by a cord, apparently at the umbilicus. H.H.] Miss Thompson. [Recognizing her. H.H.] I thought you were small. Looking through opera glasses at wrong end. You grew larger. Did you hear my head snap? It breaks. I

forgot where we were sitting. Why Mrs. Thompson, I didn't know you were there. My cold.'"

Here is part of a letter from Edwin Thompson about sitting No. 3 (Pr. XXIII, 187):

"..... Mother asked if he recognized the room, and you will see the answer is correct (the hand looked round for some time): and then when we said Good-by, he said he never did like Good-by; which is perfectly true, although at the time, when we said it, we did not think of it."

Sitting No. 17, *Liverpool, July 3rd,* 1907. (Pr.XXIII,191f.)

[Over seven months after next previous Thompson sitting. H.H.]

"..... I. T.: 'Good morning my boy, I am glad to see you again; did you and mother receive my message? you and mother.' E. T.: 'Yes, we did.' I. T.: 'I want to tell you that I have a new friend here whom I was very glad to meet. Chas. [Rector? H.H.] He says Chas. Chas Chare Charl' E. T.: 'We do understand, but can you spell that word correctly? I'll ask your father. R.' [Thereby indicating that Rector is really conveying the messages.—O.J.L.] I. T.: 'Yes. CHARES CHARES CHARLES [Charles E. Stevens, brother of Mrs. T., died on 22 May, 1907.] [Some six weeks before sitting. H.H.] sends love to M.' [Probably Mary his sister.] E. T.: 'Is that M.?' C. E. S.: 'Yes. I didn't realize I was coming over. [He died suddenly from apoplexy.] Oh dear. I am so glad to understand it now.... I want you to look up a picture I ordered before I left, and it never came.' E. T.: 'Can you tell us from whom you ordered it?' C. E. S.: 'That would be difficult to get through to thee [He was a Quaker. H.H.], but I ordered it from a friend of mine, who used to take my orders, and get them for me....' Mrs. T.: 'Yes, Charlie, the picture did come after you left, and Mary sent the bill of it to Mr. Alsop to pay.' [E. T. did not know anything about this.] C. E. S.: 'Oh I am so glad to understand.' Mrs. T.: '... Is there any other message thou would like to give about anything?' (Then again he refers to his sister.) '...She will come over to me some time but before she comes I want you all to look after her.' Mrs. T.: 'But you have no reason to think that she will join you shortly?' C. E. S.: 'I have reason for asking you to take good care of her. Ted, is this you?' E. T.: 'Yes, it is, Uncle Charlie.' C. E. S.: 'I *am* glad to see you.'

" (Then he gives his nephew business advice and again refers to family matters, mentioning names quite familiarly and correctly, though some of them were also mentioned by the sitters, in a fairly natural conversational way on both sides,— ... Then 'Charles' disappeared, and his brother-in-law, 'Isaac Thompson,'

once more sent messages and advice about business—showing rather detailed knowledge on some points. Then he addressed Mrs. Thompson again:—) 'Oh dear Sue, did you understand my message?' Mrs. T.: 'Do you mean the message that came through Sir Oliver?' I. T.: 'Yes I do.' Mrs. T.: 'Yes I did get it. Did you see Charlie when he went over?' I. T.: 'Oh yes, I was by his side and helped him to find his way.... Theodora dear are you better. (Theodora had just come into the room.) I say *you*. R. Because I understand it better. Rector. He says Thee, but I say you. I understand it better. [The Thompsons, it will be remembered, were Quakers. H.H.] ... Dearest, you feel troubled don't you? Well I do not wish you to.' Mrs. T.: 'I can't help it Isaac.' I. T.: 'But don't, if you only won't I know dear Sue everything is *all* right. (E. T. indicates that time is up.) Yes but let me say one word more; may I not?' E. T.: 'Yes, but we have only one more minute.' I. T.: 'Sue dear, feel that all is going to be right, and it will be, and we shall meet again.' [What follows shows that he means through the medium. H.H.] Mrs. T.: 'Yes, that is what I am looking forward to.' I. T.: 'I too, when it is right. I shall be so glad. That is what light is for. Good-by. Ted my boy I am not overlooking you at all, my love and *all* my help for you; father.'

"'+ we cease now, and may the blessings of God rest on you.

"'+ Farewell (R.)'"

The Last of Phinuit

And now we come to the very last of that "preposterous scoundrel," "monumental liar," etc., etc., dear old Phinuit. We saw the fell designs upon him of the Imperator gang in Chapter XXXVI. Sir Oliver Lodge says of the 11th sitting in this series, in 1907 (Pr. XXIII, 280-1):

"[O. J. L.] It was of some interest to me to see what the Controls of recent times had to say about the ancient Control calling itself Phinuit; and accordingly I asked questions ... of which the record stands as follows:—

"O. J. L.: 'May I ask a question? Does "Phinuit" mean anything to you?' [Apparently Rector: see below. H.H.] 'You mean Dr. Phinuit. Oh yes, we see him occasionally, friend; he is in another sphere of this life, no longer earth-bound, and he is very well and very happy.' O. J. L.: 'He was a friend of mine.' [By this I meant that during the old Piper sittings I was on friendly and even affectionate terms with this curious and not universally appreciated impersonator.] R.: 'Could you by any possibility be the friend on earth whom he called "Captain"?' O. J. L.: 'Yes indeed, that is me.' (Excitement in hand.) R.: 'Would you like to see and speak with him?' O. J. L.: 'I should if it did him no harm.' R.: 'Oh no harm in

the least; he is beyond harm, friend; he has so progressed. He will no doubt be glad to return. We will speak with him and report his doings. This also.' O. J. L.: 'Will you give him my love?' R.: 'I will give him your love certainly with great pleasure. He is a much better spirit than he was thought to have been. He fell in with the wrong element to begin with. U.D. Wrong *i.e.*, on the earthly side. I will see him and report at our next meeting. R.'

"And at the next sitting at which I was present the following came:—R.: 'We found Phinuit, and gave him your message. He sends his love in return and says if you would like to speak with him, really, he would endeavor to return to you through the light at our next meeting; and he says——he remembers you and your companion—with deepest affection and appreciation of his anxious efforts to tell of our world and its inhabitants — — —' O. J. L.: 'Well, I do not know that it would be good for the machine to ask him to return; moreover I am not sure that we shall have another sitting here.' R.: 'You must speak to + [Imperator. H.H.] about his returning next time through the voice, which he would be glad to do himself. U.D. R.' O. J. L.: 'Please thank him, but I do not know that there is any object in getting him to speak.' R.: 'Oh yes. Well friend, we were about to say that he, Dr. Phinuit is not in the least anxious to return to earth again, as he had quite enough while he was there.' O. J. L.: 'Very well then, please remember me to him kindly.' R.: 'Yes, we certainly will do so.'

"I don't know whether it was wise thus to discourage a temporary return of Phinuit. The fact is, I felt it to be rather too much of a responsibility to interfere with the conditions of control; especially as the entry of Phinuit, in past times, had been usually accompanied with contortions and some slight apparent discomfort. The oncoming of the trance is now-a-days so placid that I thought it best to leave well alone; but I confess that it would have been interesting to see whether the Phinuit personality would have reappeared, with all its original peculiarities unchanged."

These sittings have inspired Sir Oliver with some remarks on the apparently petty and decidedly secular interests manifested by the controls, which specially deserve quotation (Pr. XXIII, 196-8):

"Scattered through all the sittings are innumerable instances of this sort of curious memory of and interest in trifles... such references are the commonest of all.... Granted the most completely spiritistic hypothesis, it would appear that the state after death is not a sudden plunge into a stately, dignified, and specially religious atmosphere. The environment, like the character, appears to be much more like what it is here than some

folk imagine.... A few of the controls, when recently deceased (a pious old lady in particular is in my mind), have said that the surroundings were more 'secular' than they expected; they have indeed expressed themselves as if a little disappointed, though they nearly always say that the surroundings are better than they are here. Anyhow, there appears to be no violent or sudden change of nature; and so anyone who has cared for trinkets may perhaps after a fashion care for them still.

"But there must be more than that even. Objects *appear* to serve as attractive influences, or nuclei, from which information may be clairvoyantly gained.... No one expects people to be wholly indifferent as to the posthumous disposal of their property.... Very well, on what scale shall we estimate property, and how shall we measure its value? It is conceivable that, seen from another side, little personal relics may awaken memories more poignant than those associated with barely recollected stocks and shares.....

"However that may be, it is clear that the various Piper controls do not estimate the importance of property by any standard dependent on pounds sterling. As a variant on old lockets, old letters, and other rubbish, in which Phinuit seemed to take some interest, I once gave him a five-pound note. It was amusing to see how at first he tried to read it—in his usual way by applying it to the top of the medium's head;—and then on realizing the sort of thing it was, how he crumpled it up and flung it into a corner with a grunt, holding out his hand for something of interest. Needless to say, I did not share in this estimate of value, and, after the sitting, was careful to rescue the despised piece of paper from its perilous position."

Sir Oliver devotes a chapter in his report in Vol. XXIII to messages from the Myers control, with a little dash of Hodgson, received by him through Mrs. Piper. They correspond in general character with the Myers messages through other mediums, except in the point of scholarship heretofore noted regarding the Myers control; but they do not add enough to what we already have, and are to have, to justify giving them any of our limited space.

He closes the report with his reasons for accepting the spiritistic hypothesis, mainly to the same effect as Hodgson's already given—that no other hypothesis fits the facts, and that the spiritistic one does.

CHAPTER XLVII

CROSS-CORRESPONDENCES

At the cost of considerable independence of chronology, we now approach the very instructive and tedious subject of Cross-Correspondences, which has lately attracted more attention from the S. P. R. than any other topic.

If Mrs. Verrall in London and Mrs. Holland in India both, at about the same time, write heteromatically about a subject that they both understand, that is probably coincidence; but if both write about it when but one of them understands it, that is probably teloteropathy; and if both write about it when neither understands it, and each of their respective writings is apparently nonsense, but both make sense when put together, the only obvious hypothesis is that both were inspired by a third mind. The term Cross-Correspondence has been reserved for such a phenomenon, and there are so many of them, and of such quality, as apparently to eliminate much probability of their being mere coincidence or teloteropathy between the writers.

Yet, as with nearly everything else, it is hard to tell where one thing ends and the next begins—what is teloteropathy between the heteromatists, and what the apparent intervention of the outside intelligence.

In the border region was a feature of my Piper sitting (Chapter XXVIII). Out of a perfectly clear sky came to me in New York on April 28, 1894, the message from G. P., to look out for A, who was low in his mind, and that B. was trying to get a place for him. On May 29th, Hodgson writes me, showing that the same thing had come up *through the heteromatic writing of A.'s wife at Granada in Spain,* and meant nothing to her or to A.

"Dear Holt:

"You may be interested in the inclosed. Keep private. [This injunction is of course outlawed by time, but I still conceal the names of the parties. H.H.] and please return. I am writing

from my den, and haven't copy of your sitting at hand. But I remember that something was said at your sitting *re* B. and A."

(*Copy of Enclosure.*)

"Dear H.[odgson]: "GRANADA, May 6, 1894.

"Those suggestions from Geo. that I write to B. prove interesting in the light of what I first learned here: that he had been lamenting my silence and had been urging me to a place at Yale where he is. I had no notion of this move on his part till four days ago when I received a letter telling me. Of course nothing came of it, but anything less known than that cannot be imagined. The message came once earlier thro' [his wife. H.H.], to whom George wrote it [heteromatically. H.H.]. George never heard of B. nor saw him, nor did we ever speak of B. to Geo. or Phinuit. I wrote about this to Professor Sidgwick (who had written me a letter, forwarded hither, apropos of a line I wrote to *Journal* abt. Bashworth's letter). Of course I don't want mention made of the effort of B. to get me the Yale place. What Geo. said was to write to B.; he is a good friend of yours [*i.e.*, the writer, A. H.H.].

"All send kind messages. Yrs. ever, "A——."

Being intensely busy, and not as much interested in the matter as later experiences have made me, I did not at the moment catch the full purport of Hodgson's letter, or write him till June 5th, and did not keep any copy that I can find of my letter. He wrote me on the 8th:

"Dear Holt:

"Thanks for yours of June 5th, with return of A.'s letter. I knew nothing whatever of the circumstances connected with B., neither, so far as I can tell by cross-questioning, did Mrs. Piper."

And I, the present scribe, certainly did not. A. did not. B. alone did, with whatever persons he may have approached on the matter, and Mrs. Piper had presumably never seen one of the group. So where did Mrs. Piper and Mrs. A. get it? Either they got it teloteropathically from one of those persons, or George Pelham himself told me of it through her organism in New York, and four days later was working it into a cross-correspondence through Mrs. A. in Spain. At first blush the former seems easier; and I am not sure but that it does on reflection.

So I wrote a year or more before I revised these proofs. I don't think so now—my judgment is about balanced.

Hodgson's letter continues:

"I never knew of any B. connected with Yale. When B. was first mentioned at the sitting, I had a vague notion that some B. or other had gone to England or France as United States consul. I also knew the name of —— —— B. [a celebrated author. H.H.], and met her after she became Mrs. C. two or three years ago.

"On questioning Mrs. Piper, which I did by referring to books first, I found that she remembered the name of —— —— B. when I mentioned it, and connected it in some way with [a certain book. H.H.], which was widely circulated some years ago. This was the only B. that she seemed to know anything about.....

"Yours sincerely,

(Signed) "R. Hodgson."

This was a very simple cross-correspondence, and has the strength proper to simplicity. There are many famous ones —famous in a small circle, if that's not too Hibernian— which are not so simple, which in fact are so complex as to make the analysis of them sometimes very tedious reading, and the conclusions occasionally a little far-fetched. But unquestionably they do contain stray indications of something for which there has not yet been found any other hypothesis so appropriate as that of an additional intelligence behind those of the heteromatists.

Mr. Piddington says (Pr. XVIII, 294-6):

"Under the 'Peregrinations of Nelly,' reference has been made to two instances where Nelly has claimed to have influenced the phenomena of two other mediums: Mrs. Piper and 'Miss Rawson.' In one case the claim was not substantiated, in the other there was an undoubted correspondence. These incidents were treated as peregrinations because Nelly professed to have visited and directly controlled the mediums; but there are a few other instances of apparent concordance between the trance-utterances of Mrs. Thompson and those of Miss Rawson and the automatic writing of the lady whom I call Mrs. Scott, of which the *primâ facie* explanation is either that Mrs. Thompson in trance becomes aware of the content of their automatic speech or script, or that one and the same control has conveyed similar communications through two different mediums. No 'psychical excursion' on the part of Nelly seems involved. So far was I (except in one case) from suspecting that these correspondences had occurred, that it was more or less by accident that I discovered them in the summer and autumn of 1903.... Miss Rawson is not a professional medium, nor has she consented, like Mrs. Thompson, to submit her phenomena to any strict investigation.... The séances were held in the dark.....

"Mrs. Scott is a member of the Society who has for some

years past done a good deal of automatic writing, and between her script and Mrs. Verrall's there have been some interesting and fairly numerous correspondences.....

"I give first some similar trance-utterances by Miss Rawson, who was then in the south of France, and Mrs. Thompson.

"MISS RAWSON.

"(1) *Dec.* 22, 1900.

"*A control speaking for and of H. Sidgwick:*

"'He knows his wife is preparing memorials.'

"*Jan.* 11, 1901.

"(*H. S. controlling directly.*)

"'Tell my friend Myers to tell my wife not to put in the whole of the last chapters of the book she is finishing. She will know the passages she feels doubtful about. Tell him it is really I who am here.'

"(2) *Jan.* 23, 1901.

"*H. S. controlling directly:*

"'I have not seen my dear friend Myers yet, but I am more thankful than I can say that he has come here. The circle above has been waiting for him, and will with great joy welcome him.'

"(3) *Jan.* 26, 1901.

"*A Control speaking of F. W. H. Myers:*

"'He has sent a message to the other side (Mrs. T.) but came here himself.....'

[Before these words were spoken, a *soi-disant* Myers control had communicated.]

"MRS. THOMPSON.

"(1) *Jan.* 11, 1901.

"*Mr. D. control speaking of H. Sidgwick:*

"'He says: "Eleanor might remember, because she."... He... Eleanor's writing his Life. He doesn't want her to make him "a glorious personage." You're to give her that message. He said: "Eleanor has gone abroad to prepare my Life."'

"*Before the Mr. D. control spoke, a control that purported to be Henry Sidgwick had appeared for the first time.*

"(2) *Jan.* 21, 1901.

"*H. S. controlling directly:*

"'He's (*i.e.*, F. W. H. Myers) not with me. He's not within range at all.'

"*Written during séance: H. S. script:*

"'I don't think Myers is here, or we should see him before the 8th, as E. G. told me [Mr. D.] was waiting for him.....'

"(3) *Jan.* 29, 1901.

"..... Nelly:—'I haven't seen Mr. Myers. I haven't, really. Professor Sidgwick says he has seen him: but I haven't.'

"*H. S. script, written Jan.* 30, 1901:

"'.....Myers says certainly go. Myers says better go, go out of town. Not now, not now, the day not here.

"'H. S. [scrawl].

"'F. W. H. MYERS.'"

Mr. Piddington devotes several pages to discussing this cross-correspondence, from which I have omitted several paragraphs. They are well worth the attention of the special student, but, like almost all that relates to cross-correspondence (as I shall farther illustrate later), would be too much of a tax on the patience of the general reader—as they certainly are on mine.

Here is a simple one with a special point of interest at the end (Pr. XVIII, 302-4):

Sitting of January 8th, 1901.

"Present: Mrs. Scott.

"The following was spoken by Nelly after the removal of the screen which had previously concealed the sitter.

"'Geoffrey [Scott. H.H.] says he wrote through his mother's hand, and said he'd rather not come when you're here, Mr. Piddington. Mrs. Scott wouldn't tell you that; she wouldn't like to. (To Mrs. Scott) Mr. Piddington will excuse you.....'"

Sitting of January 11th, 1901. *Sitters: Mr. and Mrs. Percival.*

"[Nelly. H.H.]: 'Mr. Gurney did write a long message. Mrs. Scott received a long message for you from Mr. Gurney.....'

"On January 12th, 1901, I sent a copy of these words to Mrs. Scott, and her reply, dated January 12th [1901], was as follows:—

"'..... Some time ago I had a very urgent message from both Mr. Gurney and my son, telling me the latter could not "sit" [*i.e.,* control at a sitting] with you; but I felt it best to disregard it. I am glad I did, for it is interesting that it should have been verified in this way.'

"Mrs. Scott wrote to me on July 17th, 1903, as follows:

"'..... On the day I received the message I went out hunting, starting early, probably about 9 A.M., and returning about 3.45.[1] I changed my habit and came down rather tired to the drawing-room, where I sat down by the fire with a book to wait for tea. I had a strong impulse to write almost directly, and I took a scrap of paper and tried the experiment without leaving my chair. The result was the message I sent you.'

"[NOTE.—[1] I venture to direct the attention of a certain Continental school of psycho-physiologists to the fact that we produce here in England a fox-hunting type of automatic writer. Fox-hunting must in future, I suppose, be added to their lengthy list of 'notes' of degeneracy.]"

Mrs. Verrall, in her account of her own script which we have followed in Pr. XX, introduces the subject of cross-correspondence at p. 205. She leaves her experiences—largely

experimental—with "Mrs. Holland" for separate treatment, and in the paper now under discussion confines herself to more spontaneous experiences with Mrs. Archdale, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Piper, and Mrs. Forbes. The evidence for cross-correspondence is good, but to anybody but the close student—a closer one, I confess, than I am in this immediate connection—the accounts are uninteresting and even tedious. I hope my selections and summaries will not put you to sleep proportionally as often as the originals did me, and if you are reading merely for general results, without contemplating close study, I advise you to skip what is left of the topic after your first nap.

Among the most interesting samples are probably the following. Mrs. Verrall says (Pr. XX, 222-4):

"On August 28th, 1901, the script began: 'Signa sigillo. Conifera arbos [arbor? H.H.] in horto iam insita omina sibimet ostendit.' [Sign with the seal. The fir tree that has already been planted in the garden gives its own portent.] The script was signed with a scrawl and three drawings representing a sword, a suspended bugle and a pair of scissors.... A suspended bugle surmounted by a crown is the badge of the regiment to which Talbot Forbes [a deceased son of Mrs. Forbes. H.H.] belonged. [Of this Mrs. Verrall knew nothing. H.H.] Mrs. Forbes has in her garden four or five small fir-trees grown from seed sent to her from abroad by her son; these are called by her Talbot's trees. This fact was entirely unknown to me. On August 28th Mrs. Forbes' script contained the statement, purporting to come from her son, that he was looking for a 'sensitive' who wrote automatically, in order that he might obtain corroboration for her own writing, and it concluded with the remark that he must now leave her in order to join E. G. [Edmund Gurney?] in controlling the sensitive. The hour of her writing on August 28th does not appear, but as she usually writes early in the day and as mine of the same date was at 10.30 P.M., it is probable that hers preceded mine.....

"[NOTE.—I knew nothing at the time when my script was produced of the surroundings or tastes of Mrs. Forbes. It was only in April, 1902, that I found her garden was full of associations with her son.]"

This approaches very near to a cross-correspondence. Mrs. Forbes' control wrote, April 10, 1903 (Pr. XX, 254):

"'Will you be so good as to write—to arrive to-morrow—to tell Mrs. Verrall our letter must be read with one word corrected which means more. E. G.... A grower of flowers one year will

be sower of seed—Send this message. Edmund writes for H. to ask you to say it will be far less difficult to read the sense if the younger Verrall writes with Planchette.... Mrs. Verrall can be sure of this—Sit on Sunday—Mother, daughter yourself.' On April 11th: 'Our word was not Verrall—Helen Verrall she would see with—would she sit.'"

Mrs. Verrall wrote (Pr. XX, 254):

"I read the above script to my daughter, and she at once said that the message could be explained by a fact in her recent experience. She had been staying from March 25th to April 2nd with a friend who is a professional gardener, and during her visit there was much discussion over a suggestion of her friend's new head man that certain plants should be grown from seed which hitherto had been raised from cuttings. The new man was particularly skilled in raising plants from seed. My daughter, who is very familiar with the methods of her gardener friend, was much interested in the discussion; and she at once recognized a reference to this subject in the phrase 'a grower of flowers one year will be sower of seed.'

"The above facts were entirely unknown to me, and Mrs. Forbes had no knowledge of my daughter's movements or that she had any horticultural friend."

The following (Pr. XX, 260) had other matter with it which led Mrs. Verrall to say, with her extreme candor: "This is too vague to be useful." To me it seemed very different.

"On August 18th, 1903, Mrs. Forbes had two messages for me at the beginning and end of the morning: 10 A.M., 'Great sympathy for our friends.... Death.....'

"A friend of mine, unknown to Mrs. Forbes, was very seriously ill at the time and died ten days later."

Here is a plain cross-correspondence; the particulars are given in Pr. XX, 264-6, and summed up by Mrs. Verrall thus:

"It will be seen that Mrs. Forbes' script of January 5th began a message of consolation to her, which was left incomplete; it suggested that I had some answer to send, and that unless I were communicated with something would be lost. Mrs. Forbes did not communicate with me at once, and on January 12th her script plainly told her to ask for a particular piece of my script. The piece of my script so asked for contained a remark about consolation for sorrow, unintelligible to me, but explained, as promised in my script, seven days after its reception."

Here is some more: Miss Johnson says (Pr. XXI, 222):

"There is a certain resemblance between the descriptions of their own attitude given by the controls through both sensitives. The Verrall-Myers speaks (Dec. 29th, 1903) of the voice of one crying in the wilderness; the Holland-Myers (Jan 5th, 1904) of words said, shouted, sung to the wind, and again (on Jan. 12th, 1904), of one wailing as the wind wails, wordless and unheeded. The Holland-Myers (Jan. 6th, 1904) refers to the missionary spirit longing to speak to the souls in prison; the Verrall-Myers, in a very obscure passage (Feb. 2nd, 1904), to slaves in prison, and prodigies done by the pure presumably on their behalf.

"Further, the Verrall-Myers remarks (Dec. 27, 1903): 'Comes the message, but is not understanded of any'; and the Holland-Myers (on Jan. 25th, 1904) expresses his bitter disappointment that the message, on which apparently so much effort had been spent, had not made any real impression on his friends.

"This is strikingly appropriate, since, as a matter of fact, it was not until October, 1905, that any correspondence was discovered between the two series of scripts, while the minor resemblances were not observed till I was preparing this report for publication."

Miss Johnson thus admirably expresses a fundamental difficulty regarding all alleged communication from the dead, the first point of which I have already made (Pr. XXI, 376-7):

"Events in the present are either known to some living person, in which case we could not exclude his telepathic agency; or they are unknown to any living person, in which case it would be difficult or impossible to prove that they had occurred.....

"Now, granted the possibility of communication, it may be supposed that within the last few years there have been trying to communicate with us a certain group of persons who are sufficiently well instructed to know all the objections that reasonable skeptics have urged against the previous evidence, and sufficiently intelligent to realize to the full all the force of these objections. It may be supposed that these persons have invented a new plan, —the plan of cross-correspondences,—to meet the skeptics' objections. There is no doubt that the cross-correspondences are a characteristic element in the scripts that we have been collecting in the last few years,—the scripts of Mrs. Verrall, Mrs. Forbes, Mrs. Holland, and, still more recently, Mrs. Piper. And the important point is that the element is a new one. We have reason to believe, as I have shown above, that the idea of making a statement in one script *complementary* of a statement in another had not occurred to Mr. Myers in his life-time, for there is no reference to it in any of his written utterances on the subject that I have been able to discover. Also, it seems to me almost certain

that if he had thought of it during his life-time, I should have heard of it while helping him in the publication of *Human Personality,* or he would have mentioned it to some of his friends and colleagues in the S. P. R. Neither did those who have been investigating automatic script since his death invent this plan, if plan it be. It was not the automatists that detected it, but a student of the scripts; it has every appearance of being an element imported from outside; it suggests an independent invention, an active intelligence constantly at work in the present, not a mere echo or remnant of individualities of the past."

Miss Johnson makes a good argument for cross-correspondences in the following considerations, which she states somewhat more at length. The heteromatists wished to guard against thought-transference and identical knowledge of exceptional facts between themselves. In the script there are many passages from the control expressing this desideratum. *These passages are thickest in connection with the passages indicating cross-correspondence.* Now as these passages could not be distinguished by the heteromatists themselves before they were compared, the heteromatists could not have concentrated around them the cautionary matter regarding telepathy, etc. That concentration of the cautionary matter is too marked to have been placed there by chance; it could not have been placed there by the heteromatists, as they did not at the time know what the evidential passages were: so it must have been placed there by intelligence outside of the heteromatists, and the only such intelligence within reach or conjecture was that of the controls.

In the following the stage was set for an entirely new drama. As in quoting Miss Johnson, I will prefix Mr. Piddington's initial to his comments. O. J. L. is Sir Oliver Lodge; P. is Mr. Piddington.

Sitting with Mrs. Piper, November 15. 1906. (Pr.XXII,31f.)

"(Present: O. J. L. and Lady Lodge.)

"(Hodgson communicating.) 'I am Hodgson.' O. J. L.: 'Glad to see you at last.' H.: 'Hello Lodge. I am not dead as some might suppose. I am very much alive.' [This is Hodgson to the life. H.H.] O. J. L.: 'Good, I expect so....' H.: 'Speak to me.' O. J. L.: 'Are you interested in the cross-correspondence? Could you send something to other communicators?' H.: 'I am very, and think it the very best thing.' O. J. L.: 'Could you send one now to one of the mediums?' H.: 'I will

go to Mrs. Holland.' [Dr. Hodgson never personally knew anything about Mrs. Holland; but J. G. P. in the spring of 1906 had mentioned her name to the Piper-Hodgson more than once at sittings in Boston.] O. J. L.: 'What will you send?' H.: 'St. Paul.' O. J. L.: 'That is a good idea.' H. 'St. Paul. I will give it to her at once....' (After an interval.) O. J. L.: 'Do you remember what you were going to say to Mrs. Holland?' H.: 'St. Paul.' O. J. L.: 'Yes, quite right.' H.: 'I will go at once.'

"[P.] 'St. Paul' did not appear in Mrs. Holland's script. There are, however, in the script of Miss Verrall two passages worth considering in this connection.... The script of Jan. 12 opens with a sentence in Latin, and then totally unconnected with it follow these words: 'the name is not right robbing Peter to pay —— Paul? sanctus nomine quod efficit nil continens petatur subveniet.' The script of Feb. 26 reads as follows: '...you have not understood about Paul ask Lodge. quibus eruditis advocatis rem explicabis non nisi ad unam normam refers hoc satis alia vana.....'

"The Latin words in the script of Jan. 12 I interpret thus:—'Holy in name (*i.e.*, with the title of saint) what she (or, he) is doing is of no use (*i.e.*, by itself). Let the point (continens) be looked for; it will help.' The Latin words of Feb. 26 I translate:—'By calling to your aid what learned men will you explain the matter? (You will not explain it) unless you refer it to one standard. This is enough; more is useless.'

"[Note.—Or, if 'quibus' is treated as a relative instead of as an interrogative, the words would mean: 'when you have called these learned persons to your aid.'] .....

"If we take these two passages to refer to the experiment arranged on Nov. 15, it will be seen that the name Paul is given; and that 'Lodge' is correctly indicated as the person to explain about the name Paul. Miss Verrall never did apply to Sir Oliver Lodge as directed; and it was not until September, 1907, that the interpretation given above struck me.

"I have said that 'St. Paul' did not appear in Mrs. Holland's script, but her script of Dec. 31, 1906, suggests an approach to the name of St. Paul, and also suggests an explanation of the words in Miss Verrall's script of Jan. 12, 'the name is not right robbing Peter to pay—Paul.' I transcribe the first half only of this script of Dec. 31, 1906, the second half having no connection with the first:

"II Peter I, 15. ['Moreover I will endeavor that ye may be able after my decease to have these things always in remembrance.'] 'This witness is true'— It is now time that the shadow should be lifted from your spirit. 'Let patience have her perfect work'— 'This is a faithful saying'—

"[P.] *This witness* etc. is not, I believe, a textual quotation, but is reminiscent of several passages in the writings of St.

John. *Let patience* etc. is a quotation from the Epistle of St. James. *This is a faithful saying* occurs at least three times in St. Paul's Epistles.... If we suppose that the scribe was aiming at getting 'St. Paul' expressed, it looks as if he felt his way towards the name or notion of St. Paul by quoting first from St. Peter, next from St. John, then from St. James and finally from St. Paul. I do not mean that I think the process was thus deliberately involved, but that the scribe (whoever or whatever that may be) did the best he could. A long way round may perhaps be the only way there. I further suggest that the scribe having got so far could not proceed to get the name 'St. Paul' written, and so had to content himself with a quotation from his writings.

"Now, in the light of this interpretation, the words in Miss Verrall's script of January 12, 'the name is not right robbing Peter to pay—Paul,' are suggestive."

"[P.] The words *nisi ad unam normam refers* in Miss Verrall's script of Feb. 26 may, perhaps, have been intended to mean that unless there was one person in touch with all the automatists concerned in these experiments, the point would be missed in many instances; or in other words, that a central exchange was necessary. In this case I was, so to speak, at the central office, but though I was receiving Miss Verrall's script, and though Sir Oliver Lodge sent me a copy of his record of the sitting of Nov. 15, I was not receiving a copy of Mrs. Holland's script; and until I did receive a copy of it the significance of Miss Verrall's scripts of Jan. 12 and Feb. 26 naturally escaped me. If then the words *nisi ad unam normam refers* can bear such an interpretation as I have sought to place on them, they were neither otiose nor mere padding.

"Most readers who have had the patience to follow me so far will, I fear, at this point form the opinion that all this may be more or less ingenious rubbish, but that it is certainly rubbish. Had our experiments produced no coincidences less problematical than this one, I should heartily agree; but there have been correspondences of the most definite character, and not only that, but in the production of them there is evidence both of intelligent direction and ingenuity. I care not to whom that intelligence be attributed; but that intelligence and acute intelligence lie behind the phenomena I stoutly maintain. And if this be once admitted no excuse need be offered for trying to place upon them interpretations which otherwise would be over-subtle."

The illustration just given, compared with the average of those in Mr. Piddington's report, is as simple as the alphabet compared with Browning's *Sordello*. I presume that the normal reader may be well content to have me refer the exceptional reader for farther information to the original

reports. Pr. XXII, like Pr. XX, is entirely devoted to an examination of cross-correspondences, and large parts of neighboring volumes are devoted to discussion of them. To anybody at all acquainted with the volumes, these facts will indicate the almost dominating interest that the subject has had during the last few years for the active members of the Society. Probably there is nothing else in the Society's publications, and there are not many things anywhere, showing as devoted and patient study (and, it may be added, as wide, accurate, and graceful scholarship) as the three reports of Mrs. Verrall, Miss Johnson, and Mr. Piddington and Mrs. Sidgwick. But the very devotion and patience they called for involved a large part of them being, as before intimated, very dreary reading for anybody but the initiate and the enthusiast. Even while presuming to write on the general subject, I am shameless enough to confess that I have not thought it worth while for my purposes to master all the details of this part of it. And still less do I think it worth while to attempt to give my readers an adequate idea of its intricacies. A typical case would drive the average reader to cold bandages for the head and a hot bath for the feet, and there is one—rather more than typical—in which Mr. Piddington finds evidence of cross-correspondence between no less than seven people, the performance of any one of whom meant nothing to the performer or anybody else except in connection with one or more of the others, the inference being, of course, that a single intelligence from outside controlled them all.

As perhaps already intimated, the effect on me of these terribly labored topics (how labored, I wish the reader would learn for "thonself" through the Proceedings) is that they are far more open to the telepathic and teloteropathic explanation than the simple and wonderfully *vraisemblant* and dramatic utterances of innumerable alleged controls, principally through Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Thompson, and entirely independently of any experiments by sitters for cross-correspondence, or anything else but natural conversation.

Podmore's change of attitude in the last book before his most regrettable death, was perhaps most clearly marked in his attitude regarding cross-correspondences. I refer you to the

chapters on them and "The Most Recent Evidence" in *The Newer Spiritualism,* as a better summary than I would be apt to give, even had I the space. He had the patience and training to go into them more thoroughly than I have, and does his best to explode them. Nevertheless, he says (*Newer Spiritualism,* p. 225):

"We are forced to remember at every step that we have to deal with an actor whose mimicry is as subtle as it is unscrupulous. Again, we cannot base our faith on the relation of intimate details known to no one but ourselves and the dead, for we can place no certain limits on the mysterious agency of telepathy. The only evidence that can satisfy us of the survival of an active and individual intelligence is evidence of the present activity of such an intelligence. Within the last few years some grounds have appeared for hoping that traces of such intelligent action had been found."

The reading of the investigations in Pr. XX, XXI, XXII, and XXIV is in itself a small classical education. But the limits do not admit more of it here. I cannot close, however, without giving one less classical piece of edification from one of Mrs. Verrall's reports of Mrs. Piper (Pr. XXIV, 79):

"There are ... cases ... where the normal knowledge of Mrs. Piper seems to have entered into the statements of the trance-personalities. Thus on April 6th Mr. Dorr asked the controls, both Hodgson and Myers being present: 'Do you understand what Pilgrim Fathers means?' To this came the amazing answer: 'Something about birds or turkeys.' The explanation occurred later to Mr. Dorr, and was by him explained to the trance-personalities on April 22nd: 'I have just discovered the association in R. H.'s mind between turkeys and pilgrims, that made the Light write the one when I spoke of the other—Pilgrim Fathers, Fast Day, Thanksgiving and Turkey.'"

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE PIPER-MYERS AND THE CLASSICS

After all the talk in May and June, 1907 (Pr. XXIII), about the necessity of Myers getting farther away from earthly associations, he had a very vigorous campaign well on into 1909, with Mr. George B. Dorr of Boston, one of the vice-presidents of the S. P. R. It occurred to Mr. Dorr to test the Piper-Myers' knowledge of classical literature. Mr. Dorr knew no more of it than the average Harvard man, possibly less, as he had turned from the classics to other subjects early in his course, and Mrs. Piper certainly knew no more than Mr. Dorr did.

The result of the experiment proved, or at least was thought by Mrs. Verrall and other good judges to prove, that though the Piper-Myers never spoke in Latin and Greek, as the Verrall-Myers often did, it was really familiar with the whole range of classical literature.

Many cross-correspondences also were developed, especially with Mrs. Verrall's script.

The evidence for all this, as edited by Mr. Piddington and others, takes up over two hundred and sixty pages in Pr. Part LX, Vol. XXIV, and is most of it as tough reading as one could desire. I give probably enough to more than meet (I intend that split infinitive, and occasional others, if you please) the requirements of the reader who is not a specialist, and a devoted one at that.

I give a faint indication of the famous (if anything can be famous in a small circle) Lethe incident, which the ever cautious Podmore (*The Newer Spiritualism,* p. 255), regards as the "one case . . . which may be held to furnish perhaps the clearest and most direct evidence yet obtained for the spiritualistic hypothesis"; but he adds: "Another case, in which the coincidences are equally striking, may be set against this as pointing, with perhaps even greater emphasis, to a

naturalistic interpretation of the whole series of cross-correspondences."

On March 23, 1908, Mr. Dorr, at a sitting with Mrs. Piper in Boston, asked the Myers control: "What does the word Lethe suggest to you?" As Mr. Piddington says (Pr. XXIV, 86):

"The answers given were in part, though not by any means, as Mr. Dorr supposed, wholly confused; and Mr. Dorr, who evidently thought that the frequent change of subject had by putting an undue strain on the attention of the trance-personalities conduced to the confusion, apologized for having sprung a new question upon Myers at the end of a fatiguing sitting.... The various references to the question about Lethe which were made at Mr. Dorr's sittings, to the reader, unless he should happen to hit on the clue to the puzzle... will doubtless seem to be little if any better than a farrago of nonsense. It may, therefore, help him to work his way through them without too much impatience, if I first assure him that they contain an unusually complete and relevant, though very far from obvious, answer to the question put by Mr. Dorr."

I give an extract from the report of the sittings (Pr. XXIV, 87f.), to show the sort of material Mr. Piddington had to search. The report gives only the initials of the sitter, Mr. Dorr, not those of the communicator—or control. But clearness seems promoted by giving them, so I venture to attempt it.

"G. B. D.: 'Now shall I ask you a question? What does the word "Lethe" suggest to you?' (Myers communicating) 'Leaflet?' G. B. D.: 'No, "Lethe."' (G. B. D. spells word.) M.: 'L e t h e. Do you refer to one of my poems, Lethe?' (A word was then written, which G. B. D. could not decipher with certainty, but which he took to be "Iliad.") G. B. D.: 'No, it does not refer especially to anything in the Iliad, but it belongs to the old mythology.' M.: 'Yes, yes, ah yes. I was thinking about my biography—you referred to biography—auto—you confused me a little.' [G. B. D. had just before asked two questions based on two different passages in the autobiographical portions of F. W. H. Myers's *Fragments of Prose and Poetry.* The second question might have been partially answered by a reference to Homer's *Odyssey. Note by J. G. P.*] G. B. D.: 'Yes, it was a sudden break. I had not meant to bring the autobiography up just then.' M.: 'Winds.' G. B. D.: 'Do not hurry on it. See if the sound recalls anything to you, and whether you can tell me where it was—' M. (Interrupting): 'Greece.' G. B. D.: 'I will

give you a clue. It was in the same region with the Styx.' M.: 'Olympus. Greece Troy *and all.* Winds were all—— and—— appear and—— to destroy and he saved them by taking them across the river.' G. B. D.: 'These last words are not clear to me.' M.: 'he saves them by taking them across River—Athens—*It is all clear.* Do you remember *Cave?*' G. B. D.: 'I think you are confused about this. I ought to have waited until another day to bring it up, when the Light was fresh. It was a water, not a wind, and it was in Hades, where the Styx was and the Elysian fields. Do you recall it now?' M.: 'Lethe. Shore —*of course I do. Lethe Hades* beautiful river—Lethe. *Underground.*— What is the matter that I do not hear better? Is it lack of Light? [*i.e.*, strength or lucidity in the medium. H.H.] I think it is.... I think that is what is the trouble, what makes it difficult.' (The script has now become obscure and faint.) G. B. D.: 'Anything more that comes to you, say in the waking-stage.' [As Mrs. Piper comes out of trance, she utters more or less coherent words referring to matters in the trance. H.H.] M.: 'Yes. Remember, friend, this is exhausting work—exhausting work.'.....

"M.: 'Fish Mermaid Saturn Hero Olympus (Then followed a word which was written down as 'pavia.' In response to Mr. Dorr's requests the word was whispered several times, but never distinctly enough to be caught with certainty.) Sybil—Olympus—water—Lethe—delighted—sad—lovely—mate.— Put them all together. (This was followed by inarticulate whispering.) Entwine love—beautiful shores.—Ask him if he cannot hear me. Muses.—I wrote "church" long ago [see Pr.XXII, 44]. Olympus.——There's Mercury—Love—He has drawn a cross with ivy over it. Pharaoh's daughter came out of the water—Warm—sunlit—love. Lime leaf—heart—sword—arrow

> "'I shot an arrow through the air
> And it fell I know not where.'

"(Mrs. Piper then puts her hands up before her face, palms outwards, as though warding something off, but smilingly like a child in play.) 'Oh! point it the other way!' G. B. D.: 'Whom do you see?' Mrs. P.: 'Lady.—I want to say that the walls came out, and in the air was a lady who had no clothes on; and in her hand she had a hoop and two pointed things, and she pulled a string, and she pointed it straight at me, and I thought it would hit me in the eye. And Mr. Myers put his hand up and stopped her. She had a hoop, and there was only half of the hoop there.....'"

So ends the first of twenty-one sittings filled with similar allusions which cover references to about all the passages in classical literature suggested by Lethe. Out of many pages

of such material as this, Mr. Piddington extracted evidence that the writing contained abundant proof that the Myers control was, as Myers was in life, familiar with virtually all that literature. Now Mrs. Piper, as already explained, knowing virtually none of it, and Mr. Dorr very little, the only apparent source for the knowledge manifested was the surviving spirit of Myers. It takes nearly sixty pages of reports of sittings, and comments, to work this out, but the demonstration when reached seems satisfactory.

There are several similar topics worked out in the same way.

As still further showing the sort of material that of late has been absorbing the attention of the leading members of the S. P. R., I quote from a paper by Mrs. Sidgwick, ex-President of the S. P. R., widow of Professor Henry Sidgwick. She is giving extracts from the reports of Mr. Dorr's sittings with Mrs. Piper. She says (Pr. XXIV, 170f.):

"I chose these purposely on account of their familiarity. [The Piper-Hodgson] was unable to translate either during the sitting, but memorized them, the *veni vidi vici* sentence especially, to take away with him and work over. In the sitting of the 9th he asks me to repeat them and says that he has brought Myers to help in their translation.....

"The following is the record of part of the sitting of March 9th, 1908:

"(Hodgson communicating.) 'Hello George. I brought Myers to help out; will you kindly repeat that Latin for me?' G. B. D.: 'Veni, vidi, vici.' H.: 'Once more, and again repeat in Latin. (G. B. D. repeats several times over very slowly.) I understand. I CA—I came,—let me think George—I came I saw—once more. (G. B. D. repeats again.) I c o n q u e r e d.' G. B. D.: 'Right.' H.: 'Right—good. Now let me have your other.' G. B. D.: 'The other Latin?' H.: 'Yes, Myers is here helping me. (G. B. D. repeats 'Arma virumque cano.') Very slowly. (G. B. D. repeats again very slowly.) I sing exile.' G. B. D.: 'Is that word exile?' (Hand makes gesture of assent after pausing a moment outstretched as though towards an invisible personality in the room.) H.: 'I sing of the feats—Myers said it, who by fate—I forget—etc., etc.' G. B. D.: 'Is that "I forget"?' H.: 'Exactly, but "I sing of the feats of the exile," etc., etc.—exile. [Rector seems to come in here as a help to Hodgson. H.H.] We cannot get it exactly but if we can give you enough to make it clear that we understand that is the best we can do possibly.' G. B. D.: 'Good. Don't attempt to translate, but let me have

what memories you can.' [R. referring to H.? H.H.] 'He is glad you understand. He says Say to our good friend, Troy. (Letters not read at first, and sense not taken. Letters rewritten over and over again until clear.) [H. resumes? H.H.] Troy. I'll go give that to Mrs. Verrall.' G. B. D.: 'The word Troy?' H.: 'Yes. And *arms.*' G. B. D.: 'Will you give her the words Exile and Troy?' H.: 'Yes.' G. B. D. (to Hodgson [Rector? H.H.]): 'Had he better attempt any more?' H.: 'Yes.' G. B. D.: 'Who was exiled? (A word written which it was impossible to read.) What is that word?' [This was not answered, and no attempt was made at the moment to repeat the word.] H.: 'Juno J U N O' G. B. D.: 'Who was Juno?' H.: (Brief word not read.) 'god' G. B. D.: 'What did Juno do with regard to Troy and exile?' H.: 'Redeemed [*sic*]. It is difficult to express but (Pause) Teusis—as he was—S—wandered and thought he was lost.' G. B. D.: 'What was your last word?' H.: 'Lost. Do you get my idea? Juno saved—saved him. (Word follows which is the same as word not read previously, and which again cannot be read but which looks like Tarius. *Note by G. B. D.*) He came to the shores of Italy—shores s h o r e s.' G. B. D.: 'Shores?' H.: 'Yes Italy—— —— —— I sing of the arms and the feats of the exile who by fate was etc., etc. No more.' G. B. D.: 'That is all?' H.: 'Yes it is all you gave me. But I remember more.' G. B. D.: 'Will you give me what more you remember?' H.: 'Yes. I remember the incident of Juno—incident—' G. B. D.: 'What is that word?' H.: 'Incident—and her saving' (Same name not read before is here repeated, and apparently quite clearly written.) G. B. D.: 'I can't get it.' (Tries different readings.) H.: 'Not quite—' G. B. D.: 'Means name?' H.: 'Yes Exile.' G. B. D.: 'Can you remember any names to tell me?' R.: 'Name several and he will tell you which one it was.' G. B. D.: 'Can he give me the name of the exile himself, or of the poem?' H.: 'Enoid. [Letter here transcribed as o is not clear.] Eid—I did not get all the letters in Eiod—Einid—not quite but near enough. Eind.' G. B. D.: 'Can you give me the name of the poet?' H.: (Pause) 'O, I understand. No, I can't think at the moment—Pronounce it for me Einid.' G. B. D.: 'Aeneid.' H.: 'Yes. E i a n e. (G. B. D. spells it over.) Aenid. (G. B. D. repeats name again.) I remember it so *well.*' G. B. D.: 'Tell Myers he translated it. Ask him for the name of the poet?' [Myers seems to appear. H.H.] 'Blind [This seems a suggestion of Homer. H.H.] I am not blind or deaf but I hear with difficulty.' G. B. D.: 'What will you try to take to England?' [*i.e.*, for a cross-correspondence with a medium there. H.H.] [Rector?] 'Give him a message. He has taken "face in flame." TROY Exile.' G. B. D.: 'Take as synonym for Troy—do you know what synonym means?' M.: 'Yes indeed.' G. B. D.: 'The city in flames. Saved by Juno.' (G. B. D. here repeats over slowly what Myers undertakes to take

to England.) 'Very good. Splendid. He has already given *face* and *flame.*' (G. B. D. goes over the words agreed upon again.) M.: 'Yes, I understand absolutely. (G. B. D. repeats words over once more.) Yes, I am already working over this with Mrs. Verrall.' G. B. D.: 'This is enough, is it not?' M.: 'Yes. (G. B. D. repeats once more 'Troy, the city in flames, exile, saved by Juno, the face in flame.') Yes NEPTUNE.' G. B. D.: 'What about Neptune?' M.: 'I thought it would fit in splendidly. As it all goes in—' (Pause.) G. B. D.: 'Are there any other names belonging to this that you can give me?' M.: 'You see it comes back to my memory by degrees.' G. B. D.: 'Why was Juno interested?' M.: 'LOVE.' G. B. D.: 'For whom.' M.: '*Exile.* [G. B. D. made no attempt to correct the statement with regard to Juno's part in the drama, but he thinks his consciousness of the error made may perhaps have suggested what came next.] Remember where I am and where you are and give allowances.' G. B. D.: 'Do the words "her injured form" suggest anything to your mind?' M.: 'You mean my Poem?' G. B. D.: 'I mean the old Latin poem.' M.: 'Yes. Her injured form, yes indeed. *Juno.* (Some words follow which cannot be read) ... her love of the exile and she restores him. Restores. Yes. Built to save her exile who by fate—fled and she met him. (These last words G. B. D. read aloud and the hand banged approval on the table.) Yes. It is *all* in fragments in my memory as it comes out here, but if I could speak with you as of old I could quote it backwards.' G. B. D.: 'Could you give me more through the voice?' M.: 'Not so *well,* as your words often—your words often— (Pause. She built a' (pause.) G. B. D.: 'Are you about to write further?' M.: 'Yes, I am going to tell you how she goes up with her love the exile — — Remember? (pause.) I can't take more to Mrs. Verrall but I will take a message to Helen Verrall.' [for cross-correspondence. H.H.] G. B. D.: 'Will you repeat again the messages for Mrs. Verrall?' M.: 'Troy, Exile, City in flames, Exile, Face in flame, and Juno.' G. B. D.: 'Is that all?' M.: '*Neptune.*' G. B. D.: 'Troy, Juno, Neptune, city in flame, face in flame—to be given to Mrs. Verrall.' M.: 'Yes—yes, this is clear; send it to Lodge. I have written *I came, I saw* —— —— through Helen—[Mrs. Verrall's daughter. H.H.] I did not repeat the last word yet.' G. B. D.: 'That was *not* written? What is the last word?' M.: 'CONQUERED—but I have not yet got that through Helen' [*i.e., succeeded* in putting it through. H.H.]. G. B. D.: 'Have you got the others through?' M.: 'Yes—*I came, I saw.*' G. B. D.: 'Do you mean that you have got these through *already?*' M.: '*I do.* I did this several days ago—before this trial. Lodge will tell you *all* about it— — —...' G. B. D.: 'Had you not better stop now?' M.: 'Yes, I shall go and give my messages to Mrs. V. and Helen.' G. B. D.: 'Good, but do not *hurry* in doing so. Try and get it clearly *through.* Give it in single words or

phrases as they come. Do not try to connect things together unless they come to you so.' M.: 'Like *Neptune.* Yes, I understand.'

"[S.] Among the words here mentioned as written or to be written through Mrs. or Miss Verrall, Neptune, Troy, and Exile afford clear cases (which I shall describe at length) of correspondence with Miss Verrall's script—not with Mrs. Verrall's. Some correspondence might perhaps be claimed in the case of other words, but it will be more profitable to dwell on the clear cases only."

Then Mrs. Sidgwick gives Miss Verrall's side in detail.

I quote from Mrs. Verrall (Pr. XXIV, 61f.) a moderate illustration of the laborious examination to which the automatic script has been submitted. The Pr. S. P. R. of recent years contain hundreds, perhaps thousands, of pages of such careful and scholarly work.

"The words *Arma virumque cano* were given to Hodgson on February 25th, 1908, for translation. On March 9th, at the first, namely, of this series of sittings, Hodgson announced that he had brought Myers to help, and asked to have the words repeated. The first attempt to translate this phrase goes beyond the actual words given, though probably hardly beyond the knowledge of most educated persons. The literal translation is 'Arms and the man I sing'; the translation given by Myers is 'I sing of the feats of the exile, who by fate'; he adds the words 'Troy,' 'arms,' and 'Juno,' and further shows knowledge that the exile wandered and came to the shores of Italy. Thus, though we have only an actual translation of the words *virum ... cano ... qui ... fato profugus,* knowledge is shown such as would be derived from the context of the next three lines (*arma, Troiae, Italiam, venit litora, Junonis*). Moreover the phraseology of the actual translation given is not what one would expect from Mrs. Piper, nor is it identical with that of any version known to me. The word 'feats,' for instance, which is quite appropriate, does not occur in any translation which I have consulted.

"Mr. Dorr then asked for the name of the exile, or of the poem, and in reply obtained many attempts at the word *Aeneid,* unmistakable but not correct, thus: 'Enoid—Eid—I did not get all the letters in—Eiod—Einid—not quite but near enough Eind....' And even after the sitter had spoken the word at the control's request, the repetition by the hand was, 'Eiane Aenid.' The name of the author was asked for, but not remembered 'at the moment'; a repeated request for the author's name produced what looks like a confusion with Homer, corrected into a personal statement: 'Blind—I am not blind or deaf but I hear with difficulty.'

"The spontaneous introduction in the course of this sitting of the name *Juno* is a good point, and the word 'god' which immediately follows Juno recalls the *vi superum* of the same line. But in answer to Mr. Dorr's question as to what Juno did with regard to Troy and the exile, we have a series of incorrect statements showing clearly that the part played by Juno in the story of Aeneas is completely misapprehended. The exile, called Teusis (?) or Torius, wandered and thought he was lost, but was redeemed and saved by Juno. Again, the control speaks of Juno's love for the exile and volunteers 'the incident of Juno and her saving Torius' as a proof of memory. The placing together of the words, 'Exile,' and 'Saved by Juno' as successive messages to be used for transmission may have emphasized the original misconception. But in spite of Mr. Dorr's recognition of the mistake about Juno's action, and even after the trance-personality had remembered or guessed that Juno was the owner of the 'injured form' asked about by the sitter, the mistake still persists. It is not corrected until the next day, March 10th, and then only after a strong hint from Mr. Dorr.

"Perhaps the best evidence of a real acquaintance with the poem is found in the spontaneous introduction in this sitting, March 9th, of the name *Neptune*. This follows immediately upon the repetition by Mr. Dorr of five phrases chosen for transmission as messages for cross-correspondence, thus:

"G. B. D.: 'Troy, the city in flames, exile, saved by Juno, the face in flame.' M.: 'Yes. N e p t u n e.' G. B. D.: 'What about Neptune?' M.: 'I thought it would fit in splendidly. As it all goes in.' (Pause.) G. B. D.: 'Are there any other names belonging to this that you can give me?' M.: 'You see it comes back to my memory by degrees.'"

Mrs. Verrall may be right, probably is, but the poor memory of Myers, Hodgson, and others regarding the Æneid or anything else their mediums are not in key with, I cannot reconcile with their good memory for matters within the medium's knowledge and sympathy.

I continue with Mrs. Verrall's examination (pp. 63-4):

"Readers of the *Aeneid* will remember the famous passage where the storm sent upon Aeneas by Aeolus at Juno's request, is calmed by the appearance of Neptune (*Aen.* I. 125). It is therefore appropriate that the name Neptune should be at once introduced among reminiscences of the first *Aeneid*. The name is repeated with emphasis by Myers when the cross-correspondence messages are again enumerated, and later in answer to a suggestion from the sitter not to 'try to connect things together unless they come to you so,' Myers replies: 'Like *Neptune*.'

"No definite reminiscences can be traced in the later remarks

at this sitting about 'her love of the exile and she restores him,' and 'built, she built a,—she goes up with her love the exile.' But in view of what follows in subsequent sittings I think it possible that we have here a first emergence of Dido and her part in the poem.

"At the risk of seeming fanciful I hazard conjectures to account for the incorrect or unexplained statements above described. At the first reading neither Torius nor Teusis conveyed any meaning to me, but Mr. Piddington suggested that the word which appears as Torius or Tarius may be intended for Troius, the inversion of two letters being not uncommon in Piper script. Aeneas is called Troius in the first book (I. 596). The followers of Aeneas are called throughout the poem indifferently Trojans, Teucrians, and Dardanians, from the names of three heroes of the race, Tros, Teucer, Dardanus. If Torius recalls Troius, perhaps Teusis is aimed at Teucer.

"Again, the mistake about Juno is perhaps explicable if we suppose a confusion between two passages very familiar to classical readers, in the first *Aeneid* and the fifth book of the *Odyssey*. In both the hero, after much wandering, is lost in a god-sent storm and saved by the interposition of a god. In *Odyssey* V. Odysseus is saved by Ino from the storm sent by Poseidon (Neptune). In *Aeneid* I. it is by Neptune that Aeneas is saved from the storm roused by Juno's wrath. Possibly the similarity of the names Ino and Juno may have aided the confusion. That there was confusion in the trance between Homer and Virgil is clear, for though the name of the poem is said to be *Aeneid,* a repeated request for the name of the poet produces in the word 'blind' an unmistakable allusion to the writer, not of the *Aeneid,* but of the *Odyssey.*"

Now a supporter of the telepathic hypothesis (I support it in this case and do not in some others) would say: All this seems to me to defeat itself—not to contain anything which both Mrs. Piper and Miss Verrall could not have got from Mr. Dorr: the range here is not too wide for the modest claims he makes; and therefore possible telepathy between Mr. Dorr and Mrs. Piper does away with all certainty that a surviving Myers spoke through Mrs. Piper or Miss Verrall. In view of hosts of similar cases, Miss Verrall's distance in England need not have made any difficulty. But Mrs. Verrall takes a different view. She says (Pr. XXIV, 60):

"A personality claiming to have access to the memories of Frederic Myers ought to be able to show a knowledge of this poem not only beyond anything attainable by the medium, but considerably exceeding the knowledge of the sitter. This I be-

lieve to have been the case. Amid much error and confusion we get indications, as I think, that the increasing knowledge shown is due to the revival of once familiar memories, and not to the acquisition of information, or to the development of suggestion from the sitter."

Another explanation may be worth considering. Is not the general clearness and veridicity of the controls—especially Hodgson, inconsistent with the theory of faded memories? Does it not look more as if the difficulty might be with the medium? While the conversation is within the comprehension of Mrs. Piper, Hodgson, for instance, in his new capacity of spiritual control, bubbles over with vivacity and reminiscence, but when he is attacked with anything outside the comprehension of Mrs. Piper, he is struck dumb, and, though he certainly knew enough to translate Latin sentences which every schoolboy knows, goes to get Myers to help him. Myers generally, in the script, so far as relates to matters that his mediums can understand, is as much his old self as Hodgson —even his old scholarly self with Mrs. Verrall, who is a scholar; when he comes to Mrs. Piper, he is at first hardly more of a scholar than she is, but gradually finds his way back to something like his original powers.

I have been struck with another apparent inconsistency all through the script. When the controls are not "put to it" for anything special, they are as bright as anybody else; as soon as anything evidential is required, they generally lapse into idiocy, and emerge again by slow degrees, except as the conversation departs from the test topic: then they suddenly recover their faculties, but relapse again when the test difficulty is before them.

On the spiritistic hypothesis, the first guess suggested by these facts is that the communicators must work their way through the medium with degrees of difficulty varying inversely as the medium's knowledge of the subject on which the controls wish to communicate; and where the knowledge is slight, it takes time to prepare the channels in the medium's brain, so to speak, for carrying the message.

Or to express it differently, take the vague conception of the cosmic consciousness, of which our consciousnesses are fluctuating parts—our share of it varying, just as our share

of the cosmic energy varies. The medium needs time to receive telepathically and accumulate from the cosmic consciousness any knowledge outside the range of her own mind. Ordinarily the cosmic inflow can manifest through her the respective portions of itself constituting Myers' mind or Hodgson's mind, only so far as her mind has the same receptive capacity as one of them; but by constant pushing, so to speak, or one might say, teaching, her mind is gradually opened, for at least the temporary passing of the thought. Until that is done, they must wait; and only so far as it is done, can they go; hence their frequent vagueness, and their varying clearness with different mediums.

This guess is of course vague and paradoxical as (I hope I am not wearisome in repeating) all guesses in these regions must be; but it may contain some adumbration of the truth; and does it not seem as probable as the fading memory theory? It is certainly more comfortable.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE PIPER-JUNOT SITTINGS

The S. P. R. again disregarded chronology in leaving until Volume XXIV the report of "The Junot Sittings," which were conducted by Hodgson from June 18, 1899, until November 22, 1905, within a few weeks of his death.

I have followed the Society's example in bringing them in after the other matter I have quoted, because, everything considered, to most readers, perhaps to all, they will appear a fitting climax—to those who scoff they may seem the climax of absurdity; and for those who regard the matter seriously, they probably will hold the climax of interest.

Not the least interesting point is that they show Hodgson in the beneficent activity of his later years as a consoler of the afflicted.

Their main interest, however, is in their appeal to widespread sympathies, and their encouragement of widespread hopes.

For most readers but special and laborious students, these sittings seem to me, on the whole, the most satisfactory material I know, and Hodgson regarded them very highly.

Yet there is little or nothing about them evidential in the ordinary sense, but much that may be in other senses, including the dramatic verisimilitude and the apparent "growing up" of the control.

I regret the great but inevitable inadequacy of the scraps for which alone I have room. If they interest you much, get Part LXI of Vol. XXIV.

There are sixty-five sittings. Hodgson was present at all but one: so they were conducted and reported unusually well. They are edited by Miss Helen Verrall, who was one of the little girls in the sittings in Vol. XIII. Most of the usual defective punctuation and capitalization has been tolerated.

The names are all pseudonyms. The chief communicator is called Bennie Junot. He died on September 5, 1898, at

the age of seventeen. The surviving family consisted of his father, mother, brother "Roble," and sister Helen. A generous supply of the fundamental virtues made the family, including Bennie, unusually attractive, and it is well worth while to read the sittings, at least till repetition becomes excessive, if only for the picture they give of a model family life.

Miss Verrall says (Pr. XXIV, 352f.) that the records

"do not present to those who have read the earlier reports on Mrs. Piper's trance-phenomena any new or startling features. But the cumulative effect of the evidence, taken as a whole, is striking, on account of the unusually small proportion of error, confusion and irrelevance, and there are many points of psychological interest [for which I wish I had space. H.H.] ... amongst the statements which must be described as incorrect, only a small proportion are wholly false or meaningless. Many contain some phrase or word perfectly relevant and intelligible, round which is woven a tissue of false interpretations.....

"With a few exceptions ... no information was given in the trance ... that had not been known at some time to some members of Bennie Junot's family, but many of the clearest and most correct statements were made not in their presence but when Dr. Hodgson was alone. [So we are at least driven from telepathy from the sitter. H.H.] ... there is nothing in the evidential part of the communications which provably transcends telepathy between living minds.... Perhaps the incident most difficult to explain in this way is that concerning John Welsh.... On February 11, 1902, Mr. Junot sent a message through his son Bennie [via Mrs. Piper. H.H.] to a former coachman of his, Hugh Irving, who had been dead some months, asking where 'the dog Rounder' was. Hugh Irving had left Mr. Junot's service about two months before his death, and taken the dog with him. In the waking-stage on April 2, 1902, it is stated that 'John Welsh has Rounder,' ... and it was through his attempts to find John Welsh that Mr. Junot recovered the dog.... Neither Mr. Junot nor any of his family had ever to their knowledge heard of John Welsh (at any rate under that name), still less of his connection with Hugh Irving and possible connection with the dog. Doubtless people could have been found to whom all these facts were known, but they were not people with whom Mrs. Piper had ever been brought into contact....."

Note.—The notes in round brackets were made at the sitting by the person responsible for the management of it, that is, in almost all cases, by Dr. Hodgson. The notes in square brackets

are comments added afterwards by the persons whose initials are appended to them.

1st Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,355.)

June 19, 1899. *Present: N. B. Junot and R. H.*

(S.* remarked before the trance began: "It was nearly freezing when I left C——.")

(Rector writes.) †

"Hail thou friend why come to us in sorrow
Why needst thou weep when all is well and ever will be.
We will find thy friends for thee and bring them here....."

"We see among our friends here [*i.e.* in Rector's world. H.H.] a young man who seems dazed and puzzled. He is not near enough to us for us to give him much help at the moment but will be presently."

"R. H. [to S.] 'Follow?' S.—'Yes, I understand.' R.—'George [Pelham. H.H.] is here with him and trying to urge him to come closer... that he may see into thy world more clearly.' Bennie Junot [perhaps literally reported by R., as so often said to be done. H.H.]—'I hear... I hear some thing. Where is my mother—I want very much to see her.—I can breathe easier now [again a "spirit's" need of material air! Possibly genuine but metaphorical. H.H.]—I want to go home now... And take up my studies and go on... I see some one who looks like my father—I want to see him very much.' S.—'Speak on, Bennie, tell us all about yourself.' (Much excitement.) [In hand. H.H.] B.—'I... I want to see you awfully... I' [My son used "awfully" in this way frequently. —N.B.J.]

R. H.—'Take your time. Take your time. Be quite calm.'

"B.—'Father—papa—papa—Pa—Pa—father. I hear something strange... can it be your voice.' S.—'Yes, Bennie, it's daddy.' B.—'I... You hear me... do you hear me—I...wonder how I can reach you as I long to do. I heard all you said... And I want to tell you where I am. (Hand moves towards R. H.) You are not my father.' R. H.—'Kindly listen one moment. I am with your father, and I have brought your father here for you to free your mind to him.' B.—'And can I do so now.' R. H.—'Yes, fire away, take your time and be

*Mr. Junot was introduced to Mrs. Piper anonymously, according to Dr. Hodgson's usual practice. He is therefore referred to here as S. (=sitter) and not by his initials. [Though they appear later both in the report and in his comments. H. H.]

† Throughout these sittings Rector is in control of the medium and acts as amanuensis, except where there is a statement to the contrary.

quite calm.' . . . B.—'I want to see father more than any one except mama.' S.—'Bennie, tell me what to say to your mother.' B.—'Oh she is so sad, tell her I called her the other day and I could not make her hear me. I love her so, but . . . wait till I think it over and I will say it all.' S.—'Are you happy where you are?' B.—'I wish I could hear you. You were so good to me . . . Do you ride any now.' S.—'Yes, sweetheart,—yes, sweetheart, and think of you every day when I ride.' B.—'I often think how I used to go with you.' S.—'Do you remember your ride in the West?' (Much excitement.) B.—'I do very well. *Yes I do.* I remember it all and do you remember what happened *to me.* Do you remember anything about a storm dad.....'

"R. H.—'Write that word again, Rector, please.' R.—'Sounds like S t O R M—Rain.' S.—'Let me ask *him* a question.' B.—'Oh so many things are going through my head.' S.—'Who went with you on your ride in the West?' B.—'Will you say it again . . . who was with me . . . I . . .' R. H.—'The father says, "Who was with you in your ride in the West?"' B.—'Father says . . . I . . . who . . . I want to know about Harry.' [Harry was a cowboy friend of my son with whom he took a long horseback journey in the West.—N.B.J.] S.—'That's right.' B.—'Tell him I remember it well. . . . I . . .' S.—'Yes, he wrote your mother lately. Harry's gone South. He's gone away South.' B.—'And he is a good fellow and do you know I liked him very much and I thought he sent the photograph to her.' [After my son's death, Harry having reached a town sent his photograph.—N. B. J.] S.—'He did, yes, he did.' B.—'I heard her say it looked like him. I am very happy now, better than ever before. I saw her when she was so ill.' [His mother suffered an illness not long after his death.—N.B.J.] S.—'Bennie, what are you doing now? What are you doing now, Bennie?' B.—'What am I doing—why pa [?] dear—I am doing everything, writing—reading—studying, and am generally happy. Do you hear me I am getting . . . clearing I think. I often . . . I often think I hear you calling me.' S.—'Yes, we call for you often, dearie.' B.—'And when mother sits in that chair by the window I hear her say—Oh if I could only see you dear. Ask her.....'

"B.—'Did Harry say he would send me any message. Speak slowly dad or I cannot hear all you say.' S.—'Mama wrote and told Harry that you had gone away and left us.' B.—'I wonder what he thought when he heard that. Give him my love and tell him I will never forget the good times we had together.....'

"B.—'Who was that who tried to call me back. I did not like her. Who was that who tried to call me back. I did . . .' [A harmonica [one of the articles brought for "influence." H.H.] had long been carried by my boy. I learned after the

sitting on my return to the West that an old nurse had asked for it and had carried it to a medium of her acquaintance, hoping for some communication, but had returned it to my wife saying that she had heard nothing.—N. B. J.] ....."

"S.—'Do you see mother and papa drive out South sometimes?' B.—'Of course I do. I told... out to where they took my body.' S.—'Ah, sure, Bennie, your mind's clear enough.' B.—'And I see the flowers mother put there (not read at once) they.....'"

Throughout the sittings he gives accounts of teloptic visions of what must have been nearly all their visits to the cemetery (of which I quote a very small portion)—describes the flowers they take, arrangements they make in the lot, etc. Are these mere telepathy from the sitters, or teloteropathy from the parents when Hodgson alone is sitting in their behalf?

(Pr. XXIV, 369):

"B.—'Well, pa, do you mind if I tell you something which is on my mind.' S.—'No, go on, Bennie, tell everything.' B.—'I want very much to send a message to mother who knows more about it than any one. Tell her dear pa that I left two or three *letters* in my little *case* written to *me* by L, and I do not wish any one to see them but *her*.' S.—'Yes, dearie.' B.—'I know perfectly well what I mean, and she will know too.... I am anxious about this as I did not realize I was going to leave as I did. There is nothing else on my mind that makes me feel like this.'"

He harped on these letters through many sittings, but none were found to account for any anxiety beyond that of a rather unusually systematic boy, which he seems to have been.

"'And I want to say one thing more... would you mind going out... come here dad I want to speak to you about...' (R. H. goes out.) S.—'What is it?' B.—'Do not bother me now. I want to speak to you about....' S.—'Write on.' B.—'L en a [or Laura?] do you remember *her* ... Laura [?] and Harris... H A R R I S. Do you know what I mean.' S.—'I do not know.' B.—'I want you to remember... Af... Alfred... where is he ... *at home*.'...[A near neighbor and friend of my son.—N. B. J.] S.—'He's married now.' B.—'Since I left.' S.—'Yes, since you left.' B.—'Is he all right.' S.—'No, he's not well.' B.—'I am so happy to see you. I never felt as I do now. I am telling you about Alfred... about Alfred... I... yes because I remember all about him.....'"

It is characteristic of the new and apparently confused communicator that he should seem to be on the brink of something important, as when he sent Hodgson out of the room, and then apparently lose sight of it. He dropped the girl at once, and now doesn't ask what ails his friend. The later sittings show much less of this sort of thing.

Then begin some of the novel attempts to write his name. He keeps on through several sittings before he gets it in full.

3rd Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,379.)

July 6, 1899. *Present: R. H.*

(G. P. writes)

"R. H.—'George, any message from Bennie?' [Hand reaches out.] B.—'.....I am so glad about the horse—I do not know what to say.'"

[Extract from letter of N. B. J., July 12, 1899. "When I was with you Bennie asked that his horse be given to his little sister. I...wired to C—— to stop the sale of the horse, which was done just in time...and the children and especially 'Uncle Willie' have been using him a great deal."]

4th Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,380f.)

March 5, 1900. *Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.*

"(Rector writes. Excitement and turmoil in hand. Cross in air. Much excitement at first in the following writing.) [Owing presumably to this being the first time the mother had appeared. H.H.] 'Dad—Dad—Dad—yes I am coming dear... wait until I pass through the light and I will meet you once more. It is I, Bennie don't you know me.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, we hear you.' B.—'I see mama I am so glad so glad... oh do you know all I feel for you... Dad dear, do you remember all I told you and mama about myself before.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I remember all you said before.' B.—'Did you hear me when I came into your room a few weeks ago.' N. B. J.—'I thought I did. But I was not sure. What did you do?' B.—'I came in and walked over to you and made a noise, did you hear it?' N. B. J.—'I thought I did, but I was not sure.' B.—'Well you may be sure *now*.' (Perturbation in hand.)"

Through the sittings Bennie seems to think himself possessed of some telekinetic power to make noises and prevent accidents, but there is no clear evidence that it was ever manifested. Mrs. Piper had none: she never produced any table-tipping or raps or other noises. Possibly Bennie could have shown it through a medium possessing it.

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, I often think you come to me. Do you?' B.—'Come to you ... yes indeed I do and mama there is no doubt about it. I do see and know a great deal about you and the things you do. I see all the pictures of myself and all my own work.' [We have a great many pictures of Bennie lately placed in our rooms—also various pieces of his handiwork.—N. B. J.] Mrs. J.—'Bennie, are you happy?' B.—'Happy, yes, very, and I wish you to be also. Promise me and I will never say any more about the past, believe mama dear that it is all right. I know it is.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, I feel happier now that I have seen you.' B.—'Well you will dear if you will only listen and in a way talk to me. I would like something at this moment dear.' (R. H. passes parcel of articles to N. B. J. to undo.) B.—'And it will help me to keep clear ... and in a....' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, who met you when you left me? Who met you in the light that you are now in?' B.—'Didn't dad tell you if not I will in a few moments ... just give me something. (Articles felt by hand, which chooses *spur.*) I only wish to get help so I can remain. Yes, all right now how is Roble—give him my love and tell him I am so glad he is doing well. And then I have a few things to tell you about this life.....'"

"Mrs. J.—'Do you remember that day you were sick and we talked so long?' B.—'Oh yes I do very well. You thought you knew about this, and I remember you were somewhat troubled, but I told you I was going to be all right.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, you did tell me. You said you were better.' B.—'Yes and I was right. Believe me dear I am all right. Do you remember you said you did not know what you should do if anything should happen to me, and I answered don't worry I shall come out all right.' [This is recognized.—N. B. J.] Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, but I didn't want you to leave us, to leave me.' B.—'But I did not leave you dear, don't you see. I—I did not leave—I am really Bennie N J ... J.' Mrs. J.—'I understand, Bennie, do you want to write your name?' B.—'Do you want me to ...' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Yes, if you can.' B.—'B E N J A M I N.' Mrs. J.—'Good.' B.—'R O B L E J U N O T.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, that is right. Do you remember your middle name?' [Roble is not his own middle name, but his brother's first name. H.H.] B.—'I do write it or speak ... H ... H.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, that is right.' B.—'H A E R [?] [H H E R ?]' Mrs. J.—'No.' [Perhaps an attempt to repeat Harrison. See Pr.XXIV,374.—H. de G. V.]"

He had come near it at that part of the report, which I do not quote. Miss Verrall says (Pr. XXIV, 139):

"There is no evidence of [Mrs. Piper's] having seen the name, and some reason to suppose that she is not likely to have seen it."

"R. H. (to Mrs. J.)—'Let him . . . let them [i.e. Bennie and Rector. H.H.] get it themselves.' B.—'. . . I am tired a little . . . let me rest and I will tell you soon dear. Dad why are you so quiet and why don't you talk to me. . . .' N. B. J.—'Bennie, I thought you wanted to talk to your mother. Tell me about the old farm when you can.' B.—'Yes indeed I will. Do you remember the time I tried to tell you.' N. B. J.—'Yes. I remember. But we've been there since.' B.—'Oh yes indeed, that I know too, and about my horse dad I think you told me you would not let him go.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, papa kept him. Yes.' B.—'Yes, I know it very well. I only remind him that I do not forget anything he says to me. Do you not tell me about sister . . . . . .'

"B.—'Could you let me see my mother all alone.' R. H.—'Yes, we will go out if you wish and Rector thinks well.' R.—'I think friend he is confused a little and could be kept very quiet by letting him be free U. D.' (N. B. J. and R. H. go out.) B.—'I want to see you Mama, as I did before I came here and he confuses me.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I can read it.' B.—'Well Dearest then listen to me.' (Hand kept motioning and sitter said 'Do you want me to write?') B.—'Yes if you wish, but I want to tell you who I met here: whom I have met here. I met May the first one and she said Come to me Bennie and I will take care of you.' [His cousin May passed out only a few weeks before his death.—N. B. J.] . . . . . ."

"Mrs. J.—'Is she with you?' B.—'Also Grandpa.' Mrs. J.—'Is he with you?' B.—'Yes he is.' Mrs. J.—'He did not meet you, did he?' B.—'No, he came here after I did Dear—yes . . . and I met him also.' Mrs. J.—'And was he not surprised to see you?' B.—'Yes very. And oh Mama so glad. . . . Yes Dear he sends love to you now and Grandma also.' . . . . . ."

". . . . . 'Pa did you know Grandpa was here and sees you now.' N. B. J.—'Which grandpa?' B.—'Grandpa Junot, Dad,—and he sends love to you. I looked out for him and took him to this world. . . . Yes.'"

Of the grandpas, Miss Verrall has this remark to make after the next sitting, when Mrs. Junot assumed the first one alluded to to be her own father (Pr. XXIV, 400):

"This suggestion was accepted by the communicator, who did not, however, make any statement showing to which of his grandfathers he had referred. . . . . .

"At the [present. H.H.] sitting of March 6, N. B. J. informed Bennie that Grandpa Junot's death had preceded his own and at the next sitting . . . Bennie says that 'Grandpa

Junot came here some time ago and since then I have seen my other Grandpa.'

"It seems to me possible that it was Grandpa Junot that Bennie had in mind when he first alluded to 'Grandpa,' but that his statement was confused, as often happens, by the tendency of the controls to acquiesce in the sitter's interpretation." —H. de G. V.]

(Pr.XXIV,388):

"N. B. J.—'Have you seen my mother?' B.—'Yes I did (hand points back to written pages) and she told me to tell you dear Dad that she had taken care of you ever since she came here, and no matter what you do she will still watch over you. She told me these words for you and Helen. Oh dear I know every thing so well. Do you miss me at the farm when you go. And if you do, you need no more—I am there when I wish. . . .' Mrs. J.—'Shall we not call back Dr. Hodgson? Do you want him?' B.—'Yes I do now. (R. H. returns.) B. H. J.' Mrs. J.—'"B. H. J." The way he signed his name.' [The signature of his initials is wonderfully like his own signature.—N. B. J.] B.—'I . . . I am all I claim to be.'

(Waking Stage.)

"'See the young man with the light hair up in the clouds with Rector—I want to go too. I want to go too. Did you hear the song that boy was singing?'

"R. H.—'What was it? What was he singing?' 'Swanee River—Swanee River.'"

He had reminded his father of his singing this song, two sittings before, and alludes to it later.

5TH SITTING. (Pr.XXIV,389f.)

March 6, 1900. *Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.*

"B.— . . . 'Good night mama, dear, I just spied you out. How you . . . I see you.' Mrs. J.—'I am well Bennie. Do you want to ask me any questions?' B.—'Yes, only a few, because I have something to tell you. . . . I have followed you many times and especially when you and dad have been out driving. . . . I almost never see you but that you do not speak of me and it makes me very happy. Do you hear me now . . . the Good Priest [Imperator] is helping me to keep my thoughts clear.' . . . . .

"B.—'The one thing which has troubled me more than anything since I came to this life is the thought of dear mamma's feeling that she could do more for me. I tell you now that she did all she could and nothing could have kept me in the body. Do you hear me dear. . . . And the time is coming when

you will see me walking about with you mama. Remember I tell you so.....'

"B.—'What is the trouble with Aunt Helen's teeth.' (Sitters laugh a little.) Mrs. J.—'Bennie, her teeth trouble her. That is all. (to N. B. J.) That's very funny.' B.—'Well grandma wanted to know and so did I because we saw her walking around holding on to her teeth.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, she goes to the dentist very often.' B.—'Well you tell her not worry about it and I don't think they will trouble her.....'"

6TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,400-412.)

March 7, 1900. *Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.*

"B.—'And dad do you remember the new stall you had put in for my pony.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, that is right....' B.—'I do wish I could think what I called him. I know every thing so well before I speak, then I lose it.... Helen

"'I think of the long things that used to grow, and we got a bunch for Helen one Sunday before we went home and she took them home with her tied...(pause)...tied with a bit of ribbon...what were they ma...long brown tops...' Mrs. J.—'Cat o'nine tails. (Excitement in hand.) Yes, indeed, that is just what they were dear but I could not think the name.'... [Is that telepathy from Sitter? H.H.]

".....B.—'I want you to know I have not forgotten everything dear.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, you remember better than I do.' [Would be accounted for on the guess that the post-carnate mind taps the rest of the cosmic mind more easily than the incarnate mind does. This calls for the usual guess that it does not so easily communicate to the incarnate. H.H.] B.—'Well I don't U. D. that very well, but I think I would rather have you know where I am than anything. Are you happy dad dear.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, we're happy now, since we've heard from you.' B.—'Are you going to get worried any more?' N. B. J.—'Not if I can help it.' B.—'Well don't.... I asked mama that many times before I came here and I want you to say you won't. Speak, dear. Say you will not.' Mrs. J.—'I will not, Bennie....' B.—'And will you tell Roble too.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, I will tell Roble. Do you know how much he misses you?' B.—'Yes, I do indeed... and I only hope he will not any more. It troubles me to have you worry, and it is the only thing that does really trouble me here. I know so well when you do worry, dear....' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, I will try not to worry.' B.—'Oh I will be glad, but when I tell you and Pa and this man [Hodgson? H.H.] all I know, I will not have to be troubled any more, will I?'

"R. H.—'He is a little dreamy now?' B.—'Yes, and going

for a moment.' R.—'Friend, I think if there is any thing we can do we will, but if we could ask thee to go a little way off for a time it might help us to keep him. (R. H. goes out.) + We will now prevent confusion. Come back'... (Prolonged pause.) B.—'Yes dad here I am again... my head is getting clear since that man named... called George went away with his father.' R.—'That is thy father friend.' [G. P.'s father is living: "his father" evidently referred to Hodgson's. H.H.] R. H.—'I understand.' [Apparently my father came to give some message to me, and G. P. took him away. His coming or his presence helped to confuse Bennie.—R. H.]... B.—[Apparently had at first mistaken R. H. for his father. Is this "put up"? H.H.]

7th Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,412-.)

March 19, 1900. *Present: R. H.*

".....B.—'Well, dad, dear, are you aware that I went with you and mama the day before this to see the old lot and its earthly mound [?] [Not understood.—N. B. J.] [Suggests his grave, his parents' excursions to which, he alluded to very often. H.H.] Well I heard all you said, but do not feel disturbed about me any more or in any way because I am better than you can possibly know. (Hand makes several curious slight jerks in my [Hodgson's? H.H.] direction.) Are you dad's friend?' R. H.—'Yes, Bennie. Your father is well known to me, and he is looking forward to receiving your messages to him and your mother through me. He will write you a letter, and another time when I get it, I shall read it to you, and I hope also from your mother. But you remember that this is near Boston, and they must write, and letters will take time.' B.—'Is Boston East of West... oh yes I remember. Well I U. D. all right—I have much to tell them all.' R. H.—'Good.' B.—'You are a friend I know and I will just free my mind, that is what I'll do.....'

"B.—'I can hear the Piano going now, is it Helen (11:26 A.M.)—yes it is—I must help her all I can. [On the afternoon of March 19, R. H. sent the following telegram to Mrs. Junot: 'Was Helen playing piano about twenty-five minutes past eleven this morning? Hodgson.' He received the following reply from Mrs. J., which was delivered at his office the next morning: 'Helen was playing piano this morning about quarter or half past eleven. K. H. Junot.'] [Extract from letter from N. B. J. of March 19, 1900: 'Helen is usually in school in the mornings, but this morning she had a cold and, as the weather was bad, she was allowed to stay home, and from about 10:30 to 11:30[1] she was playing on the piano.']......"

[[1] This time covers the hour at which Bennie's message was given, allowing for the difference between Boston and C—— time.—H.de G.V.]

"..... 'Such fun as Roble and I used to have you never saw.' R. H.—'Yes, I used to have jolly times myself, Bennie, when I was a young fellow.' B.—'Did you, did you have a brother like mine?' R. H.—'I have a brother about seven years younger than myself. One of my chums when I was your age was my cousin Fred. [See pp. 410 and 557. H.H.] Ask Rector to introduce him to you, and he can tell you about some of the fun we used to have.' B.—'Well I will, that will be fine for me. He perhaps can help me. Well I am awfully glad I know you. I love music dearly, do you....' R. H.—'Yes, I used to play the violin.' B.—'Oh yes jolly. King of instruments.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'Well, we have great music here I tell you, can you hear it at all.' R. H.—'No, my senses are too shut in.' B.—'Well, that is too bad, can I do any thing for you?' R. H.—'I fear not, thank you. I must wait till I get to your side.' B.—'Oh yes well that will be all right then won't it. Yes. Well, I begin to U. D. better I think. You are in the body. That is it. All right. Now let me tell you all I can before I get too weak. (Pause.).....

"B.—'What is your real name if you do not mind telling me before I get too far away.' R. H.—'My name is Richard Hodgson... H o d g s o n.' B.—'Not H U D S O N.' R. H.—'No, indeed.' B.—'but H O D... spell it again.' R. H.—'H o d g s o n' (Articles held up by hand, as if to help B. to stay a little longer.) B.—'H O D G S O N.' R. H.—'That's right.' B.—'Good. I won't forget it.'"

8TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,420-.)

March 27, 1900. *Present: R. H.*

"B.—'Well well did you know that I am beginning to see you more clearly friend. It is I Bennie.' R. H.—'Well, Bennie, do you want to tell me first anything that you have ready, or... (Hand points to where I had letter on chair from Mrs. Junot.) R. H.—'Read?' B.—'Yes, dad's letter to me oh do. Oh I will do all I possibly can to help him to know where I am dear friend.' R. H.—'Yes. Bennie, I have a short letter from your mother, and I think that your father must have sent his letter to my office instead of to my own rooms. So I will read your mother's.' [Why shouldn't Bennie have been able to read the letter himself, if he was able to see everything going on at the farm? H.H.] B.—'It will make me just as happy, but you told me you would didn't you?' R. H.—'Yes. I thought I would have had your father's, but you know it is a long way off.' B.—'Yes from Boston.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'Yes all right I hear and it is all right.'

"R. H. (reads) 'My dear Bennie:

'As I shall not have an opportunity to talk with you again for some time, perhaps a very long time, I want you to send

me a message by Dr. Hodgson who has very kindly consented to receive it and send it to me.

'Tell me of some incident which happened during the last year of your life on earth with us, either during the summer vacation or the winter before. I know that it is you, but I should like to have something which would be a strong proof of your identity to other members of the family. I have not yet verified all that you told me when I last talked with you, but some of the incidents I remember well, particularly that of the cat-o'nine-tails, and I well remember how you and Roble used to play at the creek. Do you remember how I always said to you "Be a good boy?" Well, Bennie, dear, still be a good boy and some day we shall all meet together and be even happier than we were when you were with us on earth.

'Your loving mother.'

"(Hand assented and showed emotion at several places, especially at the 'Be a good boy.')"

"B.—'... Oh that has helped me so much, my dear good friend and tell her God knows we will all meet again here in His presence and be happier than *she* can ever know until she comes and tell her when she does I will watch for her and be at the door with my arms open to meet her and show her where to go. I am so conscious of all that takes place with her that it is like being with her all the time, even though she cannot U. D. it. I have been thinking of Uncle Gene a good deal of late and wondering if he was coming over here to meet me soon. I shall know before he does come.' [Uncle Gene is an uncle who is very fond of young people and to whom Bennie was much attached.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'Do you remember dad dear anything about Uncle Thomas and how he looked.' [Not understood at all. No Thomas in family connections at any time.—N. B. J.] [Perhaps some confusion over the 'Thomas' mentioned in connection with the Major. See. Pr.XXIV,414.—H. de G. V.] If you see Ernest tell him Allie sends... also... love. [Ernest and Alice not known.—N. B. J.] Do you think I will be better able to keep my thoughts clear soon and not jump from one thing to another.' [The communicator seems conscious himself that he is not clear at this point.—H. de G. V.]

"R. H.—'Yes, Bennie. You will be better later on. I shall see you next time, you know, once more, I think to-morrow, and you will be clearer then even than now.' B.—'Well that is just what this man George told me.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'And I begin to feel at home with you already.....'"

9TH SITTING. (Pr.XXIV,425f.)

March 28, 1900. *Present: R. H.*

"Bennie writes: (This is the only time during these sittings that Bennie himself acts as control.)

(Movements in hand, not violent, suggesting new control. Same pencil given. Fingers feel it, place it on block-book, so that it lies flat on book, lift it up and down a little, tapping various times with it lengthways transversely across book, then raise it and cast it to the front across the room. Fresh pencil offered, not accepted, but hand pats block-book over, round the edges and over surface with hand slightly hollowed, palm down, patting with distal joints of fingers. Then hand is held up as if the back were being inspected by some one just behind it, then turned round as if showing the palm for inspection, then bent backwards and forwards at the wrist, all as if for the inspection of a person just behind. Finally the hand took up the ordinary writing position on the block-book. The time occupied by these movements was about from three to five minutes. I was about to place the fresh pencil in the usual place, between first and second fingers, but the hand moved a little, as if rejecting that position, and seized the pencil between the second and third fingers, so that it passed between the proximal joints of the second and third fingers and was held near the point by the ends of thumb and first finger.—R. H.)

"'Yes, here I am Bennie and He is teaching me how to speak, this is a queer place I think and I am wondering how I got here with you. I feel quite happy to know I can come myself. I am Bennie and you are Mr. Hodgson. They tell me I am doing well.' R. H.—'Yes, very good indeed, Bennie. First-rate.....'

"B.—'Tell me if you hear me, do you hear me or do you see me or how do you do?' R. H.—'Suppose that you went to see a lady when you were in the body. And she went into what looked something like sleep. Now suppose while she was resting her head on cushions, her right hand showed signs of intelligence, and you put a pencil in it, and the hand should begin to write on paper, a block-book which you place under the hand. Now that is just what happens.' B.—'Well that is queer too because I hear you and I see you very clearly and I talk to you because I am using my own mind and I see just what you are wishing me to do.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'Yes I like you pretty well already because I think you are a friend of dad's aren't you?' R. H.—'Yes. I... (Hand starts to write, turns to Spirit, then to me to listen.) [The hand of the medium sometimes stretches forward, as though to some one standing in front of her.—H. de G. V.]

"R. H.—'Shall I read his letter to you or do you wish first to tell anything special yourself?' B.—'I would like to hear from him as it may help me to think more clearly than I do now. Did you hear that spirit [apparently Rector or G. P. Possibly Imperator, who seems to have honored Bennie with more attention than he gives most people. He is a great mystery be-

cause it seems so easy, and yet not quite possible, to make him out a humbug. H.H.] tell me to look up when He spoke to me? (To *look up* apparently corresponds to stretching up the hand to Spirit.)' R. H.—'No.' (I reach for Mr. Junot's letter.) B.—'He tells me to keep quiet and hear you. Well tell me something.' R. H.—'Your father writes to you. He meant me to get this before I came here the last time, I think, but I found it after I got back to where I live. He says: "Dear Bennie: ...Roble says he well remembers the seat that you made by the maple trees up near the locust grove."' [N.B. Throughout this report, passages in full quotations ("thus") are from the letter. H.H.] (Excitement.) B.—'Dear dad. Go on.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'Excuse me if I weep it is only with joy.'"

I hope you got a laugh out of this. You did if you remember when "Excuse me if I weep" was current slang. I got the laugh, and yet I am entirely disposed to take it all seriously.

"R. H.—'All right, Bennie.... Roble "says it was still there last summer," the *seat*. "Also Roble says that 'Scrub' was the name of the game of ball that you played so much."' B.—'Did you not see me throw one when I came in.' [Perhaps this refers to the throwing of the pencil across the room, as above described.—R. H.] R. H.—'You mean this time?' B.—'Yes. I often used to do this when I went in against the house.' [He played hand ball against wall often.—N. B. J.].....

"R. H.—'Also..."Roble wants to know if you remember the slide on the bull-pen."' (Excitement.) B.—'Well I think I do and will I ever forget it. Ask him who got the worst of it, —him or me.' R. H.—'"Also whether you have seen Sammy."' B.—'Well yes I have and Sport also. [Sport was the name of our stable dog that died of old age some years ago.—N. B. J.] Yes, I am glad to hear from you—Oh so glad. Ask Roble if he remembers who cut the hole in the... the Barn Yard fence. [Not recalled.—N. B. J.] and what it was done for.' R. H.—'I suppose that's *one on Roble?*' B.—'Well it is. I have two or three which I will just remind him of occasionally.' R. H.—'Yes. "Also do not forget to tell my mother [This being a message from Mr. Junot to Bennie's grandparents in his world. H.H.] that I received and understood her loving words, and tell my father that I thank him for the love he sent."' B.—'He gave me Walter.' R. H.—'Your grandfather?' B.—'Yes.' [Not correct.—N. B. J.] R. H.—'"and that as I have grown older I have learned to understand him better."' B.—'He will be so glad to know this I tell you, he often tells me of dad.' R. H.—'"and that I hope to meet him in your world and understand him better still."'....."

Sittings generally abound in explanations of this sort between parents and children. Genuine or not, some of it is very touching, and the weight of it is very distinctly on the side of "evidence."

"B.—'Well you will dear this I know well. He often says your father is very dear to me and although he was left more or less to himself I will take him to my heart when he comes to us.' R. H.—'Good. "Give my love to all our friends who are with you, and do not forget to render to Imperator and Rector and George and all others who have aided you in communicating with us our heartfelt thanks and reverence for their great kindness.....'"

"'Your "ten cent script" is now in your little cabinet in your room. Daddy will keep it in memory of you. Do not forget us, Bennie, and let us hear from you whenever you can well do so. With great love,

"Daddy."

(Assents) [*i.e.*, hand does. H.H.]

"B.—'Do you wonder I am happy.' R. H.—'No, indeed.' '.....Well I begin to... (Hand talks with Spirit.) U.—(Hand talks with Spirit.) He—Rector says do it so. U. D.'

[This is a good instance of "dramatization." Bennie has not acted as control before, and is therefore unfamiliar with this abbreviation.—H. de G. V.]

".....B.—'You may be glad to know I have seen a little young dog here who often comes up and smells about yourself ...about you belonging to yourself.' R. H.—'What kind, Bennie?' B.—'A little yellow looking one and looks like a little bull dog. Do you remember him?' R. H.—'I do not'... [I was about to add 'remember a little bulldog.' I remember well a little yellow mongrel, very affectionate.—R. H.].....

"B.—'You must be pretty bright I think. Did you ever teach school?' R. H.—'Yes, I have taught...' B.—'I thought so. Did you like Algebra.' R. H.—'Yes, I did.' B.—'I am glad to know it. I didn't.....'

"R. H.—'And I say, Bennie, look up my cousin Fred. George Pelham will help you, and he will tell you of the larks we used to have together in Australia.' B.—'Well, that will be jolly, I will. I hope you will know me when I come again.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'They are awfully good to me here and I am happy as I can be.'

(Waking Stage.)

"That black and white dog was wagging his tail when I went in."

10TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,436.)

April 3, 1900. *Present: R. H.*

"B.—'I saw Mr. Hyde and I like him mighty well . . . he is a very bright fellow and has been helping me in many ways.' (I here for the first time thought of my cousin Fred Hyde.) R. H.—'Oh, you mean my cousin Fred.' B.—'Yes he is your cousin Fred and the gentleman [George Pelham] who is speaking for me helped me to find him.'"

12TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,438.)

October 29, 1900. *Present: R. H.*

"'Just one word from me. I am Benny.' R. H.—'Yes.' B.—'Do you remember me?' R. H.—'Oh, Bennie, well, indeed.' B.—'. . . . . was I who cured Helen's throat and I knew it was only a cold.'"

[Extract from letter of N. B. J., Nov. 14, 1900: "Mrs. J. had in September been at the seaside where Helen had an ugly sore throat, which caused her mother much anxiety, but presently ceased to be serious."]

13TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,438-9.)

October 31, 1900. *Present: R. H.*

". . . . . B.—'I was somewhat glad when they changed Helen's teacher because she will gain by it.' R. H.—'"teacher" is that?' B.—'Teacher . . . music. I am looking after her, and tell them all that I will soon see them here and meanwhile I send endless love.' R. H.—'I will.'

[Extract from N. B. J.'s letter, Nov. 14, 1900. "In the last week of September, Mrs. Junot and Helen returned from the East and upon Helen's objecting to the taking of music lessons, she not being very well, it was agreed between them that for the present she should go to hear music instead of taking lessons."]

16TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,441.)

February 18, 1901. *Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.*
(Bennie communicating.)

[Is the following telepathy, or a put up job, or something else? H.H.]

"'Here I am again and I thought I would ask you what you were trying to have done with the old gate this summer. Can you think what I mean?' N. B. J.—'No, I do not understand. Where was it?' B.—'At the back of the barn.' N. B. J.—'I don't understand, Bennie.'. . . B.—'Now let me tell you what I do mean. I mean that where the Bull pen used to be. Do you know now, dad?' N. B. J.—'No, I don't understand.' B.—'Well, do follow me . . . the farm . . . but where we used to go out at the barn there has been a change made in the floor that is what I tried to think.'. . . Mrs. J. (to N. B. J.)—'He

means in the calf [?] where you built on that shed.' B.—'and I called it gate, and it is all open there now and something put in its place. Now I am trying to find out what you intend to call it.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, do you mean the garden I had made at the back of the house near the barn?' B.—'No, I know that perfectly, but it is at the barn dear mother. There are two windows and I am doing my best to have you see what I mean dear. It is all so changed to me. Dad did you not take away part of the barn?' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, we have had a chicken house built where the corn crib used to be.' B.—'*Yes of course,* that is what I mean exactly but they, dad and Roble and another man took out the little door leading into the yard. Didn't you dad?' Mrs. J. (to N. B. J.)—'Yes, you did.' N. B. J.—'I don't remember, Bennie.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, you are right.' B.—'What is the matter dad, are you forgetting?' Mrs. J.—'I think he is stupid, Bennie.' B.—'Well, he never used to be.'.....

"B.—'Now there is one thing more dad. Who was it who put up the wall.' N. B. J.—'I don't understand, Bennie. Where do you mean?' B.—'I mean out back of the house this time. And what do you call it...a...word [?] is it.' N. B. J.—'Fence. Do you mean *fence?'* B.—'Yes exactly and dear you will forget the names of things when you get here.' [As old people do? H.H.] N. B. J.—'Yes, I understand that, Bennie.' B.—'I like it all though so much better than before and I only wanted to recall all I saw you do and the changes you have made that you might be sure I was with you. That is all—U. D.'

"'B.—'Did you hear me when I called you the other night?' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, I cannot always tell when you call me. I think I feel you near me. But you know I cannot hear you. What did you say to me?' B.—'I said write to Roble.' [Not long before this one evening his mother suddenly started up and proceeded to write to Roble. Her motions were so unusual in some way as to attract comment from others of the family. She said "I *must* write to Roble."—N. B. J.]"

17TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,453f.)

February 19, 1901. *Present: Mrs. J. and R. H.*

"B.—'I am here, mother dear.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I'm glad to see you this morning.' B.—'Morning, it is always morning dear. [A queer topic for faking. More like the superiority to time indicated in dreams. H.H.] * I am glad to see you

* The controls often protest against the use of words denoting periods of time, *e. g.* morning, week, etc., and sometimes appear unable to apprehend their meaning. At other times, however, they use these very words themselves, and their attitude does not seem to be based on any consistent principle.

once more. But I was sad to hear what dad said, did he not feel well.'"

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, tell me about Helen. Do you not think her well?' B.—'Yes, very, but nervous, dear.' Mrs. J.—'How shall I take care of her?' B.—'Do not hurry her, mother dear. and let her sleep. She says she wants to sleep *more.*' [Helen had for months been inclined to sleep late in the mornings.]"

This is one of the first requests for Bennie's advice. They increased until he became the family oracle on a variety of subjects. Soon medical advice began coming in, which he said he got from "the Doctor," to whom he alluded several times. Was it Phinuit?

Or it may have been one of Imperator's "Doctors."

"Mrs. J.—'Tell me now about yourself, what you do.' B.—'Do... well the things I care for most are those I left behind in the body, but I am contented here dear and I live with grandpa and grandma Junot. He sometimes says he was a little difficult for the boys—U. D.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie.' B.—'To U. D. but he meant well and loves them all very much. I am learning all the time the conditions of this life, the reality and truth of our having to live in one life to be able to in this.'"

An old, old speculation on which these new phenomena perhaps shed some light.

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, bring a message next time from grandma Junot to your father. Ask her why she never comes to us at these sittings.' B.—'But she has dear, only I fear I am a little greedy and take up all the light dear mother, but I do not mean to.'

"B.—'Uncle Frank has just told... nudged me and said go tell your mother about Billie, Benny, and see what she will say to that.' (R.H. reads the whole sentence over in a natural manner as if speaking it himself and not merely slowly deciphering it.) B.—'Yes, this is exactly right, how did you do it? How did you happen to hear me so distinctly, I am delighted.' R. H.—'Well, Rector made the machine work, and although I could not read it at first, it was all well done by him.'"

18th Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,464f.)

February 20, 1901. *Present: Mrs. J. and R. H.*

"B.—'.....do you remember of my... speaking of George?' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, yes.' B.—'He sends love also.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, my cousin George you mean?' (Assent.)

B.—'He told me not to forget it.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, give him my love.' B.—'He used to be so jolly.' Mrs. J.—'No, Bennie.' B.—'This is a joke dear mother because he was never known to smile... and we often remark... we remark it here. And I speak it in particular that you may know just who I mean. [This cousin George had not long been deceased. He scarcely ever smiled and during his life this was a source of jokes in the family.—N. B. J.] ..... Grandma Junot is so glad to see you... She says tell Aunt Alice not to feel that God has been unjust to her, but to feel that it is better as it is.' [For reasons *well understood* in the family these words are very significant. It would be difficult for our mother to better identify herself in words.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'Another boy cousin of mine here. He came long ago.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie.' B.—'Grandma said refer to him too dear when you speak because his mother would be glad to know. Do not forget these things Benny boy.' [We understand perfectly who this cousin is and why our mother directed that word to be sent to his mother.—N. B. J.] B.—'I was I thought as happy as I *could* be when I h... owned the body, but after I left it I found I did not know what happiness was.... I saw you almost as soon as I lost control of my body, and I was so happy, and I was told that I should see clearer and clearer [clear] as time passed and so I have, dear, and when I have seen you grieve I have said Oh well it is not for long, and it is only a condition of the body.'"

21st Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,475-.)

January 15, 1902. *Present: R. H.*

. . . . . .

"B.—'Pretty well are you?' R. H.—'Yes, Bennie, thanks, except for a damaged knee.' B.—'Take a ride on horseback when it gets better it will do you good.' R. H.—'Thanks, I will.' B.—'I'll go along with you to see that all goes well.'

He more and more announces himself as going with people to take care of them.

23d Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,478.)

February 10, 1902. *Present: N. B. J., R. H., and later Roble J.*

Here follows a farther indication of how Bennie was becoming the family oracle.

"'I heard you and Roble talking about me. I heard you say he had better study a while longer...' [I feared that Roble had been a little too much inclined to athletics in college and I had been insisting upon more study.—N. B. J.]. N. B. J.—'Yes,

that's it. I told him to study more.' B.—'Yes, and he will now. I was especially attracted to that myself. I think he has been a little behind.' N. B. J.—'Yes.' B.—'But don't worry about him dad he'll get there sure. I am . . . not so far removed but what I can help him.' [This note of helping the family and everybody else increases to the end. It is generally characteristic of the controls. H.H.] B.—'And I saw the fall he got could you make it out.' N. B. J.—'On the ice you mean, on skates?' B.—'Yes.' N. B. J.—'Yes, he's all right now.' B.—'Good.'. . . N. B. J.—'Bennie, do you want Roble to come here and speak?' B.—'More than I can tell you. . . . (N. B. J. calls Roble, who was waiting downstairs.) (Roble has entered . . .) (Excitement in hand.) Well well Roble I am glad to see you once more my brother. Did you think I was lost Roble—' R.—'No.' B.—'I heard something and told you steadily don't be lazy, R— study on and I'll help you. got it. . . .' R.—'Yes, I heard it.' B.—'I hear you sounding where I am. I am right here beside you. Do you remember the joke I made about the Bull Pen?' R.—'The bull pen down at V——?' B.—'Yes.' R.—'I don't remember any joke. Remember the slide down there?' B.—'Yes slide and fall.' R.—'No, I mean the board slide.' B.—'Yes I am thinking of the same slide and the fall you got skating.' [Roble had lately received a bad stroke on the head while playing hockey on the ice.—N. B. J.] N. B. J.—'Lately.' R.—'I didn't fall, I got hurt.' B.—'Yes I know it well. Tell me are you better.' R.—'I tried my best to prevent it, Benny.'

"'You almost take my breath away—I am so glad to see you. I have an idea you feel strange, but you need not. Go on, B ——.....'

This all seems to me strangely vivid. The monosyllabic utterances of Roble show the awkwardness of a first sitting.

There follow a lot of trifles whose very littleness would impress judicious seekers of the "evidential" in the old sense —if later considerations have left any such seekers.

"(G. P. communicating.) 'How are you old chap, glad to see you. What is it H. want my help.' R. H.—'Yes, George, I think we do.' G. P.—'I am here on Deck. G. P.' B.—'Keep my thoughts clear now. Do you remember Grandpa Junot?'".....

24TH SITTING. (PR. XXIV, 489f.)

February 11, 1902. *Present: N. B. J. and R. H.*

In this sitting begins the incident of Hugh Irving and John Welsh and the dog Rounder summarized in Miss Verrall's

introduction. There is no space for many details, though I shall quote a few later. For the present we go on to other matters.

"B.—'Does Reble U. D. me do you think.' N. B. J.—'Only partly. He feels sure that you are speaking.'

"B.—'Do you remember what mother said about my new picture. She said I looked as if I was going to speak. Don't you like it.' N. B. J.—'Yes, very much.' B.—'Are you tired dad dear.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, a little tired, too much work all the time.' B.—'Don't let it worry you, it will all be right soon. Father do you remember what a stern man grandpa was?' N. B. J.—'Which grandpa?' B.—'Your father.' N. B. J.—'Yes, he *was* stern.' B.—'He is as good to me as he can possibly be.' N. B. J.—'And I thank him for it.' B.—'Father he met me when I came and showed me the way. I did not know him hardly, but he soon made me know him and took me with him home where I am happy and if you could see us as we are you would not doubt the goodness of God father.' N. B. J.—'I do not doubt goodness of God, Bennie.'

"N. B. J.—'Bennie, the Alice over there must be the little girl who didn't live in this life. Is that right?' B.—'*She is*, but she lives here and is with Uncle *Frank*.' N. B. J.—'Now I understand.' B.—'I am so glad he would not let me go till I repeated this for you.'

[The Uncle Frank addresses Mr. Junot? H.H.] "'N ——— speak to me for God's sake and tell me if it is really you.' [What followed identified him.... He had been dead two years. We had had many long talks about a future life in the evening at his home. He had been much interested in Spiritualism.—N. B. J.]

"N. B. J.—'Yes, Frank, it is I.' F.—'I am delighted to see you—I took Bennie's place for a moment, a good boy N ——....' N. B. J.—'Go on, Frank.' F.—'One of the best I ever knew. (The writing during communication from *Frank* larger and stronger.) tell Alice I am sure I can remember everything soon. N—— how is everything with you.' N. B. J.—'All well, Frank, all well, and Alice and the boy are well. I see them often.' F.—'Give them my love and tell them I would not have left them from choice, but it better so. Hear me?' N. B. J.—'Yes, Frank.' F.—'Tell her I felt sorry about the insurance.... [Not understood. N. B. J.]

"'Are you still at it...in harness...H...' N. B. J.—'Yes, Frank. I am working too hard still.' F.—'Don't pay—give it up.' N. B. J.—'I understand.' F.—'You know what I mean, tried hard to speak before but could not seem to U. D. the whys and wherefores.'

"N. B. J.—'Do you remember our talks about another life?' F.—'Yes just what I am saying N——. About this life and its possibilities.' N. B. J.—'Yes.' F.—'I found all better than I ever dreamed.' N. B. J.—'Who came to meet you, Frank?' F.—'Do you remember my boy.' N. B. J.—'Yes, indeed.' F.—'He is my (hand points to Spirit) *right hand.*' N. B. J.—'That's right.' F.—'And we are together God bless him. Tell Alice this...' N. B. J.—'I will.' F.—'N—— and till we meet again may God sustain you.' N. B. J.—'Good-bye, Frank. Good-bye.' F.—'Going... Farewell... don't forget your... F H Clarke [?]' [He usually signed his name "F. Clarke."—N. B. J.] ["F. H." are the initials of his son, Bennie's cousin, Frank.—H. de G. V.]

"N. B. J.—'Frank, speak to us again hereafter when you can.' F.—'Most certainly I will. (Large and emphatic.) (Noticeable contrast between previous large and somewhat vehement writing and the quieter smaller writing on Bennie's return.)

"B.—'Father you realize I know the desire on the part of Uncle F. to meet you again—that is why I left so suddenly.' N. B. J.—'Yes, dear Bennie, I understand perfectly. Here is Hugh [old servant, see p. 786. H.H.] I called him to tell you himself about the dog.' N. B. J.—'Hugh, tell us where to find Rounder, we want Rounder.' H.—'Lost him.' N. B. J.—'Lost him? Did you lose him?' H.—'Yes. I lost him N—— and as a matter of fact I will see that he is returned to you.' N. B. J.—'All right.' H.—'As true as you live. Tell me how is everything with yourself?' N. B. J.—'*We* are all right. How are *you?*' H.—'Better, head clearer, breathe splendidly. Do you know how I suffered.' [Hugh died of an internal cancer, but, strange as it may seem, he never once complained of pain or of being sick during his last months with us. He drank very hard and we supposed that that was the trouble. So that what he says here is of great interest to us. Everything that he says is quite characteristic (for instance calling Bennie "Mr. Ben") except reference to sitter as "N——." In life this was always "Mr. Junot."—N. B. J.]

The controls generally show a tendency to use Christian names. *Cf.,* G. P. to me, as he never did in this life; Phinuit to the Lodges, etc.

"N. B. J.—'No, you never said you were sick.' H.—'But I would not tell anybody if there was anything I hated it was to hear a man complaining about his heart all the time.' N. B. J.—'Hugh, I thought you were drunk all the time.' H.—'No, not drunk, but mighty near it, the worst of it was I suffered more than you know, but I've got straightened out here and

I want to do the best I can.' . . . N. B. J.—' That's right, Hugh. We were sorry we didn't take better care of you.' H.—' Now for everybody. I worked. . . . I worked faithfully when I could.' N. B. J.—' That's right. You did. (to R. H.) We had much regret about this man.' H.—' Forgive my failings as Mr. Ben has already. Some day you'll know me better.' N. B. J.—' Hugh, I don't think you had a fair show in this life.' H.—' Well, I guess you're about right my friend, but I have no fault to find now I'm glad I'm living that's all I've got to say, and I'll find Rounder and send him back to you.' N. B. J.—' Good, that's all right.' H.—' Think of me as I am and not as I was if you can.' N. B. J.—' That's right, we will.' H.—' Can I do anything for you.' N. B. J.—' Only help take care of Bennie.' H.—' Sure he's all right—a right good lad. I often with him. I'll bid you good-bye now—let me know if I can do anything for you—H E.'

(Hand makes gentle drawing motion as if pulling on some delicate threads.)

" N. B. J.—(to R. H.)—' Something wanted here.'

" [Grandpa Junot speaks? H.H.] ' Well. My son glad to see you. Do the best you can. Gone.' N. B. J.—' Who was it?' B.—' Dad were you here? Grandpa said I wonder if he is as self-willed as he used to be.' N. B. J.—' Which grandpa? Which grandpa was it?' B.—' Junot.' N. B. J.—' Yes.' B.—' Speak to him father.' (Hand points to Spirit.) N. B. J.—' Yes.' B.—' He is waiting.' N. B. J.—' Yes, father, I'm glad to meet you here, and I take it very kindly that you look after my boy so well.' [G. J.]—' Do you remember what you thought about my . . . perhaps you thought I did not help you . . . don't you think so . . .' [There were matters to be regretted in the treatment by the sitter's father of his children and here, as a number of times elsewhere, this is indicated by the father in his brief communications.—N. B. J.]

" N. B. J.—' I was young when you left this life.' G. J.—' Yes true but rather stubborn weren't you?' N. B. J.—' Probably.' G. J.—' Forgot it.' N. B. J.—' Do you know about my work in this life?' G. J.—' There is little I do not know and I am glad you have made your life so useful.' N. B. J.—' Thank you.' G. J.—' It is the best reward I can give you.' B.—' Gone father. Father dear they tell me I must soon stop talking.' R. H.—' Yes, time's practically up.' N. B. J.—' Yes, Bennie, and I shall not see you to-morrow. Mother will come alone. Don't forget daddie.' B.—' No not for a moment—talk to me father when you go to the grave and I will U. D. you.' "

Many intimations like this are given, that those who have " passed over "(?) can hear and even understand without the intervention of a " medium."

25TH SITTING. (Pr.XXIV,502.)

February 12, 1902. *Present: Mrs. Junot and R. H.*

"'Do you remember C—— dear Mother?' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, we live in C——. What will you say about it?' B.—'Are you going to leave it?' [We had been talking a great deal about living in the country.—N. B. J.] Mrs. J.—'We do talk jokingly of living in the country, but not at present.' B.—'How can you on account of Helen.' Mrs. J.—'Helen loves the country.' B.—'Yes I know but the school.' Mrs. J.—'We cannot until she is through school.' B.—'I thought so dear, don't leave her. I heard all this talk about going into the country dear but I could not make it clear to my mind. Got it.'"

Bennie's gradual assumption of the care of the family is becoming plain.

"B.—'Mother I am very happy over here. They are all very good to me and when we go to church we think of you. I often see you and Helen together at the place of Music.' Mrs. J.—'Sometimes, Bennie.' B.—'I love to watch you and hear you talk of things I used to do. Mother I think you feel my presence sometimes—I try very hard to make you see me.' Mrs. J.—'Oh I do *feel* your presence, Bennie, but I wish that I might *see* you.' B.—'I wonder if you could. I'll try to stand before you very soon to see if you can see me.' (To R. H.)—'I am glad to see you my friend, are you quite well.'

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, can you tell me anything between yourself and Charlie, any incident that happened . . . tell me . . .' B.—'Did you say accident, dear.' Mrs. J.—'No, Bennie, *in*cident.' B.—'Incident, yes. I think so. [Is this faked? H.H.] Do you wish to help him to know where I am?' Mrs. J.—'Yes.' B.—'Well ask Charlie if he remembers the little song I copied out for him. Yes and the walk we took one evening in the or through the park when we whistled the tune to the song I copied out for him and the laugh we had over the discords.' . . . . . .

"B.—'Do you remember Sam.' Mrs. J.—'Tell me about him?' B.—'He is with me a great deal—did you know he came rather suddenly. . . .' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, send a message to his mother.' B.—'He will do it.' (Hand points to Spirit.) Sam—'I ask you if you are Mrs. Junot to tell my mother I am well and happy and better off than I was in the body, tell her to keep the mo[?]mor[?] . . . can't hear it . . . M a n s f i e l d Photographs because they are not good enough to let go. I hope I have made it clear do you remember Carl Boardman . . .' Mrs. J.—'Is this from Sam?' S.—'Yes. S. B.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. I will ask about him. Was Sam with him?' S.—'Yes.' Mrs.

J.—'I will try to find out.' S.—'And Dan . . . gone.' [Sam died rather suddenly not long before this sitting. His mother upon reading this sitting said that about this time she and one of her sons had been looking over and discussing a great deal the various photographs of Sam to determine which were the best.]

"B.—'And one thing more dear, is Helen better?' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, she is much stronger, I think.' B.—'Didn't I tell you I would help he . . . her.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, and you have kept your word.' B.—'I hope to always dear and send Rounder back.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, if you can.' B.—'If he is in that world I can.'"

27TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,515.)

April 2, 1902. *Present: R. H.*

(Waking Stage.)

"'John Welsh has Rounder.' R. H.—'"John Welsh was round her?"' 'John Welsh has Rounder. Tell this . . . tell . . . tell . . . tell . . . John Welsh has Rounder.' R. H.—'"John Welsh *is* round her?"' '*Has* . . . *has* . . . It's I, Benny, don't you see me? I, Benny.'"

31ST SITTING. (PR.XXIV,520-1.)

November 12, 1902. *Present: R. H.*

"B.—'I often wonder if spirits from our world will ever be able to speak without the light as we often try to do, but we are glad to welcome any of our friends here. I can tell you. Helen never seemed so *well* as she does now.' R. H.—'I'm very glad.'"

"B.—'You have been so kind to me always I feel as though I had always known you.' R. H.—'I feel as if you were an old friend.' B.—'Well I think I am.'"

35TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,524f.)

February 23, 1903. *Present: N. B. J. and R. H.*

(Parcel unwrapped and Bennie's articles placed on table.)

"B.—'tell me Dad if you are not better now.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie. I'm much better.' B.—'I know it dear. I have been with you all the time since I spoke to you here before.' N. B. J.—'Yes, dear boy. I understand.' B.—'I am very proud of Helen.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie. So are Mama and Papa.' B.—'She will be a great comfort to you.' N. B. J.—'Yes.' B.—'I know it. do you hear me when I call you to sleep, dad?' N. B. J.—'No, Bennie, I do not hear, but sometimes I think you are helping me.' B.—'I am glad you feel me because I am often there. I remember Charlie tell me is he going away dear.' N. B. J.—'Which Charlie do you mean?' B.—'I am thinking about . . . R O ble and C h a r l i e dad.' [Roble and Charlie D——, Bennie's best friend, were with us at

our hotel on the day prior to this sitting, Roble having met Charlie unexpectedly.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'I forgot my horses *name* . . . horse. almost.' N. B. J. —'What is it? What is the name?' B.—'What is it. Oh I never can U. D. it R. K.' N. B. J.—'That starts right.' (Rector to Bennie)—'Come on B. give it me.' B.—'K. . . .' (Rector to Bennie)—'yes certainly. . . . Louder dear.' B.—'L.' N. B. J.—'That's right.' B.—'O.' N. B. J.—'That's right.' B.—'N.' N. B. J.—'That's right.' B.—'DI.' N. B. J.—'That's right.' B.—'KE.' N. B. J.—'That's right.' N. B. J. (to R. H.)—'Can you read it now?' R. H.—'"Klondike."'"

This would seem to the novice very "evidential," but it might easily be simply telepathy. *Chacun à son goût.*

"B.—'do you remember the Sunday you and Mother and Helen walked in the *woods.*' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie.' B.—'I was with you.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie.' B.—'I saw Helen P i ck some green and take it to the *house.* . . . Vine. I think.' [This walk when we got the vine is now well remembered but was not recalled at the time of the sitting.—N. B. J.] [Could he impress something he did not remember? It often goes that way. Can it be mere telepathy? H.H.]

"B.—'I saw them plowing up out by the barn dad.' N. B. J. —'When?' B.—'taking up Stone . . . Stone.' [At the time of this sitting, and for several days prior thereto, workmen had been engaged in moving a large old barn at our farm. It stands upon sandstone blocks and brick. I have not been there since the moving began.—N. B. J.]

"'I am Hugh [The servant who drank so hard. H.H.] God forgive me why not you.' (At this point, with the appearance of Hugh Irving, the writing changes and "there is a tendency to make extra curling loops to the strokes." When the sitters complain of illegibility, Rector apologizes on the ground that "he (that is H. I.) speaks queerly." It appears that peculiarity of speech on the part of a communicator is here represented by peculiarity of writing on the part of the control.—H. de G. V.] [Seemed to speak straight enough on p. 807. H.H.]

"N. B. J.—'Why, of course, Hugh. You're all right. Speak on.' H.—'I want to know if I can do anything for you.' [Owing to the curious looping, neither N. B. J. nor R. H. could make this out at first.—R. H.] N. B. J. (to R. H.)—'Can't read, can you?' R. H.—'One moment.' (From Rector.)— 'Wait a moment, Sir. he speaks queerly friend.' H.(?)—'want to know if I can do anything. I long to help you.' N. B. J.— 'Who is it speaking?' H.—'Your boy is all right. how is the dog now.' N. B. J.—'Rounder is all right, Hugh. He's so glad

to get back.' H.—'faith and I'm glad too. did Welsh have him.....'

"N. B. J.—'Did you give him to Welsh?' H.—'No I saw him at Welsh's house in the body, and prayed him to send him to you. then Mr. Benny got hold and we worked to get him back. I hope you keep him now—look out for him.'"

"B.—'Dad Roble is doing finely again. I never saw him trying to do better. he is not lazy now.' N. B. J.—'Sure no! Surely no!' B.—'he takes to his work like a soldier and is looking forward to getting through. father he appreciates all only give him time dear he is all right.' N. B. J.—'Bennie, did you not see Tommy with him?' (Excitement.) B.—'S U R E I *did.* Why do you ask dad.' N. B. J.—'Because... because I asked and you did not answer.' B.—'Well dad I don't mean to do so but I have everything on my mind. When I get here and they don't always U. D. what I do say. you will know when you get here how hard I try to tell you all that you may it is really I.'"

36TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,536f.)

February 24, 1903. *Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.*

"B.—'Got all over your cold dear.' N. B. J.—'Yes, I'm better, Bennie.' B.—'I know—now let me tell you one thing. don't question the right and wrong of my returning because there are no wrongs in it.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, it gave us a little anxiety as to whether we were doing right in calling you to us.' B.—'I heard it all and it made me uneasy dear so thought I would settle it for you.' [We had upon the evening before been asking ourselves whether it might not influence him away from his duties in his new life to call him back to us. The conversation on this subject had been quite extended.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'one thing about Helen—do not let her study too hard as she will get through finely—I see it.' Mrs. J.—'I will watch her carefully. She *is* studying hard now.' B.—'She will come out all right Mama I am sure. Only one thing her throat.' Mrs. J.—'Her *throat?*' (Assent.) B.—'May trouble in a few days but don't mind. I see it beginning.' [Upon our return three days later we found her quite ill with a sore throat and under the doctor's care.—N. B. J.] [Teloteropathy from Helen? H.H.].....

"B.—'Her music helps me to reach her at home. I fear she has neglected it of late. She is going to be a fine girl and a comfort to *you all.* Hear me.' Mrs. J.—'I think that we do not appreciate Helen as we do you and Roble.' B.—'I think it so dear. I feel it all the time. So I'll stand behind her.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, it is not that we do not love her as well.'

B.—'I know perfectly dear—I U. D. just how you feel, but cling to her—I love her *dearly dear.* I see her thoughts are a little Stubborn but do not mind. She will outgrow it.'... Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I think you are right.' B.—'But you humor her a great deal and it is better so. [Anybody who knows adolescent girls, will appreciate Bennie's wisdom. H.H.] Roble is doing splendidly.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, I saw him yesterday.' B.—'I think he is growing fine and handsome as well as the improvement to his mind.'"

As I go through this for the third time, I am impressed that Bennie is growing up. This sitting is nearly four years later than the first one.

"Mrs. J.—'...Do you know all that happens to us, and that interests us?' B.—'All to my immediate family yes.—*i.e.* you dad Roble Helen.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, but others do not concern you. But you cannot always tell what happens to other people that you know?' B.—'Yes and no. I can if I think specially about any one friend and wish to know. Otherwise I do not.'

"(From G. P.)—'I don't think he quite remembers himself. H.' Mrs. J.—'Well, George, don't bother about this now. Talk to him, and, if possible, bring it to his mother next meeting.' G. P.—'Good enough. I *will.*' Mrs. J. (to R. H.)—'Tell him to ask Hugh.' G. P.—'Sure I will. He's got the boy.'"

Mrs. J. had grown intimate with G. P. But these two expressions are not like him. The second one is more like Hugh, but it must be G. P.'s, referring to Bennie, for he adds: "He's got the boy," meaning young Lawrence L., for whom Mrs. Junot had asked, for his mother's sake, several sittings before, and Bennie had said he would find him.

"'John Junot gave him to me. Mr. G.—— over there.... Mr. G—— over there.'" [This is the name of an old friend of our family lately deceased, and about the last person of whom we would think in connection with the sitting.—N. B. J.]

37TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,545f.)

February 25, 1903. *Present: Mrs. J.*

"B.—'do you think I like the horse.' Mrs. J.—'What do you mean, Bennie?' B.—'the Pony dear. I see him often.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, I don't understand. What pony do you mean?' B.—'I mean my Pony. Walter.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. He is very old now.' B.—'Yes but fat.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Very fat.'"

"B.—'Mother dear do you remember M a r i o n. M a r . . . i o n.' Mrs. J.—'I think that I know whom you mean, but the name is not quite right.' B.—'did I speak it too fast.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, who is Marion?' (Hand points to Spirit.) Mrs. J.—'She is standing over there? (Assent.) Who is she?' B.—'She is my cousin.' [Correct.—N. B. J.] Mrs. J.—'Bennie, to whom does she belong?' B.—'Uncle Frank.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, that is right. Tell me more about her.' B.—'M a r y . . . M a . . . li [?] She wants very much to send her love and greetings to Aunt Alice. I brought her here.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. That is one thing that I asked from you yesterday. Bennie yesterday you said you would go and awaken her. What did you mean by *awaken?*' B.—'make her U. D. how to speak to you here dearest *Mother.*' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. Have you anything more to tell me of her?' B.—'Oh yes she is just beginning to U. D. what we want of her. She sees Aunt Alice often and yet she could not U. D. this way of speech.'"

"R. H.—'Bennie, perhaps better do what you can with Alice's daughter and afterwards talk freely with your mother.' B.—'She is so glad to U. D. now. I talked and talked with her insisting upon her coming with me here now.'. . . Mrs. J.—'Bennie, what is she doing in your world?' B.—'She looks after some of the other children here. I wish I could make R [ector] U. D what I mean. . . . do you remember when she passed out, Mother.' Mrs. J.—'Yes.' B.—'do you U. D. how she looks now. . . . what did Aunt Alice mean by saying if I were here why did she not come too.' [His Aunt Alice had made just that statement to N. B. J. and that led to our insistence at this sitting that a message should be sent by her daughter.—N. B. J.]

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, she thought perhaps her daughter had forgotten about her.' B.—'Oh, if you could hear her speak of her you would not think it. I know.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, tell me how she looks.' B.—'She looks much as she did when she came here. her eyes are lovely and bright.'"

[Extract from Mrs. Clarke's letter, March 23, 1903.—"Her eyes and her very sweet, gentle disposition were her only beauties. She was remarkably kind to the younger children and Bennie said that was her office now."]

"B.—'She hears—she is laughing at my words about her. I can't tell you just how she does look as she stands here. do you remember a little round photo of her.' Mrs. J.—'I will ask Aunt Alice, Bennie.' B.—'it was taken when she was a little . . . a very little girl.' [Her mother has only two photos of her—one of which is a baby picture and has always been in a small round walnut frame.—N. B. J.]

"R. H.—'Bennie, does she look now older than you?' B.—'Yes a little. She came here first.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. That is

right.' B.—'some time before.' [She died two years before Bennie was born.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'Mother what do you think of the new house is that a Piazza.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. We have built a piazza at one end, and a new room for Helen.' B.—'The piazza confused me a little. I mistook it for a *Shed.*' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Before it was finished it looked like a shed.' B.—'You U. D. just what I am thinking about all the time. I am so near you. do you know dear I saw the gate too.' Mrs. J.—'Which gate, Bennie?' B.—'*the new one.*' Mrs. J.—'No, Bennie. We have no new gate.' B.—'It is new to me. The one out back of the barn.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, we have one there, Bennie. I had a new fence built and a gate.' B.—'Yes I know. I like it too. You hear me well.'"

"Mrs. J.—'... Bennie, what can I do to bring you near me?' B.—'pray for me.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Do you hear me when I ask you for help?' B.—'Yes I *often do.* I know a great deal that goes on with you dear. and when grandma says you humor Helen I think she don't U. D.' Mrs. J.—'Yes?' B.—'I help you with her often.' Mrs. J.—'I want you to watch over Helen and Roble and help them all you can.' B.—'I will I do. don't you see how well R.—— is doing. lately dear. at College.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Are you helping him?' B.—'Always. there was a time when he got a little careless but he is getting over it.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. He is more interested in his college life now.' B.—'We all prayed for it here. Mother do you U. D. the philosophy of prayer.' Mrs. J.—'Just what do you mean, Bennie?' B.—'how necessary it is to pray for what you wish. I U. D. it since I came to this life.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. I shall pray more after this.' B.—'prayer is everything to us here.'"

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, do you often see Grandma Junot?' B.—'Oh yes she is with me nearly all the time. Mother do you realize what a good woman she really is.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. She had much trouble in this life, but she always believed in the goodness of God.' B.—'Yes and she *does now.* She often says Bennie dear we must help our beloved ones on the earth and teach them to be more patient.' [Characteristic of his grandmother to an exact degree.—N. B. J.]

Bennie's "philosophy of prayer," and his partiality for his grave (which my selections do not quite reproduce), like many of the ideas and tastes depicted by Stainton Moses, seem to be a relic of earthly views. Those who ostensibly speak from a postcarnate life generally indicate that their incarnate beliefs and interests survive with them. So nobody

who is not interested in prayers and graves need feel discouraged.

"B.—'. . . look out for the new horse.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. The one papa bought for Roble? Is he not safe?' B.—'Oh yes only he is pretty fast I think.' Mrs. J.—'Yes? Shall we not keep him?' B.—'Oh yes I would dear. do not be alarmed he will be all right sure.'"

44th Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,564f.)

December 16, 1903. *Present: R. H.*

"B.—'Ask Roble if he got his hat into the paint.' R. H.—'I will.' [Roble painted his old straw hat green and wore it about the farm all summer.—N. B. J.]

"B. [to Hodgson]—'Oh friend can you U. D. what this all means to me. . . . I often hear and see things taking place at home and fail to report them here.' R. H.—'Why, Bennie, I shall be glad and your father and mother would be overjoyed for you to tell me all you see, *especially immediately.*' B.—'Yes well this is a little thing but I noticed it—shall I tell you? I saw Roble fussing about his clothes the other day and I wondered what it was all about when I learned that he was trying on a new suit of clothes which did not fit to suit him and he took them back. . . . I stood there and watched him for some time.' [At Thanksgiving time in New York Roble tried on his dress suit which his mother had brought to him. He said it needed some changes and his mother brought it home to have it changed at his request.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'He is going home. and I with him. [Roble starts home from College to-morrow, Dec. 22.—N. B. J.] Grandma Junot says. N——. [Mr. Junot. H.H.] is. getting rather tired. and should try and rest more. How is Rounder. stiff. very stiff.' R. H.—'Do you mean *old?*' B.—'in his legs.'

". . . . . B.—'I often pat him. and talk to him. I think he sees me. really I do.' R. H.—'Does he wag his tail?' B.—'Yes and sniffs at me when I approach him.'"

This is far from the only case where animals appear to see spirits. Cf. under telepathic visions, Chapter XVIII.

46th Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,571.)

January 11, 1904. *Present: R. H.*

"B.—'I may make some few mistakes. I do not claim to do otherwise when I see so much.'"

Apparently much more than is possible in this life. Constant telopsis and teloteropathy.

47TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,573f.)

February 22, 1904. *Present: N. B. J., R. B. J., and R. H.*

"B.—'I am glad Mama's better. I also see Helen every day of her life. I think she is is [evidently for *a*] fine great girl.'.....

"N. B. J.—'Yes. She works over her music all the time.' (Excitement in hand. Pencil scrabbles heavily round and round in one spot.) B.—'that is what I long for her to do U. D.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie. We thought you helped her.' B.—'I do I do I will I will. Music is the inspiration of the soul. dad.' N. B. J.—'Yes...' B.—'I wanted you to U. D. how happy it all made me. can't you tell her I love to hear her play & practise.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie. That's right.' B.—'Dad is that coat Blue.' N. B. J.—'Yes, with red inside.'"

"B.—'Do you U. D. what a beautiful place this is dad.' N. B. J.—'We do not fully understand, Bennie. Tell us when you can.' (Hand points to Spirit.) B.—'Grandma Junot. says. in a little while you will all be here. won't that be great.' N. B. J.—'Splendid, Bennie, when we all meet together again.' B.—'Do the best you can dad & don't worry about anything take care of Mama & Helen & the rest will all go right until you come over.'

".....'Dear Mother...When I come to you in your dream do not be afraid: I shall only give you strength to U. D.'.....

"R.—'.....Bennie. Are you ever with me?' B.—'I should say I was. how did I know about your suit if I am not with you tell me Roble?'"

48TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,584f.)

February 23, 1904. *Present: N. B. J., R. B. J., and R. H.*

"B.—'Roble did you have Frank's knife.' R.—'No, Bennie. I don't know about his knife.' B.—'tell Aunt to give it to you please.' R.—'All right, Bennie.' B.—'Will you.' R.—'Yes, I will tell her.' B.—'he says so. don't forget it I beg of you.'

"B.—'Papa dear tell me what she [Helen. H.H.] got so excited over. the other day Was it essay.' N. B. J.—'Yes. I think it was something she was going to write about.' B.—'I heard her fuming about it, but don't mind her she will get over it when she gets through school U. D.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie. She fusses a good deal.' B.—'Well I think I know it dad. You see I am doing all I can to help her & I do think she is improving don't you?' N. B. J.—'Yes, indeed. She's changing every day, now.' B.—'Yes & I do wish Aunt Alice would not think her lazy. She is not. but she can't do everything....her music I want kept up U. D. I never was good at preaching but I know perfectly well what is best for her.' N.

B. J.—'Yes, Bennie. We'll try to keep up her music.' B.—'they [say] Mama humors her too much but I don't think so. She is a good girl & if she is nervous she can't help it.'"

Bennie is gradually taking charge all around.

"..... B.—'how would you like to join me R.' R.—'Yes, I would like to see you again very much, Bennie.' B.—'I tell you R. it is not all over with us.... be sure & tell Aunt Alice we shall help her but she must give you the knife. the next time I see you here Pa. I want you to bring something belonging to her. Will you?' N. B. J.—'Yes, I will, I will.' B.—'It will help us [*i.e.*, her husband and Bennie in communicating. H.H.] so much. You cannot U. D. but we can.'

"'..... B.—'tell me did you like the book dad gave you?' R.—'Yes, I am reading it now.' B.—'Isn't it fine.' R.—'Yes, I like it very much so far.' B.—'keep straight on. & I will watch over your shoulder.'"

49TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,595f.)

February 24, 1904. *Present: R. H.*

"R. H.—'I have a short letter to Bennie from his mother which was intended for his father to bring, but reached him only after he left. (Hand points to Spirit. Cross in air.) Please give it him as he hath asked specially for it several times during this intervening period. We will bring him.....'"

Above three lines, evidently from Rector, like most of the talk of the Imperator crowd, have a very manufactured look, but there is considerable that has not.

"B.—'here is George perhaps you would better greet him too. he has been a good friend to me, and when the light has been especially drawn upon by myself he has been my support....' R. H.—'Yes, George, very grateful for all your help.' (G. P. communicating.)—'Just say good morning that will do. you know I U. D. it is only to please the boy U. D.'"

50TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,597f.)

June 27, 1904. *Present: Mrs. J., Miss Helen J. (first time), and R. H.*

"B.—'I see some one in the body with you. I think...' Mrs. J. (to H. J.)—'Move over a little.' (H. J. draws closer to table.) B.—'it is my sister... Oh I am so glad you are here. tell me you are glad to see me I am so glad you got through so nicely. I saw Roble too & I helped you both did you U. D. it.' H. J.—'Yes, Bennie. I am glad to be here.' B.—'I U. D. you do not see me but I look about the same. You look

much larger Helen haven't you grown....' [If he had had so much telopsis about the farm, why not about Helen? H.H.] H. J.—'Yes.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, you know several years have passed since you left us, and Helen is almost a young lady.' B.—'I U. D. isn't that fine? I am glad she is so well & you also mother dear. I hope you will keep on with your studies Helen & do all you can....' H. J.—'I thought often of you when away at school.' B.—'I was often with you when you did not know it. I am glad Roble is through & I am glad he is to be with dad.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. Your father could not be with us to-day. Do you think that he is well?' B.—'No not so well as I wish. I think he is very tired & needs rest greatly.' Mrs. J.—'Can you not influence him to take a rest?' B.—'Uncle Frank & I are both praying for this. We will make him do so.' Mrs. J.—'I wish him to take a long rest this summer.' B.—'Yes so do we. & I think he will. I am much concerned about him & I have been for some weeks I think.'.....

".....Mrs. J.—'Bennie, is the farm the best place for him?' B.—'Yes for the present. tell him to let repairs go & rest this summer.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, I will do so. Is that all he needs, rest alone?' B.—'*Yes*... don't let him take anything. he is all right except very tired. he is overdoing all the time. & his talking tires him very much.' [The weariness of N. B. J. is most marked in consultations. Talking seems to be the main source of the weariness.—N. B. J.]

"Mrs. J.—'He is very much troubled about some of his business affairs.' B.—'Well dear he ought not to be because dad will be all right I know this.'

"B.—'Helen what made you let Klondike run away...' Mrs. J. (to H. J.)—'Tell him that he didn't run away—did he?' H. J.—'I don't remember....' B.—'he did.' H. J.—'Last summer?' B.—'Yes....' Mrs. J.—'He did not behave very well, Bennie.' B.—'he turned everything upside down. I saw him.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, I think that was Roble's horse that ran away.' B.—'So it was. that's so. I remember now but mine kicked up a good deal.' H. J.—'Yes, he was very mean last summer.' B.—'Very what Helen?' H. J.—'Mean.' B.—'do you mean that.' H. J.—'He was ugly, and my driving worried him.' B.—'Oh yes. I U. D. what you mean. but he is getting old...' Mrs. J.—'Yes, we thought best to sell him, because your father was afraid he would hurt Helen.' B.—'I think he got that from me. because I tried to tell him to look out for him & I say it now more than *ever*. Better let him go on leave him alone don't try to drive him any more.....' B.—'Helen what do you wish....' Mrs. J. (to H. J.)—'Ask him now—tell him you're going to school next year.' H. J.—'I expect to go back to school next year; is it best?' B.—'I am very glad & shall help you all I *can*... don't worry about

your studies Helen dear you will get on first rate I know you will. I know how you feel but don't mind stick to it & you will be glad some time.' Mrs. J.—'She did not feel very well this spring while at school.' B.—'I know it, but do be careful about those colds. Helen & never mind you will be better off for going back. You don't think so now.' H. J.—'Yes, I do. I want to go back.' B.—'I am glad very very glad. Roble can help you now he is through.' Mrs. J.—'He will help Helen this summer. Is that what you mean?' B.—'Yes & help her for the next term. or year. U. D.'

"'I want grandpa Junot to give his message first.'

"'Please give my love to N—— & his children in the body & assure him that his interests are mine. tell him he has a great deal to be grateful for & he must take care of himself. to do his allotted work. in that life. I want him to know that we are all together & we are watching over you all. there is no misunderstanding in this life. his mother sends much love also.'

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, Helen has not been very well.' B.—'I know it mother but she will be now, better all the time.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, I think she is growing stronger.' B.—'Ill ask Doctor to look at her. [Medical diagnosis follows.] [Phinuit? H.H.] Helen skate dear when you can do you remember how I used to help you.'

"B.—'Who is that girl you call Edith . . .' Mrs. J. (to H. J.) —'Is there an Edith at school?' H. J.—'Edith Waterman, do you mean?' B.—'I do not care for her for you . . .'

"H. J.—'Do you not like her?' B.—'I thought I did not. because I thought she was not sincere.'

"['Edith' not understood, though Mrs. Junot possibly knows who was intended.—N. B. J.]"

51st Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,605.)

June 28, 1904. *Present: Mrs. J., R. B. J., and R. H.*

"B.—'Is that you Roble well I am glad to see you.' R.—'Hallo, Bennie, I am glad to be here again.' B.—'I have seen you in so many places since I spoke with you. You got on finely didnt you.' R.—'Yes, Bennie, very well.' B.—'I told you so.' [Roble has just graduated with honors.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'going to the farm soon.' R.—'Yes, Bennie, in about a week.' B.—'Now Roble I can see better than you can. & I want you to look out for that horse U. D.' R.—'All right, I'll watch him.' B.—'I am not going to let you get hurt. tell me about your work I shall be so glad when you get settled down with father.' R.—'Yes, I expect to study law next fall.'

"B.—'say Roble what was the matter with your foot.' R.—'I cut my toe in swimming.' B.—'I thought so. I heard you sing out but I saw it bleed.' R.—'Yes, Bennie, I cut it badly.' B.—'Was that your handkerchief you put on to it.' R.—'No, I borrowed one from another boy.' B.—'I thought so. I saw the influence but it didnt look just like yours. do look out.'

"B.—'I want to know what dad is doing with the spring.' Mrs. J.—'I don't know, Bennie.' (Hand turns to R.) R.—'I don't know *now,* unless he is having it cleared.' B.—'that must be it ask him I saw him talking to a man about it. the very day I was here before.' Mrs. J.—'Yesterday? He may have been at the farm yesterday.' B.—'it was when I came here before & spoke with you & Helen.' Mrs. J.—'That may be. He is troubled about the new well and pump.' B.—'that is what I see surely. & I am sorry to have him worried about it because he ought not to be & he said to the man I can't see why it could not be fixed differently.' [When at the farm 3 days before this sitting I had an animated discussion with the man who tends the hot-air pump. It was working badly.—N. B. J.]

"'You tell him to rest. & drive & take care of his. health. he is tired.'

"Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I intend to have him do very little this summer. We will be very quiet while at the farm.' B.—'do you think he has a pain in his back.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, he complains of it.' B.—'I want very much to have him take a long rest & get over it. Do tell him for me I love my father dearly & I want him *well*.....'

"'tell me about your horse Roble don't you think he is a high headed fellow for you to ride.'...R.—'Yes, he is a bit nervous.' B.—'do look out for him won't you?...Why don't you & dad take a trip over the water for a little while?' R.—'I would like to, but he is very busy now.' B.—'I know it but I mean a little later....Do you know what troubled him so about the R. R.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie. But I think he was over anxious.' [I had some months ago a period of *great* anxiety about some railroad business. I was thinking of it constantly for weeks, and it is not yet settled to my entire satisfaction.—N. B. J.] B.—'I know he was. & it will come out all right Uncle Frank says so.'

"'I did not finish about Helens friend.' Mrs. J.—'No, Bennie, I was going to ask about her....the girl I mean is not fond of Helen.' Mrs. J.—'Tell me how she looks.' B.—'She is tall & has very dark hair & she has dark eyes too...she is jealous of Helen...' Mrs. J.—'I do not know any girl of that name.' B.—'She plays. on Violin I think.....'

"....'if you can place her it will help very much. I do

see it mother dear.' [This girl is not satisfactorily recognized.—N. B. J.] .....

The unreliability of this girl does not appear to be in any incarnate mind: so it was not telepathed to Mrs. Piper.

"R.—'Bennie, do you ever see me rowing or canoeing?' B.—'...didn't I tell you I would watch over you & see that nothing happened to you when rowing.'

Did Bennie constantly reckon on his telekinetic power without a telekinetic medium, or did he expect to work entirely through the mind? Either way, he, or somebody, or themselves, guarded his family very nicely through the six and a half years of these sittings. They have already reached the point where the family consults him about everything.

As I do not know who they are, I am going to indulge my impulse to remark again that it is a remarkably nice family, and rendered to perfection.

"R.—'Yes, I remember.' B.—'I think you have great fun. & I am glad you do it makes me as happy as it does you.' R.—'That is good.' B.—'Isn't that the same River I used to go on... Give them all my love and tell Roble to be as happy as he can.'"

[Extract from R. B. J.'s letter, Nov. 23, 1904: "In the notes of Nov. 16, Bennie says 'tell Roble to be as happy as he can.' This may have some connection with a family joke to the effect that I said, when I started to work this fall, that I never expected to have a good time again. This has grown to be quite a phrase in our family."]

57th Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,625.)

January 9, 1905. *Present: R. H.*

(R. H. put Bennie's articles in front of sheets.)

"B.—'tell Dad not to hurry so when eating.'"

Which leads the present editor to inquire: Where is Dr. Phinuit?

58th Sitting. (Pr.XXIV,625f.)

February 27, 1905. *Present: R. H.*

"B.—'dad did you have a cold was that it?' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I had a very *bad* cold.' B.—'I tried to help you all through it. I know so well when anything is the matter with any of you. I know better if possible than you do U. D.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, help us all you can.' B.—'Oh yes. I shall do that. & I am not going so far from you that I shall not be ready when you come remember. I shall be ready to meet each of you....I

heard you talking about my going a long way from you. not so dad I am growing all the time in knowledge of this new life but not that I shall leave you. don't forget that. did you U. D. that I heard you talking about my going so far away'... [At one time we talked of the possibility of changes in the other life and that Bennie might have to pass on and away from remembrance of us.—N. B. J.]

"Mrs. J.—'No, but, Bennie, in your thought to care for us, you must not do anything to prevent your own progress.' B.—'No how could I dear mother, there are laws connected with this life & its conditions which enable me to progress constantly yet. while progressing I am better able to if possible to help you. than otherwise.'

"N. B. J.—'Bennie, do you ever see Hugh?' B.—'Of course I do. I told you about him dad...' N. B. J.—'Bennie, tell Hugh that dad never ceases to be sorry that he didn't take care of Hugh better.' B.—'he will be glad to hear from you oh so glad because he often goes with me to the office & stable & everywhere I go. & dad he is very fond of you. he said I don't think your father quite U. D. me.'.....

"B.—'Mother will you tell me who all those people were at the house the other day or what they were there for?' Mrs. J.—'I think you mean some friends of Roble's who came to rehearse a play.' B.—'I thought I heard so much talking it confused me somewhat.' [Roble lately had a number of young friends at our home rehearsing for private theatricals. They were very merry.—N. B. J.]

"B.—'Do you see how perfectly well Roble is?' Mrs. J.—'Yes, and very happy and contented.' B.—'Yes I knew it. isn't he a good boy dad?' N. B. J.—'Indeed he is, a great pleasure and comfort.' B.—'he loves you all dearly & is I think very unselfish for which I am so thankful.... I think his work with dad is just the best thing in your world for him.'

"N. B. J.—'Bennie. Have you any message from my mother and father?' (Hand points to Spirit.) B.—'Grandma is so interested in my talks with you that when I finish here she gets close to me & asks me all sorts of questions. & I have to tell her everything about you all as I hear it from you. She says the only thing she cannot forget is the conditions of her earthly life & how often she misunderstood her children. She sends her love to you every time I come & if you could see her as she looks now you would be delighted I know. Dad do you think everything is all right at the farm.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, Roble tends to the farm now.'

"B.—'here comes cousin Frank. he was sorry his mother was not well.' R. H.—'Bennie, I have some articles of Frank's. Shall I produce them now?'

"'Better avoid confusion friend & present them at the beginning of our next meeting + R.'

"B.—'Dad don't work too hard I see how anxious you are at times take care of your health & I will take care of Helen.' N. B. J.—'Good boy, Good boy.' B.—'Helen is not very strong & she is very apt to overtax her strength besides she does not wear warm clothing I see it.'"

59TH SITTING. (PR.XXIV,634.)

February 28, 1905. *Present: Mr. and Mrs. J., and R. H.*
(Frank C. communicating.)

"'Please help me to U. D. H O W to talk like other friends of mine I am Frank if you U. D. me... (R. H. gestures to Mrs. J. to put F.'s articles near block-book. She does.) help me Benny.... Oh I am so glad to come here will you help me to talk?' R. H.—'Yes, take your time.' (R. H. gestures to Sitters to talk.) N. B. J.—'Yes, Frank, we'll help you. But send word to your mother. She wants to hear from you. Tell about yourself.'
(Hand vibrates somewhat, turning for some seconds to Spirit then to R. H. and Mrs. J. and back.)

The hand frequently seems to turn to the communicating spirit. Then the medium *enacts,* and is not *possessed* by, the alleged spirit. The spirit seems to be *experienced as in a dream.*

"'Oh yes I U. D. will you tell mama how I know about her. Is it uncle N——...'

"B.—'listen. I went & told Hugh what you said about him & he said if God U. D. all you must U. D. also that all is well with him. don't worry about anything he had his faults & many of them.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, but we did not know that he was sick, else we would have taken care of him.....'
"B.—'did you U. D. about that plank?' Mrs. J.—'What do you... to what do you refer, Bennie?' B.—'Roble jumped off from it & I feared he would get injured.' Mrs. J.—'I think you mean the platform at the seashore... the raft at the seashore?' B.—'Raft yes that the name of it. tell me who the fellow was in Robles room last night.... such fun I never heard.'
"Mrs. J.—'What were they doing?' B.—'he was playing. on a banjo.... he & another fellow were there together. playing & one sang something.' Mrs. J.—'Go on, Bennie.' B.—'like. Dellia.' N. B. J. and Mrs. J.—'"Delia."' B.—'I could not catch it.' (Hand turns to R. H.) R. H.—'Délia?' B.—'I cannot tell you I got it so mixed up in my thoughts. say it again.' R. H.—'Delia?... Dellia?' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, per-

haps you mean Burdelia. Budelia? It is a song that the boys sing.' B.—'Yes I think so. say it again it sounded so queer to me.' N. B. J.—'It's Obedelia.' Mrs. J.—'Obedelia? Bedelia?' B.—'Yes.' Mrs. J.—'You got it very nearly right.' B.—'I heard O I heard Steel *ing* I heard Della . . . do you know Bert.' Mrs. J.—'No, Bennie.' . . . N. B. J. (to Mrs. J. *sotto voce.*) 'Yes, you do.' Mrs. J.—'. . . but go on, this is very interesting.' Mrs. J. (to N. B. J.)—'Who is Bert?' N. B. J.—(to Mrs. J.)—'Bert B——.' B.—'I think they have some joke on him.'

"'. . . . . Benny speaks of a boy playing on a banjo last night. The night before this sitting I was with a party of young people and we played the piano and sang, but did not sing Bedelia. Then he says "Steeling." The words of the song are "O, Bedelia, I've made up my mind to steal you." . . . speaking of Bert he says "I think they have some joke on him." Now, Bert was always getting into trouble, and the joke was always on him, so much so, that we always called him Bertie the Goat. Below that he says "I heard Roble say Walter and something about joke and Bert." Now, our phrase always was "joke on Bert," and we used it very often.']

"'. . . . . how is K L O N . . . my pony?' N. B. J.—'Klondike turned bad, and we sold him to the butcher.' B.—'I feared. for him. & Helen. Did you say sold him?' N. B. J.—'Yes, he came *near* hurting Helen.' B.—'Do you think I could see & permit that?' [Does Bennie overrate his telekinetic power? But see page 822. H.H.] Mrs. J.—'Did you tell us to get rid of him?' B.—'I warned dad. & when he said sold I was very glad. you do not U. D. how you often do the very things I tell you.' . . . . . .

"B.—'tell me about the horse Roble had . . .' N. B. J.—'He's at the farm still, Bennie.' B.—'Yes, but he is bad too.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I'll have him sold, and get Roble another horse.'

"B.—'dad I don't like law very well wouldn't you like me to be a doctor or something worth while so I could help people?'" [G. P. told me they had no physical ills over there! Perhaps Bennie meant to help the living, *à la* Phinuit? H.H.]

N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, I think that would be better.' B.—'I do too.' N. B. J.—'Bennie, are you studying law now?' B.—'Yes & no. I am studying one kind of law but not as I used. I am studying the laws of the mortal & spiritual life which interests me greatly. I love to help you in U. D. where I really am etc etc etc.' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, do all the people in your life help some one on our side?' B.—'invariably. except the children here & we have to help them ourselves.' Mrs. J.—'Tell me how you look now. Have you grown older, or do you look as you did?' B.—'Older no dear not in looks, I look about the same. You will not have any trouble recog-

nizing me when you come.' Mrs. J.—'No, only I have often wondered if people change in your life.' B.—'that depends mother dear on the conditions under which they passed over & the condition of their lives while in the body.' Mrs. J.—'Do you grow old as we do?' B.—'No not in spirit mother.' R. H. —'Bennie, I think your mother wants to know whether there is growth, for example, from children up, and whether old people remain very old, and so on.' B.—'I U. D. no . . . old people grow younger [Compare through Index under *Age*. H.H.] in a sense while children grow to the years of maturity as you would express it. . . . we look as we did when in the body with the exception of looking old. I do not grow wrinkles lose my hair etc. . . . I retain my looks so you would know me. perfectly well. I wonder if I will ever. speak with you again here.' [With this medium. H.H.] Mrs. J.—'I hope so, Bennie.' B.—'Will I Mr Hodgson think?' R. H.—'You doubtless will, Bennie, if the light [*i.e.* the medium's power. H.H.] continues to burn.' B.—'It is growing dim now.'. . . . . "

63D SITTING. (PR.XXIV,647f.)

November 20, 1905. *Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.*

" B.—'help me to U. D. what troubles Aunt Alice so much.' Mrs. J.—'I do not know, Bennie. Last summer she seemed very happy, I thought.' B.—'no it is not her mind but her body. Is it rheumatism?' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, partly.' B.—'I think I can help her too. I'll keep on trying. Grandpa Junot says. it's no use. worrying all things are right with God. . . . . '

" 'tell me is Roble U. D. law any better . . .' Mrs. J.— 'Yes. Tell me what you know about Roble.' B.—'I am much amused re . . . in regard to him. I am not sure he will be altogether interested in law. he has other things on his mind. . . .' N. B. J.—'Bennie, do you know where Roble now is?' B.—'I saw him going on a boat. . . . sounds like B o a t. . . .' Mrs. J.— 'Bennie, Roble is not with us now. I wish that you could tell us about him later. . . .' B.—'Dad did you say you would give Roble the farm.' N. B. J.—'Yes, I did.' B.—'good I am glad of it then I can see him there. . . . wake up dad dear. . . . did you say Helen could not go back to school. . . .' Mrs. J.— 'She was not strong enough, we thought, so we kept her at home, and she is trying to get entirely well.' B.—'that is fine. She *is not* lazy. I dislike that word applied to her. She grew too fast and used up all the strength she had in growing.' Mrs. J.—'Yes? Her nervous energy was stronger than her physical endurance.' B.—'Vitality . . . the Dr. [Was Phinuit still in consultation practice, though he had stopped visiting patients on this side? H.H.] says keep her out doors a good deal.' Mrs. J.—'Yes. I wish that I had understood her condi-

tion long ago.' B.—'Didn't I keep telling you dear that she was not well and if she did not practise she was not to blame?.....'

"Mrs. J.—'I...it is very hard to know the right thing to do, Bennie.' B.—'I know and feel the importance of looking after her and they told me here to tell you all about her. I'll speak to Dr.' [Medical advice follows.]....."

64TH SITTING.

November 21, 1905. *Present: Mr. and Mrs. J. and R. H.*

"B.—'I found Roble, after I saw you...He seems to be very busy....he has now taken up a new life which will help him greatly. I saw his...what shall I call it room. Does he need more help or study, I wonder. What I see is clear & he. got his. own. Ideas about his business. I think he is... Started for himself. how can I tell you?' [Then his room with maps and charts is described. H.H.]...N. B. J.—'Bennie, could you tell whether he was at home or in a foreign land?' B.—'way off very far away it took me ever since I saw you... to find locate him and return here to tell you about him.'

"N. B. J.—'Bennie, can you tell what language they speak where Roble is?' B.—'language.' Mrs. J.—'Yes.' B.—'Sounds like German. but I cannot exactly tell you.' [Roble was at his mining property in lower Mexico at this time. Spanish is the language spoken by all the employés there.—N. B. J.].....

"B.—'he has some light [*i.e.* mediumistic sensibility. H.H.] Roble has and I often guide him when he gets a little uncertain. ask him if he doesn't realize that I am with him?...it looked like summer all the time. [In Mexico. H.H.] I U. D. better than I can say. Did he tell you that I was with him at the office. one day before he went away.' Mrs. J.—'No. But he often dreams about you, and feels that you are with him' [evidence of Roble's "light"? H.H.]

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, tell me about yourself.' B.—'What can I tell you I am so well and so happy and with Miriam and Frank all the time they are well and happy also We are helping each other I am teaching school now and I like it very much.'.....

"B.—'Father did you say I might go so far away you could not find me when you came.' N. B. J.—'Yes, Bennie, we were talking about that, and I was afraid you might have to go far away.' B.—'I do not wish you to think this my ties are too strong for that and when you are called to this beautiful world I shall be the first to greet and help you don't worry about that.'

"Mrs. J.—'Bennie, are you with me constantly?' B.—'Yes mother I am with you what you call every day I go to Roble I pray for him I go to Helen I pray for her I find dad I pray for him and then I go all over it again and nothing gives

me so much pleasure.'... [No revolutionary change of tastes, convictions or habits, apparently. H.H.] Mrs. J.—'When I think of you, does it bring you to me?' B.—'Almost invariably and is a great help. Don't you U. D. how I do this Hodgson Mr.' R. H.—'Yes, I do, I think, in a way.' [Is it mild hypnotic control? H.H.] (Mrs. P.'s breathing rather heavy. R. H. changes position of head.)

"B.—'What is wrong friend your body seems not right.' [Any connection with soreness in my back muscles?—R. H.] R. H.—'I attended to the light.' B.—'that cannot be it.' N. B. J.—'To whom was that addressed?' B.—'Are you alright Mother?' [Seems to confuse Mrs. Piper's malaise with others'. H.H.] Mrs. J.—'No, Bennie, I have not felt quite well lately.' B.—'Are you alright this minute?' Mrs. J.—'Oh yes, oh yes. But I have been troubled about Helen's illness, and I miss Roble very much.' B.—'I know but do not feel troubled about either I assure you they are both alright.... trouble comes without bringing it mother dear so do not worry for my sake as I know.....'

. . . . . .

"Mrs. J.—'Yes, but, Bennie, we do not see and understand as you do, and we have not the strength of mind that you have.' [We certainly have watched its growth. H.H.] B.—'I U. D. what you mean but the more you believe in the thought that all will be well the happier you will be don't you feel it so dad?' N. B. J.—'Yes. I have no doubt but that you are right.' B.—'Now I said help me to keep my father in the body well and strong he needs strength for his work, and I kept saying it over and over again and you began to feel better...' Mrs. J.—'Bennie, tell me more about yourself. Do you ever regret that you left this world so early?' B.—'Regret?' Mrs. J.—'Yes.' B.—'Why no mother I have nothing to regret dear I am very happy here and I have greater privileges than you can possibly have I can see you all just as often as I wish and I U. D. you are coming to me some day. therefore I am not only glad I came but I am supremely happy if you can U. D. it.' Mrs. J.—'Yes, Bennie, but sometimes I feel that every one should have a long life in this world of ours.' B.—'but God thinks differently. and this is the way of all all must come sooner or later. He knows better than any of us either on our side or on yours. I get dad's thoughts sometimes when he is surrounded by curious etc [?] influences giving advice and help and I say... Oh how much better off I am and how I wish he could see me as I am.'"

I learn that if the sittings depict actualities, Bennie and his mother were reunited some five years after the last sitting.

Assuming that these communications are what they purport to be, the many sittings may have been an excellent thing for this admirable family, and yet I can easily conceive many other people, less admirable perhaps, to whom the habit of such sittings would be of doubtful benefit; and still other people, not less admirable, who, once satisfied of future reunion, would make no effort for communication here, but while ready with most grateful welcome for any that might come, would prefer to leave the whole matter to the spontaneous course of Nature. In other words, I incline to think that for many people, probably for the vast majority, the medium habit would not be a good habit; and yet many of these very people are probably grateful for what has come to themselves from the habit in others; and for most of those others the habit may be a good one. To many of those who do not seek veridical dreams, there may be still open a possible avenue of communication in them unsought, and with no danger of running an interest in another world to an extreme that might in some cases be prejudicial to many interests in this one. Interests in this one, however, seem in the greater danger of being run to an extreme.

BOOK III

ATTEMPTS AT CORRELATION

CHAPTER L

RELATIONS OF THE MEDIUM'S DREAMS WITH OTHER DREAMS

Let us now try, even at the cost of much repetition, to group into some sort of system the suggestions that have come up incidentally during our examination of alleged Possession.

It will be most convenient to talk of Mrs. Piper, as the best type of medium, and consider the others only incidentally when their phenomena show important differences from hers, or cast light on hers.

As already said in connection with telekinesis and telepathy, in attempting to correlate phenomena we don't understand with those we do, it is well to begin with the points of resemblance.

I. The first noticeable thing about Mrs. Piper's phenomena is that she is asleep, the next (historically) that she is talking in her sleep, though she now has substituted writing. When people talk in their sleep, we ordinarily suppose them to be dreaming, which raises a presumption that Mrs. Piper is dreaming. In the waking stage she often alludes to what she has dreamed, but soon forgets it. At first this seems to do away entirely with the old-fashioned notion of possession, but perhaps we shall come (if we have not come already) to an impression including both notions—that her consciousness remains in the dream, and that it is influenced from outside.

Some people talk in their sleep and some do not. Mrs. Piper does when she goes into trance wishing to talk, though I find no record that she talks in her ordinary sleep, when of course she does not go to sleep wishing to talk.

The dream states in ordinary sleep, trance, somnambulism, and hypnosis do not seem to differ from each other in quality. In ordinary sleep people are perhaps as ready for suggestion as in hypnosis. Any trifle can make them dream immensities (see p. 896). The dream states differ immensely in degree, however. I remember a report somewhere of Mrs. Piper slipping from one degree to another—inferring from her feeling in the morning that she had had a trance in the midst of her ordinary sleep. Mrs. Piper's dreams, like those of ordinary sleep, appear to have ranged from abnormality not only to normality, but apparently to a tonic quality. Ordinary dreams range from horrid nightmares, from which the dreamer awakens trembling and exhausted, to beatific visions from which he awakes stimulated and refreshed. Despite many writers quoted by Freud in the *Interpretation of Dreams,* nightmares seem a small minority with sensitives and good dreamers generally. Dreams are frequently held to diminish the amount of sleep, and consequently its good effects. This is certainly far from the case with pleasant dreams, and with the general run of mediumistic trances.

II. The capacity to sleep *intensely* or at will, or both, has often accompanied high intellectual ability, and is probably one cause of it. Witness Napoleon with his average four hours, and Havelock, as soon as he had his dispositions for battle made, telling his aides to wake him when things get going, and lying down on the field, with his eyes covered, for a nap. All of which reminds me of how John Fiske could sleep. We were living together in London in 1879; he had an engagement one morning after we had had several late and strenuous nights, and I found it impossible to wake him without injury. I have sometimes wondered if I could have done it even by resorting to injury. Yet our strenuosity had had no conditions to make his sleep other than natural.

The capacity to enter trance at will accompanies the special ability of most of the sensitives.

III. The sensitives, dreaming, think they see real people. So do the rest of us. It is only after we wake up that we don't believe that they were what we call in the material body. For some purposes the body seems a superfluous and

cumbersome appendage: the dream presentations of it answer every immediate purpose that the waking presentations do, even to the sexual relations. The only lack of the dream bodies seems to be permanence; but that is only apparent: for to the sensitives they come as regularly, and even after as long intervals, and in readier response to summons, than do personages in the flesh: the Ideas of them seem permanent. They are certainly more definite than what we, waking, call memories.

IV. The sensitives identify themselves in their dreams with other people. So probably do most of us at times. I think I've done it more than once, though I don't remember distinctly.

V. Many dreamers, from waking visions through ordinary sleep up to mediumistic trance, get knowledge in ways still unexperienced by mankind in general, and little understood by the dreamers themselves.

VI. A large part of trance utterances and heteromatic writing is as incoherent and nonsensical as dream matter in general. The former must not be judged by what is reported: as a rule only the coherent parts are published, and even they are often shot through by veins of incoherence. On the other hand, the very best sittings cannot be published because they are too intimate, which of course must mean not only that they relate to intimate affairs, but that they have the verisimilitude dependent on coherency and consistency.

VII. Like ordinary dreamers, Mrs. Piper remembers something of her trance dreams. Her somewhat involuntary expressions between her trance state and full consciousness of ordinary life show this.

Now let us consider the *differences* between Mrs. Piper's trance dreams and ordinary dreams. Remember, I speak of hers, for convenience, and only as the type.

I. Hers generally last an hour or two: many ordinary dreams, quite probably most, though lasting hours in the dream life, measured by the waking life, last only seconds. Many long dreams are experimentally proved to have taken place in the instant between a disturbance and an awakening. My most significant ones have been cut off by awakening—once clearly with an obvious cause. It looks as if the

cause of the dream and the awakening were generally the same (see p. 896).

II. Mrs. Piper's trances, as already said, can generally be brought on at will. A few people can dream at will, but most cannot. Some people can dream about anything they please. Robert Louis Stevenson and Dr. van Eeden say that they can, and DuMaurier's account of Peter Ibbetson's dreaming reads as if it were based on facts, and is said to be so, though, whether it is or not, such a rumor is almost inevitable.

III. The trances are matters of everyday occurrence (if so willed); dreams—at least significant dreams—seldom are.

IV. Despite much confusion, there is a marked continuity of persons and interests in the trances of the sensitives; and events and utterances, both spontaneous and hypnotic, in one dream are often referred to in later ones. Not so in ordinary dreams to any noticeable extent.

V. The dreamer's impersonations in the mediumistic trances (and perhaps Home's and Foster's semi-trances might be included, and probably others) mark them off very distinctly from ordinary dreams, but not from many cases of somnambulism, and not at all from many of hypnotism, where the subject often impersonates what the hypnotizer wills. The assumption of discarnate intelligences hypnotizing the sensitives seems to fit the case very closely.

VI. Mrs. Piper writes day after day in trance, while the cases of writing in ordinary sleep are exceedingly rare.

VII. The recollections of all trance dreams seem to disappear almost entirely as soon as consciousness is recovered, and entirely within a few hours. Recollections of some ordinary dreams are as enduring as waking recollections.

VIII. The abundant and almost constant veridicity in the dreams of many sensitives constitutes such a difference from the scant and occasional veridicity of ordinary dreams, as probably to justify including it here under differences from them rather than under resemblances to them. Yet there is an important resemblance, and although, until the appearance of modern mediumship, the veridicity in ordinary dreams had not attracted much investigation, it is by no means to be neglected in investigating mediumship.

So much for the resemblances and differences between mediumistic dreams and ordinary dreams. Now for the resemblance of mediumistic to hypnotic dreams.

I. As often said already, the impersonations by the sensitives in their trances are much like those of hypnotized subjects.

II. The visions seem to be auto-hypnotic. The sensitives seem to suggest to themselves that they shall dream, and tell or write what they dream. So far so good. Later we will consider *what* is said.

III. The hypnotized, when awake, generally knows nothing of what took place in the trance, but remembers it when again hypnotized. So Mrs. Piper in trance with a sitter who has sat with her before, but only in trance, remembers much of the previous sitting, or is "possessed by the same controls."

IV. Hypnotized persons are anesthetic at the will of the hypnotizer, and Mrs. Piper is reported on good authority as anesthetic in her trances, though that, like everything else about her, has of course been contradicted. But so are some people virtually anesthetic in ordinary sleep. *Cf. ante* my John Fiske case.

All this raises the crucial question whether as suggested in our consideration of telepathy, Mrs. Piper and those like her, after they have willed themselves to sleep, are simply taken farther under hypnotic control by postcarnate intelligences, and also hypnotized by the sitter, and controlled by him to make some sort of response to his yearning to hear from his loved and lost. My first impression was that the latter condition will not hold at all: I distinctly did not want her to say anything very intimate to me, and by willing easily stopped her when she started to. But there is another side to that fact: perhaps I hypnotized her not to, and most sitters may hypnotize her to. Yet granting the existence of postcarnate intelligences, their hypnotizing of the medium would of course be a good *modus operandi*—so good perhaps as to raise a slight presumption in favor of the whole explanation —postcarnate intelligences and all.

So much for resemblances to hypnotic trance. As to differences, I see none in kind, but in degree I see:

I. The absence of any incarnate hypnotizer unless that office may be performed by the desires of the sitter or teloteropathically by other incarnate intelligences; though, everything considered, does this seem much more likely than that it is performed by the alleged postcarnate ones?

II. The knowledge shown, often *contrary* to that of the sitter or any known possible hypnotizer.

III. The enormous variety of impersonations, at no obvious will, unless that of the alleged impersonators, which constitutes almost a difference in kind.

Now how far is Mrs. Piper for the time somebody else? Some wise people say that she is not somebody else, but is another self—"a thing of shreds and patches" made up of impressions from her sitter's mind, and other incarnate minds so far as the sitter's mind is not up to the job. Others cannot see much difference anyhow between "another self" and somebody else, but think somebody else is easier; though there seems no inconsistency in guessing the somebody else a mere audible (or legible through the writing) and partly visible (by gesture) reflection of a somebody telepathically presented directly to Mrs. Piper; and if we follow the record, we've even got sometimes to give up the "directly" and recognize an intermediary—Phinuit, G. P., Rector, and the like.

The Divided Self

Now where do all these personages speaking through the sensitives come from?

They certainly are not mere impressions like those Foster described to me, which I believe reached him from my own mind, and which, when naturally and easily dramatized in the responses to my questions, from my father and Sextus, plainly were Foster's work and not theirs. But his dramatic impersonations, and the vast number of Mrs. Piper's, give inadequately few signs of being effected by the sitter, and none at all of being within the powers of any other incarnate personality that ever lived; and to attribute them to a subliminal self merely admits the superusual quality of the work, but does not give the slightest explanation of it.

As the phenomena soon outgrew the subliminal scrap

basket, as originally limited, each control was assumed to be a divided self—a secondary personality of the medium.

This idea of divided selves had its origin in cases in which, after accident or nervous shock or deterioration, memory is affected, the patient forgets his past, or even his identity, often has to learn many things or everything anew, and yet retains faculties enough to become virtually a new personality.

Sometimes reparatory processes restore the old personality for the rest of life; instances abound in which brain surgery has restored the original self. Sometimes temporary ameliorations restore it temporarily, and the patient relapses into the new personality; sometimes a farther deterioration, a new accident, or a new shock, may knock out the second personality, and a third may supervene, and so on until, in Dr. Prince's Sally Beauchamp, there were four, and in Dr. Wilson's case (Pr. XVIII, 351f.) there were eleven.

This matter of the divided or secondary self is so important that we had better go into it in some detail.

The most celebrated case is perhaps that of Ansel Bourne, of Greene, Rhode Island, who was an atheist, at enmity with several of his neighbors, and after a sunstroke in 1857, became deaf, dumb, and blind, though he did not lose his consciousness. While in this condition he repented of his atheism and bellicose disposition, was taken to church before his hearing and speech were restored, but under the emotions aroused there, suddenly recovered them, and made an address which greatly moved the congregation, most of whom, including the parson, of course thought his whole experience "miraculous," though Bourne at first did not, but after a time apparently was persuaded into that view.

After thirty years, most of which he spent as a peripatetic evangelist, he disappeared from home, and after an interval of two weeks, of which neither he nor anybody else knows anything, except as stated later, turned up in Norristown, Pa., and opened and creditably conducted a little shop, under the name of A. J. Brown. There he was found by his friends eight weeks after his disappearance.

Hodgson gives a very interesting account of the whole experience in Pr. VII, 221-57. He says (p. 231) that two months after the disappearance:

"On the morning of Monday, March 14th, about five o'clock, he heard, he says, an explosion like the report of a gun or a pistol, and, waking, he noticed that there was a ridge in his bed not like the bed he had been accustomed to sleep in.... He felt very weak, and thought that he had been drugged. His next sensation was that of fear, knowing that he was in a place where he had no business to be. He feared arrest as a burglar, or possibly injury.....

"Hearing someone moving in another room he rapped at the door. Mr. Earle opened it, and said, 'Good morning, Mr. Brown.' B.: 'Where am I?' E.: 'You're all right.' B.: 'I'm all wrong. My name isn't Brown. Where am I?' E.: 'Norristown.' B.: 'Where is that?' E.: 'In Pennsylvania.' B.: 'What part of the country?' E.: 'About 17 miles west of Philadelphia.' B.: 'What time in the month is it?' E.: 'The 14th.' B.: 'Does time run backwards here? When I left home it was the 17th.' E.: '17th of what?' B.: '17th of January.' E.: 'It's the 14th of March.'

"Mr. Earle thought that 'Mr. Brown' was out of his mind, and ... summoned Dr. Louis H. Read, to whom Mr. Bourne told the story of his doings in Rhode Island on the morning of January 17th, and said that he remembered nothing between the time of seeing the Adams express wagons on Dorrance-street, on January 17th, and waking up [in Norristown. H.H.] that morning, March 14th.

"..... No account was forthcoming of Mr. Bourne's doings between the time of his disappearance from Providence and his advent in Norristown two weeks later, and Professor James conceived the idea that if Mr. Bourne could be hypnotized we might obtain from him while in the hypnotic trance a complete history of the whole incident, and at the same time, by post-hypnotic suggestion, prevent the recurrence of any such episode."

Under hypnosis he declared his name was Brown, that he was born in Newton, New Hampshire, July 28, 1826 (he was actually born in New York on that day), and gave a confused account of a life not Bourne's up to the time he disappeared in Rhode Island. From there on he was clear and correct, until the time he heard the apparent explosion and woke up as Ansel Bourne.

Under hypnosis as Brown he remembered hearing of Bourne's experience, but did not know whether he had ever met him or not.

His memory during his "ambulatory trance" appears, from the accounts of persons he talked with, to have been better than during the hypnotic trance, and the hypnotized

"Brown" grew less clear as time went on, and appeared to be slowly disintegrating.

It was impossible to get the hypnotized "Brown" to remember Bourne at all, or the normal Bourne to remember "Brown."

In connection with this account Hodgson gives some other cases of divided personality, with instructive comments, and there are still more cases and comments scattered through the Pr. S. P. R. Probably the most elaborately reported case is that already alluded to of Sally Beauchamp in Dr. Morton Prince's *Dissociation of a Personality.*

A case very similar to Bourne's, though unfortunately the patient would not submit to hypnotic examination, is reported in Jour. S. P. R. CCC, June, 1913. It is abstracted from the April (1913) number, Journal of the Am. S. P. R., but for my brief notice it would be superfluous to go to the original. In brief the case is: Charles P. Brewin, a tailor of Burlington, N. J., had, like Bourne, a sunstroke. It was in 1865, and his head frequently troubled him. He disappeared from home on Nov. 9, 1903; nothing was known of him for about eighteen months, when he appeared under the name of Frank Johnson in Plainfield, N. J., and lived there, as a clothes presser, until about the middle of 1907, when he was recognized, and some of his relatives came to see him. He did not recognize them, but under their stimulation of his memories, had a period of perplexity with headache and brain engorgement, which culminated, as with Bourne, in a report "like a pistol or gun or cannon close to my head," and he came to himself, but it took time for him to clear up his Brewin past; and for him his Johnson past had no existence. During it he had made many statements regarding Johnson's antecedents and relations which had no basis in fact. He even took out a life insurance policy in favor of an imaginary sister. Of the eighteen months before he appeared in Plainfield, his accounts, as Johnson, could not be verified.

After the Johnson interval his head became better than the sunstroke had left it before.

Unlike most duplicate personalities, the character, tastes, habits, and capacities of the two were virtually identical, but there was no connection in memory.

Yet these imaginations of Johnson were to a considerable extent the converse of experiences of Brewin: *e.g.,* Johnson's mother was said to have died of pneumonia *aet.* 43; Brewin's father did so die *aet.* 47. Johnson's birth date was given as Feb. 22, 1858; Brewin's actually was Feb. 22, 1848.

While he was Johnson, however, he did *dream* of a boarding-house in Asbury Park to which he had gone summers, but he had no recollection of having been there, and took it entirely as a dream structure. He said to Mrs. Dunn, his landlady:

"'I believe I could go to Asbury Park and find that house.' I [Mrs. D.] said: 'Of course it was all a dream, and the house does not exist.' But he said it all seemed so real to him.

"On Monday morning, July 1, 1907, after Mr. Brewin's return to his primary personality, Mrs. Dunn told him of this dream.

"He at once spoke up: 'Did I tell you I dreamed that? There was just such a place as that. We went there several successive summers....' The son confirmed the fact that they had visited the place described.....

"In April, 1913, Mr. Brewin was reported to be still perfectly normal and carrying on business on his own account."

Space forbids more details, but Bourne's case indicates why some commentators believe that Mrs. Piper is Phinuit or G. P. or any one of a thousand other people, just as Bourne hypnotized was Brown; and this despite the crucial difference that Bourne actually had been Brown for two months wide awake, while Mrs. Piper never has been Phinuit or G. P. or any other of her characters, except for an occasional hour when asleep.

Yet some points look like the alternate personality hypothesis.

I. In Mrs. Piper's trances characters do return again and again, as Brown returned to the hypnotized Bourne.

II. The recollections of Brown are much like the scrappy recollections of some of Mrs. Piper's characters: both seem made of "shreds and patches" which may be telepathed subliminal memories from somewhere or dribbles from the cosmic reservoir.

III. Brown faded out, and so to some extent have Mrs. Piper's characters, but especially as her psycho-kinesis has

deteriorated with advancing years. They say they are moving on to higher spheres. Perhaps Brown did, *if* Bourne was "possessed" by him.

IV. The seemingly explosive reports that restored Bourne and Brewin to themselves are enormously like Mrs. Piper's "snap" (see p. 862).

But all these points of resemblance seem to me to weigh nothing in face of the facts that:

I. None of her characters could ever be purposely hypnotized back by anybody else, as Brown was from Bourne. They always came at their own sweet wills—Phinuit from general sociability, G. P. from interest in his friends, and in helping sitters and promoting the truth; controls generally from interest in their friends; the Imperator group from general benevolence and a fondness for preaching, etc.

II. Mrs. Piper's characters are generally on hand when wanted: divided selves are as uncertain as the wind.

III. Mrs. Piper's characters (with the possible exception of Phinuit and the Imperator gang, for which exceptions, reasons abound), are generally persons whom her sitters knew, and, with good sitters, are those persons to the life. There is nothing like this about what are usually considered secondary personalities.

IV. The non-sensitives, as already said, where a cause has been known, have put on their later personalities in consequence of brain injury. The manifestations of the sensitives proceed from nothing of the kind. This seems conclusive. Half-informed people have held "mediumship," whatever it may be, to consist of morbid manifestations, like the half-crazed dreams of the middle-age ascetics, but on the contrary, the mediums are at their best when in their best health; and the temperate exercise of their powers, like that of normal powers generally, seems essential to their best health.

Drs. Tanner and Hall succeeded in bullying the Hodgson manifestation into confusion enough to enable them to crowd and twist him into their mold for secondary personalities, and they appear to have convinced themselves that each of the characters manifested by Mrs. Piper is another one. If such careful and competent students find the evidences for

spiritism so strong as to call out in opposition such overstraining of probability and forcing of possibility against it, the evidence must be very strong indeed.

I cannot recall any case of telepathic power in a victim of the ordinary undoubted incarnate secondary personality experience resulting from an imaginable injury or deterioration.

V. The knowledge gained by the sensitive, under the secondary-personality hypothesis, depends on the incarnate telepathic hypothesis, and probable as telepathy or even teloteropathy is in many cases, in many others it seems to be shattered by the failure of the mediums to get things apparently vastly easier to get telepathically than the things they do get. One such case as this of course does more to disprove incarnate telepathy than many cases where the medium tells the whole story go to prove it.

VI. To assume that the alleged spirits are only the sensitive's secondary personalities acting on telepathic knowledge requires a motive. Now to fasten a motive on to a secondary personality is a ticklish job, more ticklish perhaps than the acceptance of the spiritistic theory. We know precious little about secondary personalities, but that little by no means denotes a constant regard by the secondary personality for the comfort of the primary one or anybody else. The third Sally Beauchamp enjoyed nothing more than putting the first Sally in a hole. It will not do, therefore, to assume that there were scores of Mrs. Thompsons working to amuse her friends; or of secondary Fosters for the same motive plus five dollars a sitting to the original Foster; or hundreds of secondary Mrs. Pipers play-acting to get for the original Mrs. Piper ten dollars a sitting and whatever notoriety and social connections the sittings might secure.

VII. The only other visible alternatives seem to be that the hypothetic secondary personalities did it all for fun or out of pure cussedness: for secondary personalities are often inclined that way. Nearly thirty years, however, is a long time for the sport to hold its zest. I've met no record but Mrs. Piper's of its even seeming to do so. On the contrary, all other alleged subsidiary personalities have been very unstable and ephemeral: if the organism holding them doesn't soon get rid of them, it dies. Foster was a healthy man for

many years. Mrs. Thompson is well at last accounts, and Mrs. Piper is enjoying a healthy old age.

VIII. I do not recall an unquestionable secondary personality who professed to be of the opposite sex from the original.

Do not these eight considerations seem to dispose of the secondary-personality hypothesis, and even more effectually of the tertiary, quaternary, and millenary personality hypothesis—that each new personality enacted by the medium is a new subsidiary personality of the medium's self, *selecting from other and often incarnate minds just the set of facts needed for the enactment of the character in question?* Again, credat Judæus!

The subliminal hypothesis, then (except as a name for the cosmic inflow hypothesis), meaning nothing, and the secondary-personality hypothesis being counter to the facts from which it got its name, what *are* the personalities? All sorts of ingenuity have been at work to make them out some sort of voluntary or involuntary concoctions of Mrs. Piper. But admitting that she got the material for them telepathically from the sitter or teloteropathically from other incarnate minds, who worked this material up into characters truer and more varied, though of course not more interesting, than Shakespere's, and *did it on the spur of the moment?* Some say her subliminal self did. That merely gives the agency a name and explains nothing unless, as aforesaid, the subliminal self is the cosmic soul, in which case the characters exist as parts of it, and are not made by Mrs. Piper at all, but only manifested through her, as they profess to be.

Telepathic impressions *demonstrably* from incarnate minds, so far as I know, have never, except when *consciously* willed by hypnotizers, gone to the length of imitating or enacting or personating anybody. There are plenty of illustrations of the subject's feeling the agent's sensations and making *reflex actions* like grimacing over bad tastes, or touching aching spots, but no indications of his doing, in response to *unconscious* volition of the agent, any act like the long impersonations of the controls. In fact an assertion of his doing so would be hard to substantiate: for the hypnotizer could not recollect an unconscious volition, if such a thing is not a contradiction in terms.

Again: although a medium may get knowledge of many kinds of telepathy, where does the *initiative* shown by the alleged controls come from? When things said or done by or through Mrs. Piper entranced, are things that Mrs. Piper in her normal senses never would do, when Phinuit's slang and swearing come from her mouth, the anti-spiritists say it is from her secondary personality, because secondary personalities sometimes swear when their primaries do not. But Mrs. Piper's other signs are not of secondary personalities. When I made *somebody* impatient by asking for tests, who answered: "Do you want me to tell you the length of your grandfather's cat's tail?" It was not I, nor was it Mrs. Piper. When somehow (but not from me, as I did not know it) *somebody* learned that A was in trouble, and B trying to help him, who *initiated* the request to me to find out about it and lend a hand? Who was interested in this but A's friend and mine, G. P.?

Where does the *emotion* come from? When *somebody* learned that my drowned cousin wanted me to tell his mother that he was still living under changed conditions, who supplied the feeling in his impassioned entreaty? What occasion had Mrs. Piper, or anybody but the boy himself, for that feeling? In the many similar cases, why should Mrs. Piper have "secondary selves" feeling all these interests? Why should her subliminal self or dissociated personality exhibit all this yearning love for people she never saw?

Nearly all the utterances of the alleged communicators in the Pr. S. P. R., from philosophers down to children, are full of eager desire to convince their friends of their survival and happiness; and the motives for doing so range all the way from the scientific enthusiasms of G. P., Myers, and Hodgson down to the lisping filial affection of the Thaw babies.

Almost equally prominent is the desire to *help* everybody, from bereaved parents to those whose interest in the subject is merely that of enlightened curiosity.

These three features—intense affection for people Mrs. Piper never heard of, desire to convince everybody of survival, and desire to help everybody—are hard to account for as mere unconscious personations of the medium—all harder

to account for, perhaps, than the verisimilitude of the medium's dramatizations, and the superusual knowledge; still harder as coming from divided selves: for, as already said, *known* divided selves are pretty generally full of cussedness.

So far as I can weigh the proposed answers, the simplest is that she did not get those three things at all—that she simply was able to let the characters themselves, as parts of the cosmic stream, flow, at least telepathically, through her organism—not very congruous terms, I fear; but we are beyond the region of constant congruities.

If she acts merely for the sake of acting, why does she (*Pace* Phinuit and the Imperator gang) act solely characters in which her sitters are interested, and characters that *have lived?* Why is she entirely free from the tendency of other actors to enact the more interesting characters made by Shakespere and Hugo and Bulwer? She knows Hamlet and Macbeth and Puck better than she knows the sitter's friends, whom she never heard of. One answer of course is that, as aforesaid, she reads his friends from his mind. But is she so hypnotized by him that no character can well up from her own mind? Isn't it a more "likely" answer that she is not acting at all—that as there appear only people interested in the sitters, they come for that reason, and act themselves? Is not this as probable as that this average New England woman, and others like her, out-Shakespere Shakespere?

Foster, conscious, gets an impression and repeats it to me. That's easily understood. Mrs. Piper, unconscious, gets an impression. Now who repeats it to me? But X is hypnotized and unconscious and gets an impression *and* repeats it. Why, then, is not Mrs. Piper hypnotized when, though unconscious, she repeats hers? But she receives and repeats to-day as Phinuit, to-morrow, or the next second, as George Pelham, or Edmund Gurney. And no visible person hypnotizes her into doing it, unless the sitter hypnotizes her unconsciously. But he doesn't: people he knows nothing of, pop up constantly, and she generally does the trick just as those persons would; and the impressions and expressions conveyed are not Mrs. Piper's or the sitter's. Apparently, Mrs. Piper has nothing to do with it: she is only and literally a "medium."

If the appearances are deceitful, she dramatizes and acts as no conscious genius in the world ever could.

An explanation of all this, on a par with the mere names subliminal self and alternate selves, is a statement often made that the entity bearing either of those names "is an actor." But Mrs. Piper is equally a dramatist. As for any secondary or divided self, as distinct from the subliminal self, being an actor, to my limited knowledge no properly attested one has ever been any such thing, but a perfectly straightforward diseased personality that is no more like Foster or Mrs. Piper or Mrs. Thompson than like you or me.

But there is a thinkable condition under which one may well hold the subliminal self both dramatist and actor: for there seems a vague, but maybe immense, probability that the subliminal self enacts the whole life of every creature that has life at all, and that the subliminal selves of all these creatures are One. That would vaguely explain why sometimes one of the creatures, like Foster or Mrs. Piper or Mrs. Thompson, expresses so many of them.

When some students say: "It wasn't the ordinary Mrs. Piper: it was her subliminal self," they also say: "It wasn't the ordinary Mr. Shakespere: it was his subliminal self," and they go on to say: "His subliminal self came to the surface easier than other people's, and that's the reason he's a bigger genius." If you notice, none of them ever said: "His subliminal self is bigger": they only say: "It comes to the surface easier." Doesn't this tacitly imply that, although they have outgrown the democratic fallacy that one man is as good as another, they yet believe one subliminal self is as good as another—holds everything, at least every memory that was ever put before it—everything that was ever understood, or only sensed, even though it were Hebrew words repeated before a British or Irish servant girl? One subliminal is as good as another, only one gets above the threshold and gets to work easier than another; and that's really all the important difference in men. Now this begins to grow interesting. One man looks like a god—whatever that may mean: I suppose it means that he looks all we can imagine of goodness and intelligence; another man looks like John Smith.

The first man can write Comus or Faust; but he can't describe all your dead or absent friends, and tell you what they're doing at the other side of the earth, and possibly a little of what they're doing outside of the earth; while the man who looks like John Smith can, though he cannot write Comus or Faust; his subliminal is as big as Milton's or Goethe's, but different, just as theirs differed from each other. I think I am safe in saying that the authorities generally pause before the subliminal of the humblest man as before something unlimited. Mrs. Piper, supraliminal, is by no means an extraordinary person; but beside her subliminal, all Banquo's descendants are nothing. This is a big proposition, but apparently you've got to concede either it or spiritism—or say you don't know—or don't want to play. But if you do enter the game, apparently you must concede one or the other. I'm not playing, but merely guessing; and I guess I'll guess both—that what we call Mrs. Piper's subliminal self, or yours, or mine, is as big as anybody can imagine—and bigger—big enough to hold not only Phinuit and George P. and Mr. E. and the rest, but all the consciousness in the universe; and it has been called the cosmic consciousness, the world-soul, and many other names, all meaning, so far as our poor words for such a thing can have meaning, the same thing.

I guess, too, that maybe the cosmic soul passes through Mrs. Piper as people who have lived our life, and perhaps as some who only say they have; and I guess that when Shakespere was what we call "inspired," it was the cosmic soul that passed through him, as Lear or Mercutio or other people that live longer and effect more than most of Mrs. Piper's people ever did. They don't live in the same way, or effect the same things, and whether they enjoy themselves more, or as much or at all, is a question. But as I am writing about our cosmic relations in general, perhaps I would better repeat from this point of view that I guess, as most of us do, that the Power greater than even Shakespere, who makes creatures that enjoy, set these balls rolling for that very purpose, and flows into individualities in order that increasing myriads may enjoy. Yet as it flows into each little rill, it is still itself, and we cannot imagine its limitation or extinction.

The phenomena of the best medium seldom, if ever, seem to depend solely on the medium's volition, or telepathy or teloteropathy or spiritism. Wherever one of these seems dominant, the case is apt to be qualified by one or more of the others. In the manifestations that to the faithful appear most convincingly spiritistic, there is generally distinctly traceable a qualification from the medium or the sitter or both.

And why should there not be?—especially if to control, medium and sitter, we are to add, as often declared by the controls, a medium on the other side—Phinuit or G. P. or Rector, speaking for people who can't "get through" their messages themselves?

Leaving spiritism entirely out of the question, we know from innumerable cases of admitted telepathy, that mind is much more pervasive, fluid, shall I say contagious? (every word is of course a metaphor) than it was realized to be a generation ago; and if you are going to admit a discarnate mind behind the phenomena, you must expect it tinged by the channel through which it has flowed or has sympathetically touched. (More metaphor! We have nothing else.) Where, in the original stream, there are strong obstructions, or lack of vigor or fullness, the tinges from other streams may dominate its original color, and even make it appear something else.

I have said all this before, and will probably have to say it again before it will be clearly understood by you—or me—or anybody else. But I trust that it clears up a little at each statement.

It is all as, on the spiritistic hypothesis, we would expect it to be. If there are postcarnate intelligences, with the apparent means of communication we have no reason to expect clear and unadulterated flows of personality. Remember Hodgson on this point, in Chapter XXXIV. Conversely, if we find turgid flows of personality, their turgidity is one reason, though far from a conclusive one, for supposing them postcarnate.

CHAPTER LI

THE MAKING OF A MEDIUM

In Hodgson's first report on Mrs. Piper, and in the reports regarding the heteromatic writing of Stainton Moses, Mrs. Verrall, and Mrs. Holland, we have had hints of how mediums are developed.

There is a good deal to think about in the embryology, so to speak, of some other mediums who never matured.

First a little experience of my own.

That the cosmic "inflow" is something more than a mere metaphor is not only generally stated by the use of the corresponding term inspiration, but could undoubtedly be specifically vouched for by the experience of many people far below the grade of prophets and poets, as it can be by mine. To take an instance out of many: this morning as I was dressing, my daughter was playing some of the music in the oriental "spirit" (note the word) of "Sumurûn." I reflected how composers can catch a note of a people not their own—Mendelssohn, of Scotland; Bizet, of Spain; Dvorak, of our Southern negroes; McDowell, of our Indians. Then I began attempts at whistling the oriental "spirit." I did not feel at all sure that I could get what I wanted, but in a few moments it flowed in very freely, and before long there came readily real oriental expressions of a variety of emotions—in dance tunes, serenades, triumphal marches, funeral marches, what not; and I half felt myself in oriental costume amid oriental surroundings. Had the sensitiveness which Phinuit (or Mrs. Piper) felt in me been born and cultivated to the degree of hers or Foster's, probably I might have felt myself some specific oriental person, and talked and acted the part, as I was already whistling and thumping it. And instead of taking minutes to get into it, I might have done it as promptly as they do.

Now I did not "work myself up" to this, certainly not

after the first minute or two, but it began trickling in, and soon came with a rush.

I find no difficulty in realizing how, in a developed sensitive, perhaps with a little telepathic and hypnotic help from a sitter or somebody else, it could have become a personality, and been acted out as the sensitives act out personalities.

It is a long saltus, though, to such a personality being an actual one that has previously lived. Are the steps I have described, in the direction of such a saltus, and do they give an impulse toward it? If you can get a general personality, why not a specific one, if a specific one wants to come? And Mrs. Piper got hundreds, probably thousands, of personalities *that she never knew,* so that their friends recognized them.

The Tout Case

Here is an experience more specific than mine, of a greater sensitiveness, and one nearer the degree of the famous ones. It is in an exceedingly interesting article by Principal Tout, of Buckland College, Vancouver, describing his feelings under mediumistic(?) sensibilities. I regret the necessity of condensing it. He says (Pr. XI, 310f.):

"I dropped in one evening upon some friends, professed 'spiritualists'... and we sat... for manifestations. After about half an hour I felt a strange sensation stealing over me. ... I seemed to have, as it were, stepped aside, and some other intelligence was now controlling my organism.... The very features of my face seemed to be changing, and I was distinctly conscious of assuming the look of a fond and devoted mother looking down upon her child. I even inwardly smiled as I thought how ridiculous I must be looking, but I made no effort to resist the impulse... to take my friend in my arms and soothe and cheer him.... After a little while I became myself again. My friend was confident that I had been influenced by the spirit of his dead mother, as he had had a distinct impression of her presence. I shall show presently how very susceptible I became, under like conditions, to all kinds of suggestion; and if this fact be taken into consideration here, I think it will adequately account for what took place without resorting to my friend's hypothesis."

Where did the suggestion come from?

"However, I am bound to state as against this view that I afterwards learnt that he was in trouble and worry over his

business, and was in need of cheering and encouragement; and that, moreover, a few months later, a terrible calamity overtook him in the loss of two of his children by drowning.... For the rest of that evening and most of the next day I experienced a most delightful sense of rest and contentment, and a feeling of relief from the strain and worry of life, as if somebody else had taken the burden off my shoulders on to his own.

"The night following [I was] at the home of another believer in spiritism. This gentleman's wife is mediumistic... after a little singing which closed with the hymn 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' she asked me if any relative of mine had died from lung trouble, as she was suddenly experiencing a great difficulty and pain in breathing... I acknowledged that my father had died from lung trouble. At this she, or rather (as she expressed it), the influence which she called my father, manifested satisfaction ... the hymn we had been singing when the impression came upon her, viz., 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' had been a great favorite with him... at every subsequent meeting, the singing of this hymn always produced in her when we were both present together the same sensations; and... later upon myself.

"..... I was still unable to regard what had occurred as in any sense a satisfactory proof of spirit communion, or of the persistence of my father's personality, and still less can I do so to-day.

"A little time after this... I began to manifest a phase of mediumship myself, or so the sitters regarded it... every medium I had so far met had always informed me that I possessed mediumistic powers.

"While the table is rapping out answers... those of impressionable temperament are liable... when the interest in the questions and answers flags, to find the power centering in themselves. On this particular occasion I was affected to an unusual degree, experiencing violent twitchings in my limbs, and sensations of painful chilliness that made my teeth chatter again.... All sorts of impulses seemed to be moving me, and I noticed how susceptible I was becoming to the slightest, even half-realised suggestion offered by the course of my own thoughts, or by the chance remarks made by the other sitters. I presently felt myself being drawn, as it seemed to me, towards the floor on the left side of my chair. I yielded to the influence and fell prostrate... and though the others thought I must have hurt myself, I certainly felt no inconvenience from the fall. I lay groaning for a little while and then got up and sat in my chair again.

"Someone now suggested that we should sing, and... I immediately became affected by the music... in a great cathedral I seemed to be the presiding priest at the close of a great function pronouncing the benediction. I appeared to be looking down from a great height upon the congregation and, lifting

my hands, I went through the form of blessing them.... In all these phases or states... I seemed to be two individuals,—one my ordinary, critical, observant self, closely watching what took place in and around me, the other the character that seemed to be personating itself through me. Presently, with a change in the music, the scene changed and I now became an operatic singer. I sang with impassioned tones several notes above my normal compass pleading and gesticulating to some invisible but felt female presence in the air above me. I have no recollection of the words I uttered. There were moments... when I lost consciousness of myself and surroundings.....

".....The scene again abruptly changed.... Being familiar with the abrupt changes sometime produced in the hypnotic by the varying suggestions of his operator, [I] accounted for my own sudden change of character in the same way. And I do not doubt that, of the dozen or more personalities I characterized that night, every one was due to a suggestion of my own mind, or to something in my immediate environment."

But what? "Immediate environment" opens the way for almost anything.

".....The hymn 'Nearer, my God, to Thee' was started. ...I stood up and began to sway to and fro, and soon I seemed to be far away in space.... and a sense of coldness and loneliness oppressed me terribly. I seemed to be moving, or rather to be drawn downward, and presently felt that I had reached this earth again; but all was strange and fearful and lonely, and I seemed to be disappointed that I could not attain the object of this long and lonely journey. I felt I was looking for some one, but did not seem to have a clear notion of whom it was, and as the hopelessness of my search and the fruitlessness of my long journey forced itself upon me, I cried out in my wretchedness... and I should have fallen to the ground but that the other sitters had gathered round me, and some of them held my hands."

Does not this closely resemble the state of mind which the alleged controls generally seem to experience before their alleged return through the alleged mediums to alleged communication with their alleged earthly friends? But to continue:

".....The lady who had experienced the oppression on her lungs at the first singing of this hymn, made the remark, which I remember to have overheard, 'It's his father controlling him,' and I then seemed to realize who I was and whom I was seeking. I began to be distressed in my lungs and should again have fallen, if they had not held me by the hands and let me back gently upon the floor. As my head sank back upon the carpet,

I experienced dreadful distress in my lungs and could not breathe. I made signs to them to put something under my head. They immediately put the sofa cushions under me, but ... I was not raised high enough yet to breathe easily, and they then added a pillow. I have the most distinct recollection of the sigh of relief I now gave as I sank back like a sick, weak person upon the cool pillow.....

"..... I have a clear memory of seeing myself in the character of my dying father lying in the bed and the room in which he died.... I saw his shrunken hands and face, and lived again through his dying moments; only now I was both myself,—in some indistinct sort of way,—and my father, with his feelings and appearance.

"Presently the sense of loneliness came over me again. I... cried out for my son, that is for myself. I continued in great distress, though the others assured me that my son was there present. I suppose the suggestion took effect, as I presently seemed to be holding and fondling myself as the son I came to speak with.... We communed together and comforted each other, and all the little misunderstandings of the old days were made clear; and I made him understand that as a man and a father myself, I was now better able to appreciate his attitude towards me in the past. As a boy, I had always regarded him as very harsh and had no warm feelings for him, and it seemed as if the knowledge on his part of this fact had made him restless and unhappy ever since his death, and had, through the singing of this favorite hymn of his, brought him back to this sphere again.... In a little while [I] readily assumed or impersonated several other characters.

"I think the suggestion made through the remark I overheard, that it was my father controlling me,—coupled with the prior suggestion conveyed through the singing of the hymn... associated... with my father... accounts for all that took place. The peculiar manner in which the details of the scene worked themselves out I can fully account for.... The peculiar feelings of loneliness... all sprang from a story I had heard read aloud many years ago.... It was a ghost story from the ghost's point of view, and told of the return of a restless spirit to the earth and to the scenes of its former existence; the strangeness and intense disappointment it felt at not being able to make itself known to the loved ones of its past life, &c., &c.

"Often of late years, when I have felt that my children misunderstood the motives which prompted certain conduct on my part towards them, my thoughts have involuntarily gone back to my own youth and training, and I have frequently longed that my father might be alive, that I might make him feel that I understood and appreciated him better now and would gladly seek his advice and counsel in the training of my own children. And in the same way I might, if it were needful,

adequately account for all the salient features of the other impersonations."

We will look into this "adequately" a little, later.

"Building and peopling *châteaux en Espagne* was a favorite occupation of mine in my earlier days, and this long-practised faculty is doubtless a potent factor in all my characterizations. ... I hope I have made it clear that before we can admit that phenomena such as I have described are due to the influence or presence of disembodied spirits ... the personal equation that here manifests itself so strongly under the dramatizing faculty which we all possess in a much greater degree than is commonly supposed, and which is very active in strongly imaginative temperaments such as mine, must be eliminated. And when this is intelligently and rigorously done, I venture to think that a very large proportion of cases now attributed to spirit control will be adequately explained without resorting to any such occult agency."

Despite the comments I have peppered in, Principal Tout's opinions are entitled to high consideration in explaining his dramatizations of persons he knew all about and was deeply interested in. But how far do they account for the thousands of impersonations through the mediums, of persons they know nothing about, with as much similitude, knowledge, and emotion as Principal Tout displayed in impersonating his father?

If his mind had become saturated with the new views forced upon us during the score of years since he wrote, regarding the interflow of souls, in place of the old view that they are as distinct and uninterchangeable as bodies (and bodies, by the way, do not appear as distinct as they did before transfers of matter and force were understood as they are now), would he not have been more ready to conceive of an interflow of his father's spirit and his own, just such as appeared to take place, and as he tried to reason away? Would he have been as apt to conclude (Pr. XI, 316):

"how liable we are in these as in other matters to be the victims of self-deception [Perhaps even in his theory of auto-suggestion. H.H.] and how guardedly and critically we should receive all evidence of this kind.... I would personally refuse to accept phenomena of a vastly more startling nature than any that have come under my observation or that I have experienced as, in any sense, evidence of spirit control, unless the whole character and antecedents of the medium were thoroughly

known [As those of many have become since he wrote. H.H.] and were such as to render an explanation of the kind I have given wholly inadmissible and out of place. And as it is of the very essence of mediumship *ex hypothesi* that it be impressionable and therefore readily open to suggestion, I do not see that we can ever hope to obtain evidence not open to these objections and, therefore, evidence that we can accept and rely upon."

We are getting a great deal of "evidence that we can rely upon" on both sides. It is, and must long be, a question of in which direction, and how much, the evidence preponderates. Whichever that direction may be, it will be long before we get evidence not "open to . . . objections."

The "Le Baron" Case

Here is another case of aborted mediumship, also reported in a paper by the sensitive himself, which is introduced by James and commented on by Myers in Pr. XII, 277.

All the names of persons and places, except Stowe, Vermont, are pseudonyms.

In the summer of 1894, Mr. "Le Baron," a gentleman towards forty years of age, given to the study of philosophy and the use of a highly technical diction, went to a spiritualistic "camp," where the leader was a lady whom he calls "Evangel," whose regular control was her deceased mother. In letters to James, she confirms the statements of what took place in her presence. I will tell the story in extracts from Le Baron's statements and her letters.

He says (Pr. XII, 280):

"Occasionally, séances were secretly held, far into the midnight. . . . At one . . . we were seated under a pine tree. Clairvoyants were present. 'Wheels' of light and other phenomena were said to be seen by them. I sat listening to the affirmations.

"Suddenly an entirely new and strange psycho-automatic force shook through me like a gust of fierce wind through a tree. I willed myself into a state of passivity in order to observe the phenomena. I went into no trance, however. The force became intelligent in action. . . . I was brought, from my sitting posture, down on the flat of my back. The force produced a motor disturbance of my head and jaws. My mouth made automatic movements; till, in a few seconds, I was distinctly conscious of *another's voice*—unearthly, awful, loud, and weird—bursting through the woodland from my own lips, with the despairing words: 'Oh! My people!' Mutterings of semi-

purposive prophecy followed. One of the clairvoyants added additional weirdness to the experience by positively affirming that phantasms of ancient Egyptian sages stood over me.

"I was so dazed and 'rattled' by the experience and the motor disturbances, that, at the close of the séance, I had to be assisted to my feet, and was walked for some time to and fro in the night air to recover my equilibrium."

"Evangel" thus wrote to James (pp. 278-9):

"He had lapsed into agnosticism, and almost pessimism.... He spent the night in tears, and went away feeling that our work was an ideal one, but that there was no place for it in this busy, bustling nineteenth century. Nevertheless, it lured him back again, and one evening while sitting in our reception room at our own house, and talking with me concerning the work and my mother's life, he had a very startling experience. He was suddenly psychologized in some way, and, though conscious, began saying words which he felt did not originate in his own mind. His whole manner of speaking and his tones changed so much that the large St. Bernard dog, which had been a special pet of my mother, rose up from the rug and went over to him and began lapping his hands all over. The tone... was very like my mother's, and the words said purported to be inspired by her.... The experiences which have come to him have altered his whole course of thinking. Where he was formerly despondent, he is now optimistic, and at peace with himself....."

Mr. Le Baron says (pp. 281-3):

"Evangel positively claimed that it was the voice of her dead mother.... The old dog lay down by my side. In a few minutes the voice of the psycho-automatism changed. A man's deep voice succeeded that of the dead woman's.

"'It's father!' again whispered Evangel.

"Statements of a semi-prophetic character were again indulged in by the psycho-automatism, and the words: 'he shall be a leader of the hosts of the Lord!' exploded with loud emphasis.... The effect of all this... on my emotional nature was powerful... ever and anon, vibrations of the psycho-automatism with which I was *en rapport* trembled through my nerves, evoking strange and holy modes of the most exquisite consciousness. Those feelings were the most wonderful I have ever enjoyed.

"One night I slept in the bed where the dead father of Evangel slept during the last years of his life. The next morning I awoke lame. I limped about painfully for hours. The father of Evangel *was a lame man.** As a sensitive somnambule I had taken on his lame condition.

*In answer to inquiries, Mr. Le Baron writes: "I did not know beforehand that her father was lame. I was informed so, when seen limping."—Ed.

".....I would lie in bed on my back, peering wistfully into the night darkness at the shadowy and vapory outlines of what I supposed to be 'invisible brethren.' I could hear distinct raps on the head-board. Small globules of golden light would, after traveling about the room in the blackness, come and melt away over my eyes. In the dense darkness, a group of arithmetical figures once shone from near the ceiling of the room.

"The first message of importance given to me on leaving Shelter Island was ... to be sent to Evangel as purporting to be ... from her mother. In the second address, the psycho-spontaneity or automatism, assuming to be the *'true* mother' of my 'soul,' said, among other things: 'I am going to guide you into the way of truth.... You must be at the door of the church near the old house in the town of Stowe, ... Vermont, by the time the sun rises on next Tuesday. You will then see the reason why I told you to go.'... I did not know that such a village as Stowe existed. But Evangel did, as I subsequently learned.... The ... morning of the 10th about 5 o'clock I was in the porch of the church. The building was old, weather-beaten, and the flooring of the porch in a decayed condition. The porch faced the east, and the edifice was on a hill overlooking the village.... The sky was black with the remnants of the rain clouds. Slowly golden streaks of dawn appeared. The black clouds rolled away. The sun arose. I noticed a graveyard across a field. The psycho-automatism indicated an ejection of verbiage. The verbiage assumed a deific style, and was as follows:—

"'I shall be glorified in the work of the people, for thou hast proved thyself to be the man whose voice is the voice of Him who sent thee. Thou has [*sic,* probably misprint. H.H.] obeyed the command of the Holy One, and the valleys shall rejoice in the hope and the joy of the Lord. I shall be in thy heart, and thou shalt answer to my voice.'"

Apparently not much pork for Mr. Le Baron's shilling. I have been familiar with Stowe from a time much earlier than his visit, and there is not any such church as he describes. This is confirmed by an old resident. There must be a fault in memory or topography.

He says of a couple of nights later (p. 284):

"I retired to my room at the inn somewhat early, to be alone with the 'invisible brotherhood.'... Again the psycho-automatism assumed the grave deific style known to the occidental English-speaking world.....

"'I will tell thee of the days of thy sojourning in the land of the people of the Jumba, where the land is the joy and the

light is the joy of the people. The land is the country of the ancient Egyptians, and thy glory and thy power was [Questionable grammar again, despite Professor Lounsbury and Shakespere, and hardly a possible misprint. H.H.] the pride of the people. Thy name was Rameses, and thy glory was the end of the triumph of the people. Thou didst throw down the people, for their joy was the truth of the truth. Thou didst exalt thyself to the end, and the hope of the truth was in thy keeping, and thy victory was the fall of the truth. Thy way was not the way of the Lord, and the Lord hath sent thee through the fire.....'"

Granting the composition to be a chain of lies from beginning to end, it certainly takes some degree of intelligence to be able to lie so artistically.

He was directed to go to many more places, and was sufficiently satisfied with what he had already obtained, to obey. At St. Louis he found a man "ascetic in appearance, pale, with large dreamy eyes," who was also under the control of Rameses the Great, who delivered about as edifying and meaningless a message as those already quoted, though less stilted. This sort of thing kept on until soon came "speaking with tongues" which has played such a part in all mystical literature. (Podmore gives a good history of it in *Modern Spiritualism.*) Strange words came both by voice and writing, and were followed, when asked for, by alleged translations. The longer ones ran to pages. Here is a brief specimen:

"*Unknown Tongue.*—Etce ce Tera. Lute te turo scente. Inke runo tere. Scete inte telee turo. Oru imbe impe iste. Simpe, Simpe, Simpe.

"*Translation.*—Love now has been sent! The light of the earth! The joy of the day! The light of the world!"

The longer "messages" run to thirty or forty lines, many about light and love, sometimes approaching eroticism, and always hifalutin, or, as Mr. Le Baron says, "deific," whatever that may mean. Sometimes both original and translation were in verse, in pretty fair meter.

He says that he traced a large portion of the words "in a vocabulary of primitive Dravidian or British Indian, non-Aryan languages," and gives about two hundred and fifty of them alphabetically from "ara" to "furo."

James says (pp. 278-9):

"I corresponded with various philologists in his behalf, sending them specimens, phonetically written out, of his discourse. But no light came, and finally he grew convinced, by the mere progress of the phenomenon, that it was less important than it pretended to be."

The account of Principal Tout above given suggests that he was a medium in the making, though the making did not go far; but the account of Mr. Le Baron carries the process to a point yielding some suggestions. He began in the grove with some grandiloquent "personage," and as his own writing in the Pr. S. P. R. contains some passages of rather tall talk, the grandiloquent start was very natural on the assumption that of all the stuff floating around the psychic universe, such portions find their way into a sensitive or a dreamer as happen to fit his make-up. Into everybody's make-up enters some knowledge of eminent persons, and accordingly we find virtually all the mediums starting with Plato, Bacon, Swedenborg, and their like, Mr. Le Baron with no less a person than Rameses; and virtually all Americans include Franklin. At first it seems a little strange that he appears more frequently than Washington, but he was notoriously a "philosopher," and therefore, whether a mere memory or an actual control, more congenial with the mediumistic temperament than Washington was. In the same direction, the imagination of every American, especially in childhood when such impressions are deep, has been much dominated by the Indians, and hence virtually every medium's *entourage* includes some sort of an Indian—a "big Injun" or an "Indian maiden"—Mrs. Piper's "Chlorine" or Mrs. Richmond's "Ouina." These ladies, however, started their mediumship young and near their juvenile impression of Indians, but Mr. Le Baron had outgrown all that, and got as far as the Egyptians, so it needed a Rameses to serve his turn.

But being once started by the contagion of the group of psychics in the grove, the next time Mr. Le Baron had an attack, it was in the presence of a specially sympathetic sitter —"Evangel," and most naturally this time, it was an inflow of memories from her or from the cosmic ocean, that made up a representation of her mother; or it may have been an inflow

of more than memories—of them and of everything else essential to her mother—of enough to be recognized even by the mother's old dog. In all of which, can it be barely possible that the old dog showed a better scent than some learned psychical researchers seeking the "evidential"?

Myers's comments on the Le Baron case (Pr. XII, 295f.) are well worth reading, but there is no room for them here.

Another case of aborted mediumship—that of "William Baker," is given by Professor Newbold in his Pr. S. P. R. paper from which I have made Chapter XXXV. Mr. Baker was a frequent sitter, and early in his experience had, when alone, the spasms in the arms that generally precede heteromatic writing. He got as far as some apparently veridical writing, and some very much the reverse: for G. P., who was very anxious to "develop" him, frequently told him that he, G. P., had written things through B. that B. hadn't written at all; and B. found that the business was leading him into St. Vitus's dance and nightmares(?) when he thought that G. P. and Phinuit were trying to "possess" him, and he abandoned the whole business. Possibly if his sensitiveness had been greater, we would have had another good medium, and his somewhat precarious health might have improved under the experience, as did that of Colville, Mrs. Piper, and others.

Despite the hard time he had with G. P. and Phinuit, he was on the best of terms with them, and some extracts of their talk that Professor Newbold withheld from publication seem to me well worth giving. For good reasons I substitute two or three words of address for those actually used.

June 25, 1894. *Baker sitting.*

"(B.: May I ask some questions?) G. P.: 'Ask me anything you wish and then I'll repeat word for word their messages as given to me... fire away H. and you also [to B.]' (B.: Mr. Pelham I wish to ask you about the writing which my hand has done.) 'did I not... what more do you want I went there to see you and took Phinuit along with me and while we were there... [with energy to some spirit] will you kindly keep quiet while I speak to these gentlemen myself... thanks... yes my friend I tried to say I would assist you but as yet your own mind interferes and it was almost impossible to get our thoughts expressed by your hand independently of your own.' (B.: Mr. Pelham, let me tell you what my hand has been about.) 'certainly yes'

(B.: Some weeks ago I found it would write; at first it wrote only scrawls; then it became quite legible. But what it wrote was not true and I noticed I was aware myself of the thoughts before they were written, so I concluded they were not the utterances of spirits but only my own ideas objectified.) 'only. yes sir quite, but I had nothing to do with this' (B.: I did not think you had, Mr. Pelham, but wished to see whether you could throw light on it for me. Dr. Phinuit has told me he tried to use my hand but only made scrawls. Do you think you could find out whether anyone else did?) 'Yes I know exactly what you wish and will endeavor to ascertain the true facts in this case for you my friend... thanks... fire away' (B.: Do you think you could get your thoughts written by my hand?) 'Yes' (B.: Would you be willing to see what can be done with it?) 'will try when I think it advisable certainly' (B.: How shall I call you when I wish to try?)... 'oh how wretched this scribbling is... Keep perfectly calm and sit in as quiet a place as convenient call for yours truly' (B.: Mentally, you mean?) 'only [,—] and if I think I can read your thoughts I will try my level best' (B.: Of late as I told you I not only felt my hand moved without my willing it, but I felt ideas stream through my mind independently as well, and this alarmed me greatly.) 'Yes, you need never be troubled by this experience as I assure you it will never be harmful in any way... no matter, leave it to me' (B.: I shall be glad to have you use my hand if you can, for I know you understand the art. But can I feel sure that others will not also try?) 'No, not absolutely yet I will strain every nerve (in my spiritual protoplasm [I believe I have asked elsewhere whether it is easier to conclude that a dramatizing Mrs. Piper keeps this word, among all the characters she creates, for G. P. alone; or that a postcarnate G. P. is using his individual vocabulary. H.H.] so to speak) to help keep wanderer's thoughts out Trust to me and I will keep things as... Henry... she came very near it... yes I... straight as possible...' (B.: I wish to study these matters but wish also to be cautious about it.) 'I understand you sir.'....."

I don't remember G. P. "sir"-ing anywhere else: it suggests the Scott control of the same period.

June 19, 1895. *Baker sitting.*

"(When you tried to put me to sleep, Doctor, did you feel how frightened I was, and how I fought against you?) 'I have no real solid substance, Baker, to feel, but I knew that your soul was rebellious.'"

June 22, 1895. *Baker sitting.*

"Phinuit: 'When she goes out I see her spirit and I go in on a string while she goes out. Sometimes she sees me as we pass and she tries to go back and fight with me, unwilling to

move out' (Well, Dr., so it is with me. I'm really very anxious to have you turn me out, but when you begin to do it the feeling is so horrible that I can't keep willing) 'Oh yes, Baker, my boy, I understand. It's all very well to be willing but it's a very different thing when I once get hold of your brain. You will always be rebellious then.'"

July 1, 1895. *Present: R. H.*

"[Phinuit speaks, ordinary greeting, then asks after 'Baker.'] 'I'm not going to take his body until he's in a fit condition plenty of light. When I do it I want to do it with what George calls *propriety* [Phinuit stumbles over this word]. I want to do it with intelligence, so that there will be beneficial results, and I won't disturb him.'"

Anti-spiritists of course construe these aborted cases of mediumship to be merely unconscious expressions of the contents of the manifestor's own mind, including of course some telepathic and even teloteropathic impressions; and from this conviction the skeptic will deduce the farther one that Mrs. Holland and Mrs. Piper give but more expanded illustrations of the same thing.

As to "the same thing," I find myself in agreement, but not as to what the thing is. The gradation from the undeveloped cases to the developed ones seems to have no break, and seems to start in a telepathic sensitiveness which probably all minds have in some degree. Where the degree is small, the amount and accuracy of the communication attained is slight, and to develop it requires more persistence than where the sensitiveness is great, and even may be attended with injury to health, as in Baker's case. On the other hand, where the sensitiveness is great, there may at the start be all sorts of muddles of the sensitive's own notions with the telepathic inflow, but through patient development the latter gains in strength and clearness. Mrs. Piper begins with "Chlorine," evidently her own manufacture, and Commodore Vanderbilt, whom she had in mind as a very conspicuous figure at the time; but later she gets what looks mightily like inflow from genuine personalities. William Baker and Mrs. Verrall begin writing nonsense, Baker does not make a success, and abandons it; Mrs. Verrall, who seems better fitted for it, persists and gets what look like genuine inflows. Mrs. Holland gets coherent and interesting, even poetical, things from the start. From this point of view

the products of mediumship, whatever else they may be, seem as natural as poetry or music—some people cannot manifest them at all; some manifest them badly; a few, well. These facts seem to be in the direction, though not of themselves very far in the direction, of the manifestations being what, until dissected, and sometimes after dissection, they seem to be.

Regarding these cases, one thing at least seems pretty certain—that if Principal Tout and Mr. Baker had not thrown up the whole thing, and if Mr. Le Baron had not virtually confined himself to physical solitude in the psychical society of his Egyptians; but if on the contrary, all three had had frequent séances with sympathetic sitters, they would probably have been led to draw from the cosmic soul the individualities—individual simulacra at least—of the sitters' departed friends; and we would have had three more good mediums, with geometrical increase in our chances of finding out what their queer performances mean, and of getting at whatever good may be in them.

The Medium's Physical Experience

In addition to the apparently unescapable *a priori* probability of a physical change in the medium's brain, there seems strong direct evidence of one in the "snap" that Mrs. Piper often says she feels in the "waking stage." Compare with this the report like a pistol that brought to Ansel Bourne and Brewin. A molecular change could probably be thus reported. When a thing gets near the sensorium, it doesn't require much to make a perceptible noise. For some nights, in certain positions of my head on the pillow, I thought I heard trains of cars. In daytime I soon recognized the sound as internal, and the aurist found it caused by a little hair that had found its way to the tympanum.

That guess regarding Mrs. Piper seems part of the probability that the nature of the inflow is determined by the nature of the receptacle. Now is it fantastic to suspect that mediums who go into voluntary trance have some control over parts of their nervous systems which, like voluntary control of movements of the outer ear, is not possessed by people in general? But if we suppose that Mrs. Piper, for instance, voluntarily makes some change in her nervous system, which

permits a cosmic inflow that we call, or that calls itself, Phinuit, what are we to suppose happens when, apparently, Phinuit goes out and a different cosmic inflow, or personality, enters? Has she made hundreds of changes, making her nervous system in each case like that which would naturally hold the other personality? Under the old-fashioned theory of possession it would seem rational to guess that the medium's brain is somehow elastic and "open to all comers," and that each personality flows in and forces the nervous system to fit it, as an elastic glove is made to fit various hands.

But though this guess relates to Possession, it would hold good if she put herself into condition, not to receive the actual inflow or spirit, but only a telepathic influence. (This is a paradoxical muddle, like everything else on the borderland of our faculties, but through such muddles we have to feel our way in the borderland.) I incline to the guess of Sir Oliver Lodge and others, that the apparent "Possession" is only telepathic, as in veridical dreams, but it is all very vague yet, and our notions of telepathy hardly cover the medium's apparent identity with the control. Yet I recall distinctly one frequent dream—blending of myself with what I take to be objective to myself, in the reading of printed matter which seems to develop letter by letter before me, and at the same time to proceed from me. I have vague recollections, too, of thinking, in dreams, that I was somebody else and still myself.

That apparently unescapable *a priori* probability of a physical change in the medium's brain, with all I've built upon it, is, by the way, in flat contradiction to the efforts I made in Chapter III and elsewhere, and shall make more of before I get through, to show the possibility of mental processes that transcend those involved in brain action. This is an indication, perhaps misleading, that we are getting into some pretty high philosophy, especially of the Emersonian kind. But amid these misty heights the best we can do is either to get back to familiar earth or say: from this point things look to me so and so, when from the next point we may have to say just the opposite. The contradictions have got to be faced until we get knowledge enough to resolve them.

CHAPTER LII

FINAL GUESSES REGARDING POSSESSION

People generally find what they seek in these regions. Myers confesses that he started in search of proof of survival of bodily death, and he found it. Drs. Hall and Tanner started to find humbug, and of course found nothing but humbug, possibly eked out by a secondary personality; and scientists generally, with their distrust of new things, find only what Drs. Hall and Tanner found. But there are scientists and scientists, in all trades there are some men superior to the bias of their trades, and Joseph Henry, Sir William Crookes, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Alfred Russel Wallace, and William James all found enough that was genuine to justify unlimited study, and to bring some of them to spiritistic conclusions, and the rest to suspended judgment. Hodgson started to find the truth, gave many times the attention to the search that all the skeptics have, found more humbug than all of them together, and yet found enough matter that he considered genuine to make him a devoted spiritist.

Yet candor requires me to add that since the foregoing was written, a common friend has told me that Hodgson always *wanted* to find evidence of survival. Does or does not that show his mind to have been in a healthier state than the minds of those who, to overthrow the hope of survival, get up hypotheses more strained than the hypothesis of survival itself? If Hodgson did want to find evidence for spiritism, does his restraint in his first Piper report (see Chapter XXIX) and his Thompson report alluded to in Chapter XXXVIII add weight to his report in Chapter XXXIV, where he thinks he has found it?

Now I am ready to venture my final guesses regarding "Possession." Be as patient as you can while I shape them

by repeating and combining fragments with which you are already familiar.

The contents of the dream state vary all the way from those of ordinary dreams up to Foster's waking visions, and on to Mrs. Thompson's or Mrs. Piper's trances.

Ellis and others propose, wisely I think, to let the term "somnambulic" cover not only sleep walking but all other motor action in the dream state. As so understood, then, somnambulism varies all the way from Mrs. Verrall's waking heteromatic writing, through Mrs. Holland's heteromatic writing, waking and in trance, up to Mrs. Piper's heteromatic writing only in trance, and Mrs. Piper's and Mrs. Thompson's talking in trance.

As to the sensitives, then:

I. They are somnambulists who talk out and write out what they see and hear in their dreams. Nothing unusual about that!

II. What they see, and consequently what they say, is a good deal of a jumble. Nothing unusual about that; nearly all dreams are jumbles.

III. They see and hear persons they never saw before. Nothing unusual about that! So probably do most of us.

IV. Sometimes they identify themselves more or less with these personalities. Mrs. Piper nearly always does. Nothing exceedingly unusual about that! I sometimes confuse myself with others in my dreams, and many dreamers report the same.

V. Those others say many things, and very often correct things, unknown to the sensitives, to anybody present, or perhaps to anybody else that can be found. Rather unusual among ordinary dreamers, but by no means unprecedented!

But from here on the experiences of the sensitives are of a more and more unusual kind until they reach the point where they have set the world wondering. They may be farther analyzed as:

VI. Some of the people Mrs. Piper (I speak of her as the representative of a class) never saw before, and of whom she never saw portraits, she identifies from photographs. Very few people have done that: perhaps very few have had the

chance. There have been many times when I am sure I could.

VII. Her personalities and those of many sensitives are nearly always "dead" friends, not of the sensitives, but of the sitters, and abound in indications of genuineness in scope and accuracy of memory, in distinctness of individual recollections and characteristics, and in all the dramatic indications that go to demonstrate personalities.

VIII. She sees and hears these persons again and again, and *keeps them distinct* in feature and character.

Now I have tried, and I don't think I have altogether failed, to analyze these phenomena into categories that correspond with admitted phenomena in kind, though they differ in degree of frequency and degree of veridicity.

The crux comes with the veridicity. How to account for it? Grant me another repetition.

I. Fraud. The talk of it is out of date and silly.

II. Subdivision of personality—multiple personalities. What these have to do with it I cannot see. If Sally Beauchamp's four personalities, or Dr. Wilson's patient's eleven, were multiplied into a thousand, there is no reason to believe that any of them would be any nearer to the veridicity of each of Mrs. Piper's thousand than any secondary of Sally was; and I have not found any other case of unquestionable multiple personality to which the same remark would not apply. Multiple personalities, except as the term is twisted over to the sensitives, appear only in sick or injured people. Nearly all the sensitives that amount to anything are unusually sound and whole. Mrs. Piper shows more personalities and shows them better when she is well than when she is ill.

III. The subliminal self will cover the phenomena. Yes, if the hypothesis of the secondary self will, and if the two terms are made virtually synonymous, and if a house frequently arrayed against itself will stand, and if a mere name accounts for anything; *or* if you make the subliminal self identical with the cosmic soul.

IV. Telepathy from incarnate personalities. That guess is disposed of, for me at least, by the considerations I have scattered through the reports. The phenomena not only contain too much, but they also omit too much; of things more

important than those given, and which, on the telepathic hypothesis, would have been more apt to be given.

Perhaps more important still, the phenomena contain too much of initiative in the shape of adaptation, question, repartee, and dramatic quality generally.

Telepathy as ordinarily understood is as different from impersonation as heat from flame, or motion from pressure: of course there must be an idea to enact, but the idea which is acted upon, and the acting, differ as widely as experience and conduct.

V. Hypnotism from the sitter would account for some apparent initiative and some acting. But the sitter is as much surprised at the manifestations as the reader.

VI. Hypnotism from somebody else present: Hodgson a Svengali, but a greater genius than Svengali, and Mrs. Piper a Trilby. But how was it after Hodgson's death? If he kept up the rôle then, the spiritistic hypothesis is granted. If he did not, Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. Dorr and numerous other gentlemen of the highest reputation succeeded him as Svengalis. These suggestions are hardly worth writing even as jokes; but they are better worth it than half the hypotheses that have been written.

VII. Hypnotism from absent incarnate minds. More ridiculous if possible than V and VI.

VIII. Hypnotism or possession by discarnate personalities.

Now what do we mean by discarnate personalities? In most minds, the first answer will probably bear a pretty close resemblance to Fra Angelico's angels, and very nice angels they are! But to some of the more prosy minds that have thought on the subject in the light of the best and fullest information or misinformation, probably the answer will be more like this: A personality, in the last analysis, is a manifestation of the Cosmic Soul. From that the raw material is supplied with the star dust, and later, through our senses, from the earliest reactions of our protozoic ancestors up to our dreams, and the material is worked up into each personality through reactions with the environment. Thus it becomes an aggregate of capacities to impress another personality with certain sensations, ideas, emotions. You and I know our best friends as such aggregates, and nothing more.

Now apparently among the accomplishments of a personality, does not *necessarily* inhere that of depressing a scale x pounds, but when that capacity is entirely absent, in the dream state, apparently the personality can impress another personality in every other way, even to all the reciprocities of sex. But for some reasons not yet understood, these impressions are not as congruous, persistent, recurrent, or regulable in the dream life as in the waking life. But that they are not in time to be evolved so that they will be, would be a contradiction to at least some of the implications of evolution; and that they are to be, is suggested by the experience of the sensitives.

All personalities have, presumably, more or less power of impressing themselves, telepathically—hypnotically, on other personalities, and, of course, of receiving such impressions. Now if we are to believe the allegations, and the general evidence, such as it is, the discarnate—as illustrated by Phinuit, Rector, G. P., Gurney, Myers, and Hodgson, apparently exercise that telepathic capacity between themselves with little or no impediment, though they exercise it with varying difficulty between themselves and us.

No one of the first seven hypotheses covers the case. The eighth gives some sign not only of covering the case, but of covering the other seven: it excludes any need of fraud, and includes an unlimited telepathy, unlimited (secondary?) personalities, the undying memories of the subliminal self, and all the hypnotic suggestions; and this complex guess seems to me the one in whose direction the truth is most apt, on future investigation, to be found.

As to believing it, the word belief has a good many meanings, and the mental attitude it stands for, a good many degrees. It is perhaps safest to apply it only to convictions that are confirmed by experiment; but on the other hand, the soul that limits itself to convictions confirmed by experiment, sometimes finds itself "safe" only in a dark malodorous laboratory, away from the broader adventures of the universe.

And, after all, is not the guess more than an hypothesis? This much of it at least seems unescapable fact—the fact that is constantly impressed upon us, of the universal mind, the

element which offsets universal motion (including its manifestation as matter), the two together making the universe possible and worth while—back of all phenomena the Cosmic Soul, which is sometimes called God, which generates and includes and manifests and intercommunicates all personalities that are, or have been, or are to be, and which, with them, dies not.

CHAPTER LIII

PROS AND CONS OF THE SPIRITISTIC HYPOTHESIS

The only visible hypothesis left being that each person appearing to speak, gesticulate, or write through the medium is really the postcarnate individual it represents itself to be, either "possessing" the medium or controlling her words and acts by something like hypnosis, what are the objections to that hypothesis?

I. Most general, and perhaps strongest, is the universal objection against anything new under the sun—an objection not as strong as before the new things of the last thirty or forty years.

But are the *a priori* objections to spiritistic communication so great as to require, after thirty years of scientific observation, a suspension of judgment rather than the interpretation of any phenomena as justifying a doctrine so subversive and so immense? This I will not attempt to answer: your temperament will form your conclusion more than your intellect will.

II. The content of the phenomena does not justify ascribing them to intelligences in a stage more advanced than our terrestrial experience. To this objection, two answers are prominent—(a) that there is no basis for the prevalent superstition that the change from this life to the next involves a sudden and immense development of intelligence and character. On the contrary, phenomena, so far as they count, indicate that the change is more near the gradualness of evolution, being not so much in the personality as in the environment, like the change from a land of scantness and obstruction to a land of adequacy and free movement; and (b) that the difficulties of communication prevent its conveying any adequate notion of the new life. The scantiness and imperfection and even triviality of the communications from the alleged spirits is nothing against their genuineness.

It is not always easy to talk sense through one's own machine, let alone talking it through a machine that one did not grow up with, and that was not made to fit.

III. Probably the chief remaining objection is the frequent inconsistency between what the controls know and what they don't know, or at least between what they can tell and what they can't tell. I have already said, apropos of the conflicting statements of the incarnate Moses and the control Moses regarding Imperator, and the inability of controls to repeat the contents of test envelopes prepared by them in this life, that these facts seem unanswerable against spiritism—that is: unanswerable with our present knowledge. Opposing them, however, is perhaps an equal array—perhaps a greater array, of unanswerable facts on the other side, equally unanswerable with our present knowledge. All that the inquirer can do is to determine on which side the preponderance lies.

I know that I am risking a large portion of whatever confidence I might otherwise inspire, by presenting one aspect of the case that seems to me worth while.

So far as one is entitled to believe before ample verification, I believe (though not mainly because of any evidence in the Pr. S. P. R. or anywhere else outside of my own experience) in the survival of bodily death, and yet I never knew proof of it that is *final. Neither did I ever know such a proof of anything else.* Chase the belief that two and two make four down to the bottom, and it rests on an assumption—an assumption that seems to me even underneath the categorical imperative—the assumption that because under given known conditions things always have acted in a given way, we know all the conditions, and that therefore we know that things will always act the same way. Now the assumption against spiritism isn't by any means as fundamental as that; and the only reason why I think that worth alluding to at all, is to indicate that the fact that we have no final proof of spiritism is not necessarily conclusive against it: for we have no final proof of anything else; and the farther we get away from everyday experience, the more assumption our beliefs inevitably rest upon. To some minds a faith without final proof appears question-begging. I confess that for a long period it did to

my own. But it is a question what proof comes near enough to finality: none can reach it.

The same may be said of our disbeliefs. The disbelief in spiritism is partly based on the control's inability to tell what is in a letter written by him in the previous life he professes to have known. Now this belief rests on the assumption that the control is as well able to communicate evidential matter as other matter, and this assumption rests on the wider assumption that, even if there is a future life, it is in accordance with the laws of the universe that we mortals in the present stage of our evolution should have open to us evidence for the same positive belief in a future life that we have in this one. Now that last assumption is directly counter to all the evidence we have, and, it seems to me, counter to some very important considerations.

What sort of a life in this world, and what sort of a death at the end of it, have been the lot of a very large portion of those who have assumed themselves to be in possession of conclusive evidence for a future life? Not to dwell on religious wars and persecutions, the loathsome history of some aspects of asceticism, including some of Puritanism, answers for the life, and Juggernaut answers for the death.

Of course it is impossible to know just how far these abominations have rotted the experiences of believers: for, opposed to the abominations, even side by side with them in the same lives, have been many admirable things; and many more admirable things in believing lives where there were no abominations at all. Probably the nearest line of division that will serve us well is that between a fixed, even if mistaken, certainty of a future life, and a belief with enough uncertainty to prevent the belief destroying the significance and value of this life. And that I suspect is all we are going to have in this life. But do we need to make our definition of verification so narrow that we cannot believe in a future life before we have experienced it ourselves, or shall we take a less rigid canon of verification? If so, what?

Verifiable statements not known to terrene intelligence? As has been already shown, in this life there can be no such thing. Where can we get the verification? The nearest we can get to this canon is *probably* "not known."

Verisimilitude? This too is a question of probability and temperament.

Fulfillment of prophecy? Whether we have enough cases that look like it to demonstrate it, is so far a question of temperament. I don't think we have. Probably I have quoted the best of the recorded ones. The index will help you review them. Here is a pretty good-looking one not yet given, from Mme. de Meissner. She gives some others not so good—not far, if at all, beyond probabilities of chance (*op. cit.*, 30-33):

"It was nearing the end of the month of August, 1906, immediately after the close of the Russo-Japanese war, and my niece ... and I were preparing to leave St. Petersburg for a two months' stay in Germany before sailing for the United States. Having passed a strenuous period of a year and eight months in Russia we wished to find some quiet spot where, undisturbed by social duties, we might spend our days ... under the shade of forest trees.... I had written to many different resorts in Northern Germany only to receive ... glowing descriptions of the many *social* attractions.... We had come to within a week of the first of September, the date fixed for our departure, and still were without any settled plans as to our destination, so that we could not even write to ... the United States as to where to address our letters. Upon awakening one morning ... I, in desperation, said to myself: '*Something* must be decided upon to-day.'

"'You must go to Munich,' said my invisible guides in reply. To say that I was startled ... would but faintly express my feelings. Munich! 'They' wished us to go to the Southernmost part of Germany when I was looking for something in the vicinity of Hamburg, from which port we were to sail.

"..... I objected: 'But I do not wish to go to a city. I am looking for some place ... where we shall have pine forests.....'

"'You will not be in Munich itself, but in the environs of the city.....'

"'How shall I know about this?.....'

"'Go to-day at four o'clock and call on Mrs. M——.....'

"I had met her but some two or three times. She had called upon me and ... distinctly stated that she took her daily walk in the early afternoon and was never at home before five o'clock. In what manner she could have to do with my journey to Munich I could in no wise see, but, in accordance with the counsel given me, I called at the appointed hour and was immediately ushered into the drawing room where sat the lady in question.

"Having settled it in my own mind that I had been sent there

in order to borrow a Baedeker...I inquired, after exchanging a few remarks, whether she had one... adding that I was thinking of going to Munich.....

"'Munich!' she exclaimed, rising suddenly. 'Why, I have something much better than a Baedeker,' and going to a door she opened it and called 'Charles, come in here.'

"A moment later there appeared in the doorway a scholarly looking man whom the hostess introduced as 'Professor X of Cornell.'...'Professor X has just this moment arrived direct from Munich and he can tell you all about it....' On the strength of the information then and there received... my niece and I found our way to an enchanting spot called 'Grunwald,' twenty minutes distant from Munich, where, in the heart of a wonderful forest, we spent two perfect, never to be forgotten, months."

I know no more possible canons of verification: so it looks to me as if, during our mortal career, we are inevitably restricted to weighing probabilities.

When one has reached a preponderance of probability, then and not before, it may be well to foster an exercise of those elements of mind and character which make up that much misrepresented and much perverted virtue called Faith—which, misused and battered as it has been, we may yet find good reason to rescue from the scrap heap of abandoned things. Though often misapplied to inspire asceticism and persecution, it has not perhaps been more misapplied than Hope and Charity; and it certainly has kept alive most of the dim consciousness men have had of the infinity that, little as we can guess about it, enspheres our lives, and, despite all skepticism, often irradiates them.

To return to the question of survival. If all the phenomena outside of scientifically evidential matter greatly preponderate toward the spiritistic solution, would not the absence of such matter, or even an evidential contradiction, be legitimately regarded as probably open to explanation as knowledge increases?

Moreover, has not the line for what is evidential been drawn a little arbitrarily? Is a fitting emotion or a strikingly characteristic expression any less evidence of the existence of a personality than a logical demonstration? Are the alleged communications of Dr. and Mrs. Thaw's children

evidential? Their parents think so. Are G. P.'s showings of affection for his friends evidential? Even Hodgson thought so. And how about Hodgson's excessively characteristic touches? What did James appear to think?

How, too, about nobody's characteristic touches getting mixed with anybody's else? That seems to more than one observer perhaps the greatest marvel in the whole business, even a greater marvel than reading the contents of the envelopes would be. Why isn't it as necessary for the objector to explain that, as for the proponent to explain the fatal envelopes?

But on the logical tack: it is one of the canons of the S. P. R. that nothing that can be accounted for by telepathy from the living must be regarded as telepathy from the dead. This was my own attitude at first, but it is plainly inconclusive: there is only a very strong presumption in its favor. That a mysterious communication *may* have come from A is far from proof that it did not come from B, or from somebody never heard of, or from somebody whose existence has previously been supposed impossible.

But even admitting that the telepathy from the living is to be preferred when possible, is it legitimate to include under telepathy all the dramatic indications of personality?

In our present knowledge there appear but two possible hypotheses to account for these phenomena. At the cost of some repetition, let me rehearse them in a different shape. As I believe I have said elsewhere, a single statement is apt to do well enough for only definite things—the multiplication table, for instance.

The first hypothesis involves three propositions:

a. The medium receives impressions from the minds of the sitters.

b. The medium also receives impressions from the minds of absent living persons, apparently independently of all limitations in number or location.

c. The medium combines these impressions into representations by word and gesture, of personalities of all ages, sexes, and characters, and does it with a power of dramatization to be compared in vividness and consistency (not in sublimity)

only with those shown in the very greatest dramatic creations; and with a fertility entirely unprecedented. Moreover, these wonderful dramatizations are on the spur of the moment, entirely involuntary and are even made independently of the consciousness of their creator. Still more, this hypothetical dramatic power is not restricted to one or two persons in a generation, as all comparable dramatic power has been, but exists in considerable numbers of people, and is believed to be latent in large numbers more.

So much for the first hypothesis, swallow it who can. Now the only other hypothesis within our horizon is:

a. The *dramatis personæ* represented by the medium are actual personalities, whether using the medium's body to manifest themselves, or doing it in dreams. The apparent absurdity of "You come in by the hands, I'll go out by the feet," does not affect the case any more than the absurdities of dreams affect their occasional veridicity.

b. Most of the personalities thus manifesting formerly had bodies of their own on this earth. I can recall but one case where a personality while having a living body has distinctly seemed to "possess" a medium. Mrs. Piper once when holding a MS. of Dr. Wiltse proceeded to enact him, and state that he was dead, and his body in the water. He was well, and knew nothing about it. (Pr. XV, 25.) Foster had visions of living men. Some of Moses' controls, I believe, profess never to have been incarnate. But they had, so far as I know, defective appearance of veridicity and very clear appearance of being figments of the medium's religious convictions.

This second hypothesis accounts for a sub-series of phenomena which the first hypothesis does not, and therefore to that degree gains probability as against the first hypothesis. This sub-series consists of phenomena manifested by personalities—dramatically created or actual—for whose dramatic creation no material exists in the mind of any living person, except as material for dramatic creation exists to some degree in all minds. Such a "personality" is that of "Imperator," who is represented as having died *before any person described in the first hypothesis was born.* Apparently he is either entirely a creation of the medium's imagination (and that when

the medium's personality is apparently inactive), with some possible telepathic help from friends, or is an existing personality.

The second hypothesis of course lends probability to the old idea that the soul is independent of the body and uses the body as a mere tool—a machine for thinking and expressing, one which the soul can't do much with when the machine is out of order, or anything when it is fatally damaged or worn out.

If, for the purposes of the argument, we assume that telepathy and teloteropathy dispose of all the verifiable cases, how about the unverifiable ones? They are just as interesting and plausible as the verifiable ones. Does the fact that they can't be verified prove them imaginary or fraudulent? Of course it does if our canon of verification is that they must be verified by some incarnate being. But they cannot be verifiable by any incarnate mind without being open to the suspicion of being telepathically supplied by that mind. But can't they easily be true, and still unverifiable by any incarnate human being? Not only might one easily be true of you or me, and yet so absolutely forgotten as to be unverifiable; but must not many a true case (if any are true) be lost by impossibility of obtaining adequate testimony?

It appears, then, that unverifiability is by no means a conclusive argument against the truth of any communication, and yet throughout the reports of the sittings there is a general tendency to dismiss the unverifiable ones as nothing more than interesting fiction.

The scientific canon that causes counter to experience must not be invoked until those conformable with experience have been exhausted, is carried to an illegitimate extreme when it is given the virtual shape that phenomena which cannot be accounted for by causes conformable with experience must be rejected as fraudulent or imaginary. In that shape the canon would have led many savages to depend upon what *we* call Christian science, against their discoverers' guns; and the converse of it—that the verdict of experience must always be accepted, led scientists to deny the possibility of a rail car that would go over twelve miles an hour, and of more than one electric light on a circuit, and probably would have

led everybody, before the discovery of the Hertzian waves, to deny the possibility of the wireless telegraph.

We have, then, a vast mass of profoundly interesting phenomena which *are* worth taking into account, and which cannot be accounted for by any form of telepathy or any cause justified by experience. On the surface, the phenomena are ostensibly caused by human intelligences surviving death. Reject that cause, and (*pace* Drs. Tanner and Hall) there is no other in sight. Is it not the point of wisdom to accept it tentatively until another heaves in sight, or until farther experience confirms it?

Why give a tentative character to the acceptance? The reasons come under two heads. The experience is too scant as yet to justify full acceptance, and the conditions of the alleged spirits communicating do not conform to our ideas of what they should be. Both reasons justify a tentative position, but neither justifies a negative one. The second reason may turn out to be absolutely flimsy. We have often had our ideas and feelings enlisted in conditions which turned out not to be true. My dear friend Sill, when we were freshmen, wrote a beautiful poem that captured the university world and has since helped materially in his capture of the whole world of poetry lovers. Its theme was "The Polar Sea." Kane believed there was such a sea, and demonstrated it more scientifically than anybody ever demonstrated the orthodox ideas of a future state. But neither Sill's poem nor Kane's science has led anybody to doubt Peary's discovery that there is no polar sea: so our old ideas of what there is or is not beyond this life may be like Sill's and Kane's idea of the polar sea.

We have applied the hypothesis of a world soul to telepathy *inter vivos*. Now let us gather up some of our scattered threads and try to get a little more connected view of how it fits in with the phenomenon of mediumship.

Admit, provisionally at least, that the medium is merely an extraordinary dreamer. Does a man do his own dreaming, or is it done for him? Does a man do his own digesting, circulating, assimilating, or is it done for him? If he does not do these things himself, who does? About the physical

functions through the sympathetic nerve, we answer unhesitatingly: the cosmic force. How, then, about the psychic functions? Are they done by the cosmic psyche?

Like respiration, they are partly under our control, but that does not affect the problem. Who runs them when we do not run them, even when we try to stop them that we may get to sleep? Even after they have yielded to our entreaties to stop, and we are asleep, they begin going again—without our will, and sometimes, some think, even without our knowledge—that thinking never stops, and that often when it goes on in the dream state we are unconscious of it or forget it. The only probability I can make out is that our thinking is run by a power not ourselves, as much as our other partly-involuntary functions.

To hold that a man does his own dreaming—that it is done by a secondary layer of his own consciousness—is to hold that we are made up of layers of consciousness, of which the poorest layer is that of what we call our waking life, and the better layers are at our service only in our dreams. The theory says in effect: you are the owner of certain tools, but the conditions under which you own them prescribe that, for all the work required of you, you can use only the worst, and the best are at your service only when you either have no intention of working at all or are incapacitated from serious work by some form of unconsciousness or madness.

This is as fair a statement as I can make of the layer-of-consciousness theory—that when a man is asleep or mad he can solve problems, compose music, create pictures, to which, when awake and in his sober senses, and in a condition to profit by his work, and give profit from it, he is inadequate. There will be evidence of this in the chapters on dreams.

Nay more, the theory claims that a man's working consciousness—his self—the only self known to him or the world, will hold and shape his life by a set of convictions which, in sleep or madness, he will *himself* prove wrong, and thereby revolutionize his philosophy and his entire life.

Wouldn't it be more reasonable to attribute all such results —the solutions of the problems, the music, the pictures, the corrections of the errors—to a power outside himself?

Now if to anybody this theory that multiple selves, that "the unconscious" and all that, are part of a man's self, *and nothing more,* appears monstrous, what does experience offer in its place?

First, indications of a consciousness aware of everything that is going on, or has gone on, at least within the sphere of its activity, and which includes, and reaches far outside of, our activity and our knowledge. All individual consciousnesses seem to be, in some mysterious way, not only themselves, but part of that universal consciousness: for we get from it not only wondrous dream images of all kinds, but mysterious impressions from individual consciousnesses other than our own, which, with our own, are part of it.

This hypothesis, or guess, or string of guesses, does not seem at war with any of the facts. It gives a meaning where otherwise there is none, to the generally accepted term "the subliminal self." It admits of our being one layer, or the core, if you please, of the onion, while the other layers are in the general consciousness; it admits an "unconscious," i.e., something of which *we* are generally unconscious; and it admits "spirits," incarnate and discarnate, who, like each of us, are parts, and yet not exclusively parts, of the general consciousness, and act telepathically upon us, and each other, both in their individual and "corporate" capacities.

All this seems terribly like the mere word-jargon of the theologies and early philosophies. But it at least deals with insistent facts, and professes to be no more than it is—a string of guesses, some of them very vague guesses, but nevertheless with a certain coherence among themselves and fitness to the phenomena which perhaps none of the other guesses possess, and affording some glimmerings that, as the clouds rise, may turn out to be fragments of an explanation.

CHAPTER LIV

THE DREAM LIFE

I HOPE my iterations regarding dreams have not grown utterly damnable, as you are destined, if your patience holds out, to read considerably more on that subject. What I have found to say of the extraordinary dreams of the sensitives, is far from including all that dreams suggest regarding our Cosmic Relations: still less are the questions about dreams all answered when dreams are pronounced merely the results of indigestion or other physical disturbance: sometimes they certainly are, and sometimes apparently they are not; but if they always were, there would still remain features of them worth careful study.

The relation of the soul in the dream state to the universe has been regarded as of great importance by almost all primitive peoples, probably of less importance by many persons more advanced, but lately of still greater importance by a few persons still more advanced. Yet even the S. P. R. has taken ordinary dreams much as matters of course, and mainly confined its investigation of the dream state to somnambulism, hypnosis, and trance. But ordinary dreams offer some suggestions that have been none too widely noted. To the speculative inquirer the dream life sometimes seems even more important than the waking life, but at other times the suspicion arises that the waking life should be so strenuously led as to leave little attention free for dreams. Both attitudes are probably right. On one side, the dream life has claims to be considered part of an eternal life; on the other side, while interest in an eternal life may be an admirable stimulus in this life, there may be in it, as in less worthy stimulants, enough of the danger of excess to lead some very wise men to abstain. But there is not as much danger to-day as in earlier times, and the fact that we can therefore be more safely trusted with the knowledge of a future life may

raise some presumption that the increasing apparent indications of it are genuine.

Not only are some people's ordinary dreams much more frequent and vivid than other people's, but much more coherent and perhaps significant; and it seems probable that the most interesting dreams come to people who have some of the peculiar gifts of the mediums. Moreover in other respects, the experiences of virtually all the mediums whom I have read of seem substantially identical with dreams. For instance, those of Mrs. Richmond, as recounted in Barrett's Life of her, might be applied verbatim to dreams, and Tuttle says (letter to Densmore, *Arcana of Nature,* p. 464), "Thoughts which came in the sensitive state made no lasting impression, and I am unable to recall why or how any passage came to be written." This is like the evanescence of dreams. Judge Edmonds' reported visions are dreams pure and simple. This feature in the experiences of the later mediums, I have harped upon until I fear I have wearied you.

Their experiences seem to differ only in degree from those which virtually all of us experience in ordinary dreams. We all see and hear what appear to be persons out of the reach of our ordinary senses, and sometimes not even living —separate copies of the Ideas of such persons. If it shall ever be established that the mediums really are in communication with an eternal life, some correspondence, perhaps some identity, of the dream life with it will be established.

Yet the most tremendous facts about dreams are so tremendous that dreams are generally taken as purely illusive, and no weight attached to them. Such a fact is

The Superiority of the Dream Life to Time and Space

As to time, there can be little question, though there are some of the uncertainties attending all subjects on the borderland of knowledge. Of this more later.

Regarding space, there is some perplexity. The fact that the same thought and the same feeling can be in innumerable places at once suggests the possibility that the same aggregate of thoughts and feelings—i.e., the same soul—may be. Most savages, and not a few savants, think the soul actually

does go to the places where, in dreams, it seems to go. But isn't there more apparent probability that the places come to it—that the Ideas of them—their essentials, come to the dreamer from the cosmic mind?

This question as to space seems to raise the old contest between idealism and realism—whether space and its contents are really external to the mind, which, so far as I understand such things, I suppose was reconciled by Kant by proving both sides right. I treated it earlier, but have a word more to say in the present connection. The way it presents itself to my utterly unmetaphysical and bountifully uninstructed mind is this: the distinctions we draw between real and ideal are sometimes a result of the limitations of our faculties. They being what they are, a phenomenon, to be normal to them, must be a reaction between them and the part of the universe external to them. The "discovery" of this obvious fact I understand to be one of Kant's claims to immortality. If so, immortality of some kinds is sometimes cheap. But to continue: If the phenomenon arises in the consciousness without excitation from the external universe, it is an hallucination, and if the mind has frequent hallucinations and accepts them as realities, that way madness lies. That is to say: if the mind doesn't know the difference between what it holds without the warrant of external reality, and what it holds with that warrant, it is insane. Foster knew the difference.

But this is true of the mind only in its ordinary workaday state—the mind which has been evolved by reactions with that environment whose relation to it is, as stated, a condition of its sanity. But man seems able to contain at intervals in the dream state another and wider mind than that which has been evolved by his contact with his everyday environment—a mind which carries impressions external to, and superior to, any obviously produced by reactions with that environment, and which, though it experiences what, to the everyday mind, would be hallucinations, does so without any unfavorable effects on the individual's sanity.

Though the phenomena of what we usually call the real world are not in all respects the equivalent of the phenomena of the dream world, if the universe of our waking senses is

but a mass of passing expressions of permanent Ideas, as I think I showed some reason to believe in Chapter XXIII, why is not the universe of dreams, so far as we can get at it without the nonsense injected by physical defects, just as real? Would not calling it less real be something like the declaration made by certain people that to them the imaginative world of the poets, artists, and musicians has no meaning?

Superior Powers in Dreams

Generally in the discussions, on one page, dreams are treated as mere figments of a quiescent and acquiescent imagination played upon by disturbed bodily organs, while on the next page they are admitted to be the media of truths apparently otherwise undiscoverable, and the conditions of performances apparently otherwise impossible. Yet the two positions are not necessarily mutually exclusive.

One reason for the apparent paradox is that here, as in the communications from the mediums, the most significant matter is the most intimate, and therefore the most unavailable for publication.

Another reason for the paradox is that though each vision, waking or sleeping, must have a cause, and as an expression of that cause must be veridical, on the one hand, the cause of a trivial dream is generally too trivial to be ascertained: it may be too much lobster, or impaired circulation or respiration; while on the other hand (and here the paradox seems to be explained), the cause of an important dream must, *ex vi termini,* be some important event. But important events are rare, and therefore significant dreams are rare; while trivial events are frequent, and therefore trivial dreams are frequent.

The important and rare event *may* be such a conjunction of circumstances and temperaments as makes it possible for a postcarnate intelligence, assuming the existence of such, to communicate with an incarnate one. That such apparent communications are rare tends to indicate their genuineness. The question: "If they are possible, why are they not frequent?" ignores their probable difficulty—a difficulty apparently so great that one portion of the very people who ask

the question generally regard the difficulty as amounting to impossibility; while the other portion, of course, deny that postcarnate intelligences exist at all—deny that the Idea is eternal, and claim that but one complete copy of it can exist. There are to be some things in this and the next chapter that look to me very much as if such people were wrong.

Although, as I have said before, I write as a commentator, not as an original investigator, it has yet been my fortune to be able to introduce the principal departments of our borderland study by direct testimony of my personal observation—of telekinesis with P——, telepathy with Foster, and Possession(?) with Mrs. Piper. Pretty much everybody can do the same regarding dreams, though possibly there may be some features in mine so peculiar—certainly as yet so little noticed in the dreams of others, as to warrant my again giving, like Freud, my personal experience, even in a department where there is so much general experience at hand. Perhaps I may indulge the hope that your following my devious and broken clues thus far shows us to be enough in sympathy for you to tolerate my egotism.

From childhood I have had architectural dreams surpassing anything I have ever seen in waking hours. At first they were of Romanesque buildings with abundant piazzas, arcades, and terraces, and in the midst of beautiful scenery. As a child I took them as matters of course, and I have no doubt that they were suggested by stage scenery and proscenium curtains, though I am confident that they surpassed any such pictures that I ever saw. As I reached maturity and greater activity in other interests, such dreams grew less frequent, but as old age and comparative leisure have drawn on they have dropped in again a few times, but with a difference: though they are still beautiful, the romantic character of youth is seldom there. During this later period, the dream structures have been almost entirely in the colonial style, but there has been no romantic scenery associated with them: this despite the fact that during the period, I have lived most of each year among some of the most romantic scenery in the world.

I distinctly recall two dreams that were bounded, roughly speaking, by South Washington Square, Macdougal Street, Canal Street, and Wooster Street, and they changed that dingy region into a more beautiful group of homes than exists anywhere I have visited in the flesh.

One striking effect was from yellow brick, which I believe the Colonials did not have, and marble trimmings. These made more substantial and massive the effect the Colonials got in minor measure from wooden houses painted yellow with white trimmings.

The streets, like the houses, were changed and idealized—broadened and some intersecting at irregular angles. The opportunities of the non-rectangular lots thus made were beautifully utilized, especially at the corners. So were those of differences of level. The yellow brick predominated, though it was not exclusively used. Most of the houses were very large, and they were broken up at the ends or rear with much variety of roof-level, and piazzas, conservatories, sunning-rooms, and terraces. A remarkable feature was that, notwithstanding all the departures from symmetry, the distinctly colonial character was always preserved, and no question of consistency or fitness was ever aroused.

I wandered through the region repeatedly, returning several times to spots that I specially enjoyed, and once went back to the commonplace world through Bleecker Street to Broadway, rejoicing that the way to the delightful region was so short and well known, and promising myself many returns to it with friends. I remember my pleasure at finding myself there again in the second dream. Then I entered at the South, somewhere near Canal or Varick Street.

I have some vague recollection of disappointment in other dreams before and since the successful second visit, from seeking the beautiful region in vain.

Another dream was in a suburban region, and was probably suggested by the environs of Baltimore, though it was not dreamed there, and was vastly superior to anything existing there. I remember being driven down one broad tree-planted street with houses on each side at generous intervals

—so generous that I remember my curiosity while glancing at each house, as to what the next house would be.

That curiosity, too, I think I had in the New York dreams. Is it consistent with the hypothesis that I created all of them myself? Is it not a more rational guess that they were telepathically impressed upon me from outside—that I was permitted to see these copies of Ideas outside of my mind?

Here is a very different architectural dream.

I seemed to be standing in front of the Brooklyn Opera House, and to be facing some sort of public building, about sixty feet wide, across the street. What is really there I have no idea, as I never saw the opera house but once in driving past, and did not look on the other side of the street: I am not a connoisseur or even an amateur of Brooklyn, which makes the location of my dream there a little strange. Yet I can summon up some fanciful reasons which I do not really entertain, though as I re-read this sentence months later they seemed stronger.

Well, after all this preface, here are the essentials, such as they are. On one side of the building across the street I dreamed a palatial house. All my earlier urban architectural dreams have been colonial, generally yellow brick and marble. This house was red brick with Nova Scotia stone, French renaissance in style, with mansards. It was very large, and if it erred from perfect taste, which I hardly think it did, it was in over-elaboration. Yet I did have an impression of the owner having *recently* come into a lot of money, which I don't think I would have had if the house had been as near perfection as those I usually dream.

I remember that the day before this dream I read that a certain abominable French renaissance structure on Fifth Avenue, built for a man who has recently come into a lot of money, is to be sold. But, thank God! I didn't dream that house, but did dream one that perhaps might be called everything which, it is to be charitably presumed, that house tried to be and is not. This I can say without drawing too hard on my small balance of modesty: for I certainly was not the architect. Will you kindly tell me who was?

One proof that he was not I, is my surprise at finding, on looking to the left, that the opulent owner of the new house had spread around the public building I mentioned, and on the other side treated himself to a gorgeous stable not exactly uniform with the dwelling, but nearly enough so to show that they constituted one *ménage*—a nearness with variety meriting congratulations to the architect, if, again, you will kindly send me his name and address. I would especially like them, as I have a son just entering the profession, for whom I would like to try to secure his friendly interest.

And as all these buildings were finer than anything I can do, or than any mortal has done in the same style, is not the evidence that they were sent to me from outside strengthened?

Does not all this add force to, and receive force from, the considerations before presented which indicate that all our mental experiences come, in the same sense that our physical ones do, from outside?

But the evidence is not all in yet.

Vastly more interesting to me than my dreams of architecture, though less practicable to describe, are my dreams of decoration and bric-à-brac. They also contain much more suggestion of Ideas outside of my mind.

According to the best recollections I can summon up, they, unlike the architectural dreams, never came before the death of a close friend, one of whose few lacks of a complete human equipment was decorative taste. My own lack there is conspicuous, even among my other lacks, and I have not been able, nor have I tried very hard, to keep out of my mind the suggestion that this friend is playing upon me telepathically and half humorously, to hint that the lack is made up in the new life, and to help along my deficiencies here. I by no means accept this half-sportive fancy as fact, and probably would not have been visited by it at all but for far stronger indications of survival. My most important *conviction* regarding the source of the creations I am about to describe, is merely that it is outside of me.

I dream long suites of rooms apparently designed more as receptacles for objects of art than for ordinary occupancy.

Each has a few bits of exquisite furniture, including cabinets, but little other furniture besides hangings and ornaments. These all surpass anything I have ever seen. The rooms vary a great deal in their historic and geographic sources, but so far as I can judge, are always in strict harmony with those and in themselves. I do not recall anything classic or ante-classic, or even "Empire," though some go back to Louis XV. The sources are China, Japan, post-classic Europe (France preponderating), and the English inspirations (partly imported, as we know) that we associate with colonial America. None of the exquisite Greek furniture and decoration, though I admire it profoundly.

In waking life I am rather given to pronounced colors. But the coloring of these dream-rooms is always subdued, so subdued that if while awake I should try to work in such colors, the result would be simply dead. But in my dreams it is inspiring. Those who collect accounts of dreams say that they generally lack color—are like engravings in black and white. Mine are wondrous harmonies of color. My dream-walls are nearly always covered with silk or satin hangings, sometimes perhaps velvet, and every article of furniture or bric-à-brac in one of the rooms is in absolute harmony with its general color scheme. My most definite recollection is of one in a pinkish grey, and I think it was in it that I saw two marvelous cloisonné vases, which are the only things I distinctly remember. The other articles in the rooms—carvings, lacquers, enamels, ceramics—have faded away, but not so my conviction, with them before me, that I had never seen them approached elsewhere. Whose Ideas are they? Certainly not mine.

I wander through these rooms with great delight, going perhaps from a grey one into one all black and gold, or into a silver and blue one—always a very subdued blue—or into one in faint pink, or buff. It may be Chinese or Japanese or Louis Quinze or Colonial. *I always wonder what the next is to be.* How does this consist with the notion that they were made by *me?*

At least two of these dreams have been in great shops of Oriental goods, beside which nearly all I have seen in actual(?) shops were coarse and commonplace. One of the

shops seemed to be in Boston. In the center was a circular revolving fortification with guns on top, and manned by splendidly dressed automata. A visitor in this shop was a woman of great beauty, apparently a European of rank, with whom I had a very delicate piquante but dignified flirtation, if a flirtation can ever be dignified. I got little more than a word, or gesture as she left that meant *au revoir*. I suppose I made her too, with all her nuances—I who have been accused of not having a nuance in my composition!

In one of these dreams I(?) gradually converted a room in a farmhouse into a great baronial hall—a very cheerful one, though very impressive, of splendid architecture; and while I was looking around it with great delight, in came a lot of jolly fellows in beautiful bronze armor covered with raised arabesques, and executed a dance. All *my* work, of course!

Here is one of a vastly different order.

Some apparently plain empty brick commercial buildings, whose approximate counterparts I seem to have seen somewhere about town or about some other town, I dreamed to be really not unoccupied, but secretly devoted to the display, to a select few in advance of current non-Greek and Puritanical prejudices, of the human form divine, especially in its feminine manifestations. The prejudices that require costume of a sort were, however, more rigidly respected than sometimes I have lately seen them on the stage, and though much of this costume consisted of "tights," something in the nature of robes was always provided, though not more than enough to emphasize what exhibition of Nature's lines there was. The costuming, the tableaux, and the pantomimes were far ahead of any similar art I have ever seen: they far surpassed "Sumurûn," for instance, my recent sight of which I suppose had something to do with the dreams, as undoubtedly had recent newspaper accounts of an artistic exhibition in Vienna or Berlin (I forget which) that was less conservative—in fact not conservative at all regarding costume.

Now "Sumurûn" was the work of one of the most accomplished masters in the world. Yet I am called upon to believe that, without any training or effort whatever, I sur-

passed him! I find it easier to believe, not solely because I want to, but because to such judicial capacities as I can summon up, it seems more rational to believe, that the work was done by some power greater than I.

A few days later than the foregoing dream I had one of still a new variety—pantomimes and masquerade balls, with burlesques of many kinds. I cannot remember details, but the tricks and costumes were far superior to any I could devise, or any I ever saw, even in the old Ravel days at Niblo's. Of course it was all my work—I who take very little interest in the present-day stage, and balls! I enjoyed them that night, though.

That I myself should have done things so far beyond me in architecture and bric-à-brac is preposterous enough, and when it comes to my having done them in these new departments, the theory, in spite of all the conceit I may have, is geometrically harder to believe than that they were done by an outside power. That I am fit to be its vehicle satisfies all the demands of the aforesaid conceit.

People talk of dreams as at best mere jumbles of fragments of memory. Were my beautiful buildings, streets, rooms, objects of art, armor, ordered dance, mere jumbles? Their orderly arrangement, as well as their beauty, have not been equaled in my waking experience.

It is tantalizing to write of these things from faded memories. And of course you will be skeptical as to their having really deserved the adjectives I cannot help lavishing on them. But I assure you that, although I am not in my waking hours devoted to bric-à-brac, farther than wanting decently good though not elaborate or expensive surroundings, no visible thing of man's creation, except the higher form of art in a few paintings, has given me the pleasure that came from those dreams.

About dreams, we all know little enough, but the more I have read regarding them, the more I am impressed with *how* little. For instance, almost every writer takes pains to say that dreams almost entirely lack color, and the scenery in them is likened to engravings. Dr. Bucke, if I remember rightly,

uses that fact(?) in demonstration of the late evolution of the color sense. Now my dreams have always had just as much color as my waking life, and when I dream works of art, vastly better arranged; and my sensibility to color in waking life seems entirely normal.

In spite of my keenest waking art-susceptibility being restricted to pictures and music, I never had any dreams of very great music, or more than one dream of pictures, and they, while good, were not extraordinary. But I could no more myself have made them, not to speak of the other things, than I could knock the peak off the Matterhorn. Pardon my repeating my belief that the other things were the work of intelligence outside of mine, and superior to any on earth.

The writings of Fechner, Du Prel, Myers, and other wise men, pay me the undeserved compliment of saying that those dreams were created by a submerged portion of my own wits. Then why has not the faculty ever come to the surface when I am awake? I never, waking, did an artistic thing worthy of notice. When I plan a building, I have to go to somebody else to make it fit to look at. I can write things that a few people read, and during nearly all my long life I have made noises on various musical instruments, including my own larynx, that did not always drive people with ordinary taste from the room; *but never in my dreams have I seen or heard anything extraordinary in the arts where I have some trifling capacity; while in some arts where I have no capacity at all, I have from childhood seen things more beautiful than any human being has ever made.*

Dr. Bucke (*op. cit.*) would make the absence of music insignificant, because, he says, there is no music in the dream life, and uses that as a corollary of the very late development of music. There again my experience differs. I have dreamed music several times (though not nearly as good as my(?) architecture and bric-à-brac, which latter fact goes to support his thesis), and Mr. Kelley tells me that many of his themes have come to him in dreams.

And how about Tartini, and Rousseau and nearly everybody

else who has dreamed of the heavenly choruses *in articulo,* and got back?

The notion that *I* made in my dreams the beautiful things so far beyond my capacity—some of them beyond anybody's —seems ridiculous. Well, if I didn't, who did? Perhaps they "just growed," like Topsy. But if it hadn't been for Mrs. Stowe, Topsy wouldn't have growed, and if it hadn't been for a power outside of Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Stowe wouldn't have growed; and I believe that if it hadn't been for a power outside of those that constitute "me," as ordinarily considered, those dreams wouldn't have growed. "As ordinarily considered!" But as more deeply considered, is it not simplest to suppose that the World Soul flows through each of us, and brought Mrs. Stowe Topsy, and brought me my dreams? This is only the inspiration that artists always claim.

A dream is a work of genius, and in many respects, perhaps most, especially in vividness of imagination, the best example we have; and since I first wrote this paragraph, I have come across a perfect nest of statements from various eminent writers to similar effect—generally in the converse, however—that every work of genius is a dream. Whose genius? We are all geniuses that far. Of all works of genius, a dream is the most spontaneous, constructed with the least effort from fewest materials, the least restrained, and often immeasurably surpassing all works of waking genius in the same department. A genius gets a trifling hint, and being inspired by the gods (anthropomorphic for flowed in upon by the cosmic soul?) builds out of the hint a poem or a drama or a symphony. You and I build dreams surpassing the poem or the drama or the symphony, but our friends Dryasdust and Myopia inquire into our experiences, and sometimes find a little hint on which a dream was built, and then all dreams are demonstrated things unworthy of serious consideration. Is it not a more rational view that the fact that the soul can in the dream state elaborate so much from so little, indicates it to be then already in a life which has no limits?

The frequent contempt for dreams is partly because we cannot all remember them vividly enough even to describe

their general nature, much less to write or draw or paint them out, though Coleridge and Stevenson could write them out. I should have to draw and paint mine—I who cannot draw and paint as well as the poorest amateur! And yet forsooth it was I who made the originals! Could any proposition be more absurd, unless the one that there is another I, whom no mortal being ever knew, whom I don't know myself, and yet who is as much I as the one we know, and who is a transcendent genius?

Even although on nights when I have those dreams my sleep is somewhat interrupted, and I need a great deal, I find myself, after not over five or six hours of it in the aggregate, without the slightest indication, even in response to a rough physiological test, of having used up any brain tissue in constructing the dream, but feeling rather as if I had been supplied with more than I took to bed: I usually get up bright and cheerful, without the slightest sense of fatigue, after nights in which I experience architecture and bric-à-brac that in quantity and quality represent in one night dozens of lifetimes of work for great artists, and I am no artist at all. Plainly, I don't do that work. Who does?

Now, having amiably waded through some of my experience by way of introduction, will you, as in the other departments, turn to the experience of others?

Dreams have not been really studied much until very lately, though there has been an enormous amount of quack writing about them ever since writing was invented. The attention of the S. P. R. has been, not unnaturally, more given to the dreams of hypnosis and somnambulism than to those of ordinary sleep—partly because, especially in hypnosis, they can be better observed. Among the best books available in English are the translation of Du Prel, Havelock Ellis's *The World of Dreams,* and, many think, Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams.* The latest work I know is in two good articles by Mr. H. Addington Bruce in the *Outlook* for August 19 and December 9, 1911.

It will probably be just as well to consider all dreams pell-mell. The gradation from ordinary to somnambulic is too gradual for the division to be worth noticing, and though

there is apparently a distinct division between the sources of dreams hypnotically induced and others, their phenomena differ only in being subject to suggestion from the hypnotizer.

The question is not met by insisting that, despite all appearance to the contrary, dreams are auto-suggestions. Trances may be auto-suggested, but there is no proof that their dreams are. Some may be, but certainly not all.

Let me remind you of what I suggested in explanation of Mrs. Piper's trances—that there are hosts of cases where people who "imagine things" produce in themselves many of the phenomena produced by hypnotists, including sleep, insensibility, and waking hallucination. Some hysterical people can "see" pretty much anything they please, and perhaps more things that they don't please—their very dreads giving them visions of the things dreaded. But there are very few people who can dream about what they want to.

Many dreams, instead of being self-induced, are direct responses to touches, sounds, and even sights: for a light brought near a sleeper's eyes has set the alarm bells ringing, and called out the fire departments; so has the clashing together of shovel and tongs; and a few drops of water on the face has produced a dream of showers, with umbrellas, goloshes, raincoats, and scamperings, and the usual humorous happenings. The sleepers have actually been awakened by the various contacts causing the dreams, and yet have reported long dreams. Hence the proof of the superiority of the dream state to time.

Among dreams thus suggested, one of the most remarkable is given in full in nearly all the books, and in Mr. Bruce's article. It is one of many illustrations of a difference between our standards and the wider sweep of things. So commonplace an event as the falling of a curtain rod upon Maury's neck produces a great historic pageant of judicial procedure, popular manifestations, and public execution by guillotine. It is no less a great historic pageant because only one man saw it, and he in his sleep; and it could have been no more of one if it had been seen by a million, though it might then have passed into history, with important results, as have the events on which it was based.

Here again these events taking place, with hundreds of participants, and witnessed by only one man in his sleep, are a comment on our scale of values. They suggest what has been said before and illustrated by the Parthenon and Mona Lisa. What the dreamer saw was, in a sense, one copy of fragments of the "Idea" which, in its highest rendering, was the French Revolution. We haven't words clearly to express this thought, and yet to me it seems a very clear thought, and one opening up wide vistas. I hope I am not boring you by repeating it in so many ways. You will get it none too clearly, assuming it to be worth getting at all.

Regarding this famous dream, Ellis (p. 213, note) says that it (as Egger has pointed out) was probably not written down until thirteen years later [and therefore] is not entitled to serious consideration. That remark can hardly apply to its main features. It is well to draw the line carefully, but when a doubtful account agrees with an enormous preponderance of evidence, there is such a thing as drawing the line *too* carefully.

The same superiority to time is true in trance approximating death. Admiral Beaufort falls overboard, and when on the verge of death, is pulled out. The whole immersion is but two minutes, but in the last seconds of that time he experiences a panoramic review of his whole life in minute detail, with hosts of forgotten events and reflections on their causes, consequences, and moral relations. Similar facts are true of an anonymous lady, vouched for by Fechner, and in hosts of other recorded instances.

As nerve processes take time, long dreams proved to have been instantaneous must have been independent of time. Does this mean that the subliminal self is superior to time or, in perhaps better phrase, that a dream is an inflow of the world soul, knowing all things, to which present, past, and future are the same?

As the events of a long dream often precede the cause of them, is the subliminal self superior to the law of cause and effect—is it the world-soul?

As the subliminal self is thus demonstrated superior to the slowness of nerve function, is its association with nerve necessarily permanent? Can soul exist only in connection with

body, or is there a world-soul which temporarily animates the body while the body lasts, and through it develops a new eternal individuality which is part of itself? Is there an inflow from the Power greater than ourselves, but including ourselves, which not only as Motion does our breathing, circulating, and secreting, but as Mind does our dreaming, feeling, and thinking? I hope you're not tired of the question.

After citing many cases which provoke these reflections Du Prel (*Philosophy of Mysticism,* I, 93) observes what has often been observed in some shape or other: "Man has a double consciousness, the empirical with its physiological measure of time, and a transcendental with another measure of time peculiar to itself." And he declares that the transcendental emerges in our dreams. But of course he lays it all up to man, rather than go back on the late-nineteenth-century repugnance from anything that could be identified with the old-fashioned God.

The same independence of limiting conditions that marks dreaming and drowning (or dying?) seems to mark the inspirations of genius. Du Prel quotes this from Mozart:

(*Op. cit.,* I, 105-6): "Mozart has made the following interesting statement about his own productive faculty: 'When I am all right and in good spirits, either in a carriage or walking, and at night when I cannot sleep, thoughts come streaming in and at their best. Whence and how I know not—I cannot make out. The things which occur to me I keep in my head, and hum them also to myself—at least, so others have told me. If I stick to it, there soon come one after another useful crumbs for the pie, according to counterpoint, harmony of the different instruments, etc. This now inflames my soul, that is, if I am not disturbed. Then it keeps on growing, and I keep on expanding it and making it more distinct, and the thing, however long it may be, becomes, indeed, almost finished in my head, so that I can afterwards survey it in spirit like a beautiful picture or a fine person, and also hear it in imagination—not indeed successively, as by-and-by it must come out, but as all together. That is a delight! All the invention and construction go on in me as in a fine, strong dream. But the overhearing it all at once is still the best.' Mozart did not foresee how interesting would be his involuntary comparison with dreaming.... One is involuntarily reminded of Luther's forcible saying: 'God sees time not lengthwise, but crosswise; all is in a heap before him...' with the intuitive cognition of genius ... that, which to the man of ordinary reflection appears as a temporal succession, is changed into a juxtaposition to be surveyed at a glance."

Lombroso gives the following (*After Death, What?*, 320f.):

"It is well known that in his dreams Goethe solved many weighty scientific problems and put into words many most beautiful verses. So also La Fontaine (*The Fable of Pleasures*) and Coleridge and Voltaire. Bernard Palissy had in a dream the inspiration for one of his most beautiful ceramic pieces.....

"Holde composed while in a dream *La Phantasie,* which reflects in its harmony its origin; and Nodier created *Lydia,* and at the same time a whole theory on the future of dreaming. Condillac in dream finished a lecture interrupted the evening before. Kruger, Corda, and Maignan solved in dreams mathematical problems and theorems. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his *Chapters on Dreams,* confesses that portions of his most original novels were composed in the dreaming state. Tartini had while dreaming one of his most portentous musical inspirations. It was April (he says), and through the half-open window of his little room there was blowing a smart breeze, when all at once his eyelids drooped, then closed, and it seemed to him that he saw a spectral form approaching him. It is Beelzebub in person. He holds a magic violin in his hands, and the sonata begins. It is a divine adagio, melancholy-sweet, a lament, a dizzy succession of rapid and intense notes. Tartini rouses himself, leaps out of bed, seizes his violin, and reproduces on the magical instrument all that he had heard played in his sleep. He names it the *Sonata del Diavolo,* one of the best of his works."

Regarding this, Ellis says, in effect, that Tartini didn't really reproduce the dream, but came as near it as he could. That has nothing to do with the question of the *source* of the dream.

"Giovanni Dupré [Lombroso continues] got in a dream the conception of his very beautiful *Pietà.* One sultry summer day Dupré was lying on a divan thinking hard on what kind of pose he should choose for the Christ. He fell asleep, and in dream he saw the entire group at last complete, with Christ in the very pose he had been aspiring to conceive, but which his mind had not succeeded in completely realizing."

It is a quite frequent experience that a person perplexed by a problem at night finds it solved on waking in the morning. Efforts to remember, which are unsuccessful before going to sleep, on waking are often found accomplished. The speculation that the feat is performed by a stratum of

mind deeper than the waking one, I have already noted. Another theory, which seems inevitably correct in some cases, is that the faculties are refreshed by sleep, and by the flow of the blood to the brain while the body is horizontal after waking (during sleep the brain ordinarily has less blood than during waking); and that soon after waking the problem is solved. The misty glimpse of a possible hypnotic influence from the cosmic soul may perhaps be cleared up a little by the following case of recovered memory given by Dr. Joire in the *Revue de l'Hypnotisme* for August, 1909, and condensed in the *Annals of Psychical Science* for January-March, 1910. Some months before an inventor had lost a drawing, and could not reproduce it. He was hypnotized, and it was suggested to him somewhat in detail that his memory was passing backward over the intervening time until he was told that he was reproducing the drawing.

"'Now you will live over again this period of your life with the greatest accuracy. You are aware of the defects in existing arc lamps, you wish to abolish them; you have thought of a new device, you begin to see the details clearly, you are going to draw a sketch on one of these cards, you take your pen and you draw!'

"All this time Mr. F.'s face expressed profound concentration; he suddenly took his pen and commenced a design, paused, seemed to make mental calculations, then went on adding letters and signs, but after a few attempts he threw it on the ground with a look of great annoyance, and a second design which he commenced after some reflection was discarded in the same way.

"A longer pause followed; then his hand wrote slowly and automatically: 'It is the poles of the induction currents which must be reversed. I must have two successive contacts reversed each time.'

"His expression became calm; he put the sheet gently on one side and took another, on which he began to draw a complicated design without pause or hesitation; when finished, he examined it carefully, and said in a low voice: 'There, I've hit on it at last,' and at once passed into a state of profound sleep.

"When I awoke him in the customary manner he stared at the sketch with the greatest surprise. 'Why, that is my design which I have been seeking for six months! Did I do that? How is it possible? It is incomprehensible!' He had no recollection of having made the other two, which were quite useless, but when he saw what he had written on the third card,

he exclaimed: 'Why, I must have written that, too! It is just the crux of the whole thing, and the solution is here, in my sketch!'... He remembered distinctly seeing the days, weeks, and months pass before his mental vision in reverse order. For instance, in the case of a journey to Lille, which had taken place in August, he first saw his return, then the journey, then his stay at the seaside, and so on, including many minute details which had completely escaped his memory, such as a bicycle on the railway platform, a cloak left on a seat, and similar facts.... He remembers nothing of what occurred when he was working at the problem, probably because the required knowledge lay in a much deeper stratum of consciousness, and that, in order to regain it, he passed into a more profound somnambulism."

Mr. Bruce's articles are the latest summary on Dreams that I know of, and a very intelligent one: so I will use an outline of those articles as a thread on which to string some comments on the present position of science on the general subject.

He begins his explanations with the calm statement (*Outlook* for 1911, p. 868): "Modern science can give a satisfactory explanation for all exceptional dreams on purely naturalistic grounds," and then proceeds to show how. He first successfully applies "modern science" to some dreams indicating the whereabouts of lost articles by alleging subconscious memories of dropping or mislaying of the articles being revived in the dreams. He thus condenses a good illustration of subconscious memories from Miss Goodrich-Freer's experiences in crystal-gazing:

"I saw in the crystal a pool of blood (as it seemed to me) lying on the pavement at the corner of a terrace close to my door. This suggested nothing to me. Then I remembered that I had passed over that spot in the course of a walk of a few hundred yards home from the circulating library; and that, the street being empty, I had been looking into the books as I walked. Afterwards I found that my boots and the bottom of my dress were stained with red paint, which I must have walked through unobservingly."

He also gives the classic case that I have given of the death advertisement in Miss Goodrich-Freer's crystal, and adds that if, instead of the crystal announcement,

"Miss Goodrich-Freer had had a dream in which the dead friend appeared to her and solemnly said, 'I have had a long

period of suffering, but it is over now.' And suppose that the next day word had been received of the friend's death, Miss Goodrich-Freer meanwhile having completely forgotten that she had glanced at the 'Times.' Would this not have been on a par with many of the dreams that bring amazement and consternation to their dreamers?"

But my constructive dreams don't happen to be of that kind. Mr. Bruce goes on, however, to account for constructive dreams, and disposes of them thus:

"Always, it is to be noted, the creative dreams are of a kind appropriate to the waking thoughts and activities of the dreamer. Robert Louis Stevenson, a writer of stories, gets the plots of stories in dream. He does not, like Tartini, get a 'Devil's Sonata,' nor yet the conception for a valuable innovation in commercial architecture, such as was dreamed by the Pacific Coast architect.... Whatever chiefly concerns a man's conscious thoughts will be the chief concern of his subconscious thinking, awake or asleep."

The same paradox has often been remarked, but it is, as I have shown, the exact opposite of much of my constructive sleeping experience, and I seldom dream of "what chiefly concerns [my] conscious thoughts." I have also seen it denied, in some good place, that even the majority do.

Regarding dreams which solve problems, he seems to me to give away the case in the words I italicize below. Speaking of a dreamer who had been enabled to solve a problem he uses words which would apply to him as representing a class.

"Consciously he had formulated and rejected many tentative interpretations. All the while, his tireless poring over the problem was adding to the *store of his subconscious as well as conscious percepts* relating to it. Subconsciously he would be ever approaching closer to the solution which, in his case, was *finally* attained while he slept, being presented to him, in accordance with the recognized tendency of the sleeping consciousness to dramatize its material, in the form of a weird dream-story."

"The store of his subconscious percepts" seems to me pure assumption, a contradiction in terms, and directly descended from the question-begging term the subliminal self. The facts I have italicized do not explain the case any more than the phrase subliminal self, in its original use, ever explained

anything. Letting his "subconscious" mean an inflow from the cosmic mind, suggests an explanation.

Mr. Bruce goes on to dispose of premonitory dreams. I give part of his illustrations.

He states the unquestionable fact that—and here I shall take a farther liberty of italicizing a couple of little words:

"Another and more difficult problem is presented by well-authenticated dreams that involve coincidental action at a distance, although there is reason for believing that many even of these have a very simple explanation.... This might ... be said of the Brooklyn lady's dream symbolizing the death of her son-in-law, *if only* we could be sure that the news of the death was already known to other members of her household, so that she might have heard them talking about it."

Yes, "if only." Is this "modern science"?

But here is some modern science which Mr. Bruce is entirely justified in using:

"Even so, it would not be necessary to introduce a ghostly agency as an explanatory factor. For there is the possibility that the news was conveyed to her mind from the mind of her sorrowing daughter by telepathy, or thought transference."

Elsewhere Mr. Bruce says:

"Nor need we go beyond subconscious perception to explain premonitory dreams. [True of many, but not all. H.H.] When it is a dream of disease or death impending for the dreamer, there is always the possibility that ... disease had already so far progressed as to cause organic changes occasioning sensations too slight to be appreciated by the waking consciousness, but sufficient to stimulate the sleeping consciousness to activity. When the dream relates to the illness of someone other than the dreamer, it is safe [sometimes: yes. H.H.] to assume that, consciously or subconsciously, an inkling of the state of that other person's health had been obtained by the dreamer before the dream."

He would have done well to let in telepathy again.

Among interesting cases Mr. Bruce treats the following:

"A lady dreamed that, entering her drawing-room after church, she saw five dark little spots on the new carpet, and that these turned out to be holes burned into the carpet. The next day was Sunday, and she went to church as usual. On her return she visited the drawing-room, where she found that a careless housemaid had dropped some hot coals on the carpet, causing

five little burned patches. Akin to this is Mr. Frederick Greenwood's dream of the dead hand.

"'One night,' says Mr. Greenwood, 'I dreamed that, making a call on some matter of business, I was shown into a fine great drawing-room and asked to wait. Accordingly I went over to the fireplace, in the usual English way, preparing to wait there. And there, after the same fashion, I lounged with my arm upon the mantelpiece; but only for a few moments. For, feeling that my fingers had rested on something strangely cold, I looked, and saw that they lay on a dead hand: a woman's hand newly cut from the wrist.

"'Though I woke in horror on the instant, this dream was quite forgotten—at any rate, for the time—when I did next day make a call on some unimportant matter of business, was shown into a pretty little room adorned with various knick-knacks, and then was asked to wait. Glancing by chance toward the mantelpiece (the dream of the previous night still forgotten), what should I see but the hand of a mummy, broken from the wrist. It was a very little hand, and on it was a ring that would have been a "gem ring" if the dull red stone in it had been genuinely precious. Wherefore I concluded that it was a woman's hand.'

"Neither this dream nor that of the burned holes in the carpet served any useful purpose, or any purpose whatever. Yet they pointed as directly and vividly to future events... as do the numerous dreams on record predicting the illness or death of the dreamer or of one of the dreamer's friends. There is reason, then, for inferring that the mechanism in all such cases is much the same. Either they are all 'supernatural dreams' or there is nothing supernatural in any of them. [Isn't this going a little fast? H.H.] On the other hand, they cannot be dismissed by raising the cry of 'chance coincidence' or by insinuating that possibly the tellers of the dreams did not adhere strictly to the truth.

"The element of the marvelous is equally obliterated from such dreams as those of the dead hand and the holes burned in the carpet, when we take into consideration, as we are bound to do, the possibilities of subconscious mental action. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, thinking of the business call he had to make next day, would be reminded of the house he was to visit, and this would readily serve to evoke in his sleeping consciousness a memory of the mummy's hand on the mantelpiece."

But he did not notice it on the first visit, and it was hardly a thing as apt to escape notice as, for instance, words often are to be read without their meaning being grasped. But admitting unconscious memory, the dream was not like

the crystal gazer's of the thing as seen, but of a natural hand. Was Mr. Greenwood a sculptor? If not, who restored the hand? The same power that makes my objects of art?

Mr. Bruce continues:

"As to the dream of the holes in the carpet, the probability is that they were burned into the carpet the night before the dream, not the day after it, and that the dreamer saw them, 'out of the corner of her eye,' as she passed the drawing-room on her way to bed. Otherwise her dream is inexplicable on any hypothesis, even that of 'spirit agency.' It is preposterous to imagine that 'spirits' would trouble themselves with notifying anxious housewives of the imminence of trifling domestic mishaps."

Very good! But isn't Mr. Bruce's idea of "spirits" a little out of date? They may be, like "subliminal self," mere names for little more than phenomena not yet explained; but the latest phenomena attributed to them abound in the attention of alleged "spirits" to trifles—to the things, in fact, big and little, which made us love them here.

Freud improves on DuPrel with a "buried complex" which Mr. Bruce describes as follows (*Outlook,* August 19, 1911). It consists of:

"the persistence, in the way of subconscious memories, of long-forgotten happenings having a profound emotional significance—frights, griefs, worries, shocks of various kinds, secret desires, and so forth.....

"The theory... is that the memories in question are forgotten by the upper consciousness simply because they are of a painful character, or of a character otherwise incompatible with the best interests of the one who experienced them. But, although thus repressed and thrust from consciousness, they are far from being blotted out. Subconsciously they remain as vivid and intense as when first experienced; and, in addition, they perpetually seek to assert themselves and appear once more in the field of conscious memory. Such is the human constitution, however, that they can do this only on condition of being so transformed that the upper consciousness shall not recognize them for what they really are."

But where do they "remain," and whence do they "appear once more"? Does the individual mind contain infinity? And why is "the human constitution such that... the upper

consciousness shall not recognize them for what they really are"? This is too wholesale, like the remark a little way back about all dreams or no dreams being supernatural: the upper consciousness does very often recognize them.

Wouldn't the case be better put as virtually all philosophers would put it if they carried to its logical outcome a precious notion that they all pick up and admire and then merely put in their pockets—the notion that all experiences are stored in a cosmic reservoir from which they tend to flow back, but often, owing to changed conditions, get back in changed shapes?

Mr. Bruce goes on to interpret Freud. I have read his principal work, and am content to let Mr. Bruce speak for me:

"One form of transformation, in the case of persons predisposed by conditions of heredity and environment, is into the symptoms of hysteria.... In the case of normal persons the process of transformation does not involve such violent manifestations of the underlying psychic energy, which 'works itself off' quite peacefully by various channels, and notably through the medium of dreams. In truth, every dream, according to the theory of Freud, is symbolical, and on close analysis will be found related to, and expressive of, some secret, subconscious emotional complex. Besides which, Freud finds a strong 'wish' element in all dreams, and has even ventured to sum up his theory of dreams in the single formula: Every dream at bottom represents the imaginary fulfilment of an ungratified wish.

"Now, while I am not prepared to indorse the Freudian hypothesis in its entirety, and while I am inclined to agree with Morton Prince, Boris Sidis, and Havelock Ellis in holding that Freud, as regards both hysteria and dreams, has allowed the passion for generalization to carry him to a rash extreme, I am nevertheless convinced that he has furnished the necessary clue to the solution of the problem immediately before us—the problem of the strange influence exercised over our dreams by trivial incidents of the waking state.

"During the day I do a hundred and one things; I talk with many people. Somebody casually mentions to me the name of John Smith, and that night I have a vivid dream with John Smith figuring in it. It is not because I am very much interested in him that I dream about him; I may not have a speaking acquaintance with him. I dream about him because the mention of his name has, consciously or subconsciously, stirred within me, by association of ideas, a memory of some one or some thing that is, or was once, of keen emotional significance to me."

Very well said, and very illuminating—for part of the way. But no emotional complex has been complexed into the things my dreams show immeasurably beyond my powers or my wisdom or my foresight. The "emotional complex" of course is the same sort of a basket as the subliminal self. But I don't want to suggest for a moment that part of what is usually attributed to the subliminal self may not belong as nearly permanently in a man's psyche as pretty much anything else does. But skepticism as to how much is permanent seems on the increase.

Despite my exceptions, I am glad again to refer the reader to Mr. Bruce's articles as a good and interesting summary of most of what science yet has to say on the subject—and compared with its importance, that is precious little.

Now for a few ideas from Mr. Ellis. He says (*World of Dreams,* p. 12):

"When I read dream narratives of landscapes which, as described, appear at every point as beautiful and impressive to waking consciousness as they appeared to dreaming consciousness, I usually suspect that granting the good faith and accuracy of the narrator, we are really concerned, not with dreams in the proper sense, but with visions experienced under more abnormal conditions, and especially with drug visions."

To my experience the passage appears very strange, in that it seems to regard a dream equal to waking experience of the beautiful, as in any way remarkable—let alone so remarkable as to be accounted for only by drugs. I dreamed such dreams in childhood, and since I have been old enough to know what architecture and bric-à-brac are, I dream galore of things that nobody's waking experience has approached, and I never take any "drug" more powerful than alcohol, or that beyond rather unusual moderation.

One indication that the dream-state is the superior state, is this ignorance regarding it displayed by people of high intelligence. An illustration is given by Bucke (*op. cit.,* 38):

"A study of dreaming seems to reveal the fact that in sleep such mind as we have differs from our waking mind, especially by being more primitive... the more modern mental faculties,

such as color sense, musical sense, self-consciousness, the human moral nature, have no existence in this condition, or if any of them do occur it is only as a rare exception."

This chapter contains abundant evidence to the contrary.

One school of commentators believes that we dream all the while we are asleep. Ellis says (p. 14):

"Locke, Macnish, and Carpenter held that deep sleep is dreamless; this is also the opinion of Wundt, Beaunis, Strümpell, Weygandt, Hammond, and Jastrow. Moreover, there are some people, like Lessing, who, so far as they know, never dream at all. My own personal experience scarcely inclines me to accept without qualification the belief that we are always dreaming during sleep."

This opinion tapers down to a school believing that we dream only at the moment of waking. Some think, and with apparent warrant, that the best dreams, especially the somnambulic ones, are in the deepest sleep. Hypnotic dreams, being accompanied at the will of the operator by insensibility to pain, suggest deep sleep, except in relation to communication with the operator. On the other hand, the most significant dreams I ever had were brief and closed by waking, and in most of the recorded experimental dreams, and apparently some casual ones, the exciting cause has been followed almost instantly by waking. Ellis, with his passion for drawing everything into the limits of ordinary experience —for, unconsciously perhaps, ignoring the transcendent universe—has tried to controvert the impression that the dream state is superior to limitations of time, as we all know it is of space, but, it seems to me, without convincing success.

His book is instructive and charming, but is mainly restricted to the mere machinery of dreams, attempting to show how all varieties of them can be brought about by physical sensations reviving complexes of memory. Nowhere is there any satisfactory accounting for things greater than memory, much less for things opposed to memory, though at the end the doors and blinds are opened, and the free entrance of such things admitted. Yet even there, as in DuPrel already mentioned to the same effect, is no naming of anything which anybody might be tempted to call God, and in the early part of the book there is an obvious, though probably unconscious,

effort to get along without any such thing—just such an effort as I would myself have made during the reaction against the old religions caused in the latter half of the last century by the evolutionary philosophy.

But if the following passages from Ellis do not mean that the various processes he has so ingeniously unraveled result in throwing the mind open to the Cosmic Inflow, and having it do the things which he has ignored, or unsatisfactorily accounted for, I cannot make out what they do mean—and possibly he did not try to himself: for much of it is poetry.

(Page 229.) "The voluntary field becomes narrower, but the involuntary field becomes extended. [Rather! But how? H.H.] Thus it happens that the contents of our minds fall into a new order, an order which is often fantastic but, on the other hand, is sometimes a more natural and even a more rational order than that we attain in waking life. Our eyes close, our muscles grow slack, the reins fall from our hands. But it sometimes happens that the horse knows the road home even better than we know it ourselves."

He puts the horse outside of the dreamer plainly enough here.

(Page 226.) "So remote are we to-day from the world of our dreams [or from anything else but the world of the dollar. H.H.] that we very rarely draw from them the inspiration of our waking lives."

(Page 278.) "Dreaming is thus one of our roads into the infinite. And it is interesting to observe how we obtain it—by limitation. The circle of our conscious life is narrowed during sleep; it is even by a process of psychic dissociation broken up into fragments. From that narrowed and broken-up consciousness the outlook becomes vaster and more mysterious, full of strange and unsuspected fascination, and the possibilities of new experiences, just as a philosophic mite inhabiting a universe consisting of a Stilton cheese would probably be compelled to regard everything outside the cheese as belonging to the realm of the Infinite. In reality, if we think of it, all our visions of the infinite are similarly conditioned. It is only by emphasizing our finiteness that we ever become conscious of the infinite."

(Pages 279-80.) "Yet, while there is thus a real sense in which dreams produce their effect by the retraction of the field of consciousness and the limitation of the psychic activities which mark ordinary life, it remains true that if we take into

account the complete psychic life of dreaming, subconscious as well as conscious, it is waking, not sleeping, life which may be said to be limited. Thus it is, as we have seen, that the most fundamental and the most primitive forms of psychic life, as well as the rarest and the most abnormal, all seem to have their prototype in the vast world of dreams. Sleep, Vaschide has said, is not, as Homer thought, the brother of Death, but of Life, and, it may be added, the elder brother....."

On p. 280 he quotes from Bergson (*Revue Philosophique,* December, 1908, p. 574):

"This dream state is the substratum of our normal state. Nothing is added in waking life; on the contrary, waking life is obtained by the limitation, concentration, and tension of that diffuse psychological life which is the life of dreaming. The perception and the memory which we find in dreaming are, in a sense, more natural than those of waking life: consciousness is then amused in perceiving for the sake of perceiving, and in remembering for the sake of remembering, without care for life, that is to say for the accomplishment of actions. To be awake is to eliminate, to choose, to concentrate the totality of the diffused life of dreaming to a point, to a practical problem. To be awake is to will; cease to will, detach yourself from life, become disinterested: in so doing you pass from the waking ego to the dreaming ego, which is less *tense,* but more *extended* than the other."

What's all this but opening up the way to the Cosmic Inflow?

Ellis resumes:

(Page 281.) "I have cultivated, so far as I care to, my garden of dreams, and it scarcely seems to me that it is a large garden. Yet every path of it, I sometimes think, might lead at last to the heart of the universe."

Dreams Telepathically Induced

In Pr. XI, 235ff. there is a very suggestive paper by Dr. G. B. Ermacora in which he gives an account of some telepathically induced dreams. These, however, are not, like thousands of others, plain hypnotism, and are blended with an element that strongly suggests spiritism. Signora Maria Manzini was a sensitive, and had a child-control, Elvira, who manifested by heteromatic writing. Signora Manzini had also a little cousin Angelina Cavazzoni, about four and a half years old at the time of the experiments.

Here are some specimens of what took place. Dr. Ermacora says (Pr. XI, 236-52):

"I received from Sig^na Maria a letter dated September 23rd, of which I give a part.....

"'..... Yesterday Angelina arrived and slept with me. Last night I was sleepless and crying.... The child was, I am sure, wide awake, and all at once I saw her put out her hands as if to catch something. I said to her, "Be quiet and go to sleep." Then she said, "Do you not see, Aunt," (Angelina calls Sig^na Maria aunt, although really she is her cousin, but not of the same generation) "that beautiful child?" I looked at the pictures in the room, for at that particular moment I was not thinking of spirits. And she added, "Are you deaf; don't you hear her speaking? And she says to me that you should not weep, but that you should sleep." Then I bethought myself of the little Elvira, and I asked Angelina, "How is she dressed?" She replied, "She has a beautiful blue pinafore, Aunt; make one like it for me to-morrow." Then nothing more passed. But this morning, the first thing for which she asked me, before I had spoken to her, was the pinafore like that of the little girl. It may be nothing, but to-day I shall try to make her write (automatically), and shall watch whether she hears herself spoken to.'

"[E.] On October 18th, 1892, I returned to Padua, and on the same evening I recommenced experimenting with Sig^na Maria with automatic writing.

"The personality *Elvira* manifested itself and at once asked after Angelina, and, without being questioned, told us that... she hoped to be able to show us *something fine* soon.....

"On the evening of October 19th,... I asked Elvira if she could appear to Angelina, as she said she had done on the night of September 22nd to 23rd. She replied [by heteromatic writing through Sig^na Manzini, as I understand. H.H.]:

"'Certainly I can, but the child must be sleeping, and if I can I will appear to her in a dream. You must ask her afterwards what she has seen, and so discover whether I have succeeded.'—*Question.* 'But why do you doubt your power to make her see you in a dream, if you have already been able to show yourself to her when awake?' *Answer.* 'Yes, that is a reasonable question; but you must know that on that evening, seeing Maria very unhappy, I made a great effort, which can only be made for a person extraordinarily dear, and so I succeeded. However, I will try this evening in a dream....'—*Q.* 'How must we try? Will you show yourself to Angelina after Maria [The aunt. H.H.] has been sent to sleep, or before?' *A.* 'I warn you first that this is not a proper evening to send Maria to sleep. I will appear to Angelina in the form of a child with

a beautiful doll in my arms, and if I can I will come in another color (*i.e.,* not dressed in her favorite blue).... I wish to try at once, but mind you ask the child what she has seen. I may very likely be dressed in pink, and if I succeed I shall be content. I warn you that I shall not communicate again this evening, and so I wish you good evening, but remember that if I fail it is not my fault, not being accustomed to do this.....'"

"[E.] The evening of the following day (October 20th) Sig^na^ Maria told me that by means of persistent, but not suggestive, questions she had been able to elicit from Angelina that she had dreamt of Elvira with a doll in her arms, but she was dressed in blue and not in pink as had been settled.....

"In the next communication from Elvira (by automatic writing, October 21st), she justified the partial failure in her own way, saying that 'she had not had time to make another color' (*i.e.,* different from the usual one). She did not seem disposed to repeat the experiment that evening.

"*Experiment* 2.—*October 24th.* Evening... Elvira... proposed to cause Angelina to dream of her dressed in pink, with a white parasol in one hand, and a fan, also white, in the other, and with bare feet, according to her custom.....

"*October 25th.*—In the evening, when I went to Sig^na^ Maria's house, she told me that Angelina kept saying to her all day that she wanted a white parasol and a white fan. Sig^na^ Maria did not guess the origin of the child's wish.

"*Experiment* 5.—During the trance, and while Elvira was present, I asked her to make Angelina dream as follows: she was to be at Venice in a two-oared gondola with Sig^na^ Maria and me, and go to the Lido. Elvira justly observed that the child on waking would not be able to explain the object of our excursion, and that, therefore, to make sure of the place she must be made to see the horses, the baths, and the sea with its waves, Elvira making the sound 'vuuh' to imitate the noise of the waves.....

"When Sig^na^ Maria got up, about 9:30, the child asked for a story, and on being told that Sig^na^ Maria did not know any, said, 'Then I will tell you one, only I have forgotten—that little girl has told me so many pretty ones!' Sig^na^ Maria asked, 'What little girl?' 'The one I know, the one who always comes. She was dressed in blue, and we were in a boat with two oars, and we went to the *Gardens.* There were lots of horses, and the sea said "vuuh!"' (imitating the sound which Elvira had produced motorially [By the voice, as I understand. H.H.] the evening before... at first Elvira did not understand the aim of these experiments, and as she herself afterwards told me, she omitted some things as of no importance, and added others *to make the dream prettier.* When this was clear to me,

I asked Elvira to aim first of all at precision, upon which the successes sensibly improved.....'

"*October 30th.*—Sig^na Maria was again ill in bed. She told me that to-day Angelina had asked her to make a frock and buy a pair of shoes for the *blue child,* who must be cold in her blue chemise and with bare feet....."

Induced Dreams of Various Suggested Objects

"*Experiment* 6.—*October 31st,* 1892.—Elvira manifested in the trance motorially, and promised to make another dream experiment that night.... She would take the child to Venice and show her the regatta from the Rialto; red will win.....

"I told Elvira that I wished the child to hear the *fru-fru* which the prows of the boats make in cutting the water, and I asked her to make the sound so that I might know what characteristic it acquired when reproduced by Sig^na Maria in the character of Elvira. She emitted the prolonged sound *ff, ff,* which is really a better imitation of the real sound.

"To my question whether she needed a longer time to act to produce a dream apparently long, she replied, 'One or two minutes longer. We can produce dreams which seem to you to last for hours in a short time.'.....

"*November 1st....* She had thought last night that she was at Venice on the *Riva del Vino,* close to the Rialto, in the company of the usual *blue child.* The small steamboats for passenger service had stopped running, and the boats were not about as usual. Instead there were some boats which went very fast, rowed by men dressed in different colors. The water dividing before their prows made the sound *gro, gro.* The boat in front carried two men dressed in red. Elvira and Angelina fanned themselves with a large fan."

"*Experiment* 12.—*November 9th.*—I proposed the following dream for the next night:—Angelina, with Sig^na Maria, would be at the window of her own room, and would look towards the river. A lamb would be grazing on the bank. A boat loaded with apples would pass, conducted by one boatman. He would stop close to the iron bridge, and get out to drink at the inn. While the boat was unguarded the lamb would jump in and begin to eat the apples, which would make Angelina laugh very much.....

"Angelina told her dream before Sig^na Maria was awake... there are two points of difference which are precisely what render the result most interesting. One is that Angelina called the animal which ate the apples a 'light-colored dog,' instead of a 'lamb.' Now the child, being a Venetian, had not seen any lambs, and when she saw one, she naturally baptized it in her own fashion. The other point of difference is that she did

not say where the boatman had gone, and, when questioned on the point on my arrival, she could not explain it, though she remembered the dream perfectly. According to what was said above, these two particulars favor the hypothesis that the child *sees* the scene instead of simply hearing it described."

Similarly the child was made to dream of pictures representing persons, actual landscapes, etc., and selected the right ones from many.

Dr. Ermacora believes "Elvira" to be a dissociated subpersonality really a part of Signora Maria. That is vastly less improbable than that all of Mrs. Piper's people, with their infinitely greater variety of veridicity, initiative, interplay, emotion, and distinct characters and memories, are dissociated personalities. But as I have pondered the evidence, Dr. Ermacora's theory seems to me less and less to fit. There's too much rationality and consistency and interplay, and too little abnormality in Signora Manzini and in Angelina.

But these induced dreams certainly go to support the theory with which I fear I have by this time taxed your patience.

CHAPTER LV

DREAMS INDICATING SURVIVAL OF DEATH

HERE is something that looks enormously like survival of death indicated in a dream. It is somewhat condensed from Myers's *Human Personality* (I, 144-7):

"The fact that the deceased brother was a *twin* of Mrs. Storie's [the writer's. H.H.] adds interest to the case, since one clue (a vague one as yet) to the causes directing and determining telepathic communications lies in what seems their exceptional frequency between *twins;*—the closest of all relations.

"'HOBART TOWN, *July* 1874.

"'On the evening of the 18th July, I felt unusually nervous. This seemed to begin [with the occurrence of a small domestic annoyance. H.H.] about half-past 8 o'clock.... I fancied, as I stepped into bed, that some one *in thought* tried to stop me. At 2 o'clock I woke from the following dream. It seemed like in dissolving views. In a twinkle of light I saw a railway, and the puff of the engine. I thought, "What's going on up there? Travelling? I wonder if any of us are travelling and I dreaming of it." *Some one* unseen by me answered, "No; something quite different—something wrong." "I don't like to look at these things," I said. Then I saw behind and above my head William's upper half reclining, eyes and mouth half shut; his chest moved forward convulsively, and he raised his right arm. Then he bent forward, saying, "I suppose I should move out of this." Then I saw him lying, eyes shut, on the ground, flat, the chimney of an engine at his head. I called in excitement, "That will strike him!" The "some one" answered, "Yes—well, here's what it was"; and immediately I saw William sitting in the open air—faint moonlight—on a raised place sideways. He raised his right arm, shuddered, and said, "I can't go on, or back, *No.*" Then he seemed lying flat. I cried out, "Oh! Oh!" and others seemed to echo, "Oh! Oh!" He seemed then upon his elbow, saying, "Now it comes." Then as if struggling to rise, turned twice round quickly, saying, "Is it the train? *the train, the train,*" his right shoulder reverberating as if struck from behind. He fell back like fainting; his eyes rolled. A large dark object came between us like panelling of wood, and rather in the dark something rolled over, and like an

arm was thrown up, and the whole thing went away with a *swish*. Close beside me on the ground there seemed a long dark object. I called out, "They've left something behind; it's like a man." It then raised its shoulders and head, and fell down again. The same *some one* answered, "Yes, *sadly*." [? "*Yes*," sadly.] After a moment I seemed called on to look up, and said, "Is that *thing* not away yet?" Answered, "*No*." And in front, in light, there was a railway compartment in which sat Rev. Mr. Johnstone, of Echuca. I said, "What's he doing there?" Answered, "He's there." A railway porter went up to the window asking, "Have you seen any of ——." I caught no more, but I *thought* he referred to the *thing* left behind. Mr. Johnstone seemed to answer "*No*"; and the man went quickly away—I thought to look for it. After all this the *some one* said close to me, "Now I'm going." I started, and at once saw { a tall dark figure at my head. / William's back at my side. } He put his right hand (in grief) over his face, and the other almost touching my shoulder, he crossed in front, looking stern and solemn. There was a flash from the eyes, and I caught a glimpse of a fine pale face like ushering him along, and indistinctly another. I felt frightened, and called out, "Is he angry?" "Oh, no." "Is he going away?" Answered, "*Yes*," by the same *some one*, and I woke with a loud sigh, which woke my husband, who said, "What is it?" I told him I had been dreaming "something unpleasant"—named a "railway," and dismissed it all from my mind as a dream. As I fell asleep again I fancied the "some one" said, "It's all gone," and another answered, "I'll come and remind her."'

"'The news reached me one week afterward. The accident had happened to my brother on the same night about half-past nine o'clock. Rev. Mr. Johnstone and his wife were actually in the train which struck him. He was walking along the line, which is raised two feet on a level country. He seemed to have gone 16 miles—must have been tired and sat down to take off his boot, which was beside him, dozed off and was very likely roused by the sound of the train.'"

"[Myers comments] 'Here,' says Gurney, 'the difficulty of referring the true elements of the dream to the agent's mind [is very great. H.H.]. For Mr. Hunter [the victim. H.H.] was asleep; and even if we can conceive that the image of the advancing engine may have had some place in his mind, the presence of Mr. Johnstone could not have been perceived by him. But it is possible, of course, to regard this last item of correspondence as accidental, even though the dream was telepathic. It will be observed that the dream followed the accident by about four hours; such *deferment* is, I think, a strong point in favor of telepathic, as opposed to independent, clairvoyance.'

"I propose as an alternative explanation,—for reasons which I endeavor to justify in later chapters,—that the deceased brother, aided by some other dimly discerned spirit [the frequent voice. H.H.], was endeavoring to present to Mrs. Storie a series of pictures representing his death—as realized *after* his death. I add this last clause, because one of the marked points in the dream was the presence in the train of Mr. Johnstone of Echuca—a fact which (as Gurney remarks) the dying man could not possibly know."

How would the World Soul do instead of Myers's "other dimly discerned spirit"—for the solution of the whole thing?

What often seems to me the strongest evidence for survival that I have met in my reading (though I have met stronger in my experience, but unfortunately can give but a shadow of it, as will be seen later) is given in Pr. III, 96.

Mr. D., personally known to Mr. Gurney, had a factory in Glasgow, which he represented in London. I condense his narrative mainly in his own words. One of his employees in Glasgow, Robert Mackenzie, left his employ

"through the selfish advice of older hands, who practised this frightening away systematically to keep wages from being lowered, a common device.... A few years afterwards, my eye was caught by a youth of some 18 years of age ravenously devouring a piece of dry bread on the public street, and bearing all the appearance of being in a chronic state of starvation. Fancying I knew his features, I asked if his name were not Mackenzie. He at once became much excited, addressed me by name, and informed me that... he was literally homeless and starving.... In an agony of grief he deplored his ever leaving me under evil advice, and on my unexpectedly offering to take him back he burst into a transport of thanks.... He resumed his work,... and I did everything in my power to facilitate his progress."

The boy's gratitude was such that whenever Mr. D. was in sight of him at the factory:

"Let me look towards him at any moment, there was the pale, sympathetic face with the large and wistful eyes, literally yearning towards me as Smike's did towards Nicholas Nickleby. ...This intensity of gratitude never appeared to lessen... through lapse of time.... I was apparently his sole thought and consideration, saving the more common concerns of daily life."

Mr. D. moved to London, and never again saw Mackenzie in the flesh. Some dozen years elapsed when, one Tuesday

morning after his workmen's annual ball the preceding Friday, Mr. D. had a dream.

"I was seated at a desk, engaged in a business conversation with an unknown gentleman, who stood on my right hand. Towards me, in front, advanced Robert Mackenzie, and, feeling annoyed, I addressed him with some asperity, asking him if he did not see that I was engaged. He retired a short distance with exceeding reluctance, turned again to approach me, as if most desirous for an immediate colloquy, when I spoke to him still more sharply as to his want of manners. On this, the person with whom I was conversing took his leave, and Mackenzie once more came forward. 'What is all this Robert?' I asked, somewhat angrily. 'Did you not see I was engaged?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied; 'but I must speak with you at once.' [I have an object in giving the preceding account of Mackenzie's apparent difficulty in getting to Mr. D., which will be found explained on pp. 919 and 921. H.H.] 'What about?' I said; 'what is it that can be so important?' 'I wish to tell you, sir,' he answered, 'that I am accused of doing a thing I did not do, and that I want *you* to know it, and to tell you so, and that you are to forgive me for what I am blamed for, because I am innocent.' Then, 'I did not do the thing they say I did.' I said, 'What?' getting same answer. I then naturally asked, 'But how can I forgive you if you do not tell me what you are accused of?' I can never forget the emphatic manner of his answer, in the Scottish dialect, 'Ye'll sune ken' (you'll soon know). This question and the answer were repeated at least twice—I am certain the answer was repeated thrice, in the most fervid tone. On that I awoke, and was in that state of surprise and bewilderment which such a remarkable dream, *quâ* mere dream, might induce, and was wondering what it all meant, when my wife burst into my bedroom, much excited, and holding an open letter in her hand, exclaimed, "Oh, James, here's a terrible end to the workmen's ball, Robert Mackenzie has committed suicide!" With now a full conviction of the meaning of the vision, I at once quietly and firmly said, 'No, he has not committed suicide.' 'How can you possibly know that?' 'Because he has just been here to tell me.'"

By the next post the manager wrote that it was not suicide! It appeared that Mackenzie had drunk *aqua fortis* in mistake for whisky. Later Mr. D. says of the dream:

"I have purposely not mentioned in its proper place, so as not to break the narrative, that on looking at Mackenzie I was struck by the peculiar appearance of his countenance. It was of an indescribable bluish-pale color, and on his forehead appeared spots which seemed like blots of sweat. For this I

could not account.... Still pondering upon the peculiar color of his countenance, it struck me to consult some authorities on the symptoms of poisoning by *aqua fortis,* and in Mr. J. H. Walsh's 'Domestic Medicine and Surgery,' p. 172, I found these words under symptoms of poisoning by sulphuric acid... 'the skin covered with a cold sweat; countenance livid and expressive of dreadful suffering.'... '*Aqua fortis* produces the same effect as sulphuric, the only difference being that the external stains, if any, are yellow instead of brown.' This refers to indication of sulphuric acid, 'generally outside of the mouth, in the shape of brown spots.' Having no desire to accommodate my facts to this scientific description, I give the quotations freely, only, at the same time, stating that previously to reading the passage in Mr. Walsh's book, I had not the slightest knowledge of these symptoms, and I consider that they agree fairly and sufficiently with what I saw, viz., a livid face covered with a remarkable sweat, and having spots (particularly on the forehead), which, in my dream, I thought great blots of perspiration. It seems not a little striking that I had no previous knowledge of these symptoms, and yet should take note of them.

"..... In speaking of this matter, to me very affecting and solemn, I have been quite disgusted by sceptics treating it as a hallucination, in so far as that my dream must have been on the Wednesday morning, being that after the receipt of my manager's letter informing me of the supposed suicide. This explanation is too absurd to require a serious answer. My manager first heard of the death on the Monday—wrote me on that day as above—and on the Tuesday wrote again explaining the true facts. The dream was on the Tuesday morning, immediately before the 8 A. M. post delivery, hence the thrice emphatic 'Ye'll sune ken.'... I have colored nothing, and leave my readers to draw their own conclusions."

Mrs. D. corroborates her husband's narrative, saying among other things:

"I ran upstairs to Mr. D.'s bedroom with the letter in my hand, and in much excitement. I found him apparently just coming out of sleep, and hastily cried out to him, exactly as he has described to you. I need not go over the words, which have often been repeated amongst us since, and I can confirm his narrative regarding them as given to you, in every particular. The whole affair gave us a great shock."

This dream is given in a paper by Mrs. Sidgwick (Pr. III, 69f.), where she is trying to account, so far as possible, for all sorts of phantasms by known causes, though she does not dispute the possibility of unknown ones. She says:

"It would be very interesting to know—though at this distance of time impossible, I fear, to ascertain,—whether at the time of the dream it was known to any living man that Mackenzie had not committed suicide."

Now suppose, for argument's sake, that it could be definitely demonstrated that at the time of the dream Mackenzie's innocence of suicide *was* known to some living person, and suppose—a vastly harder supposition—that it was telepathically conveyed to Mr. D., there is still needed the motive for an outsider conveying it to a man whom Mackenzie had not seen for a dozen years, and for the form of the conveyance.

With profound confidence in the intelligence and candor of Mrs. Sidgwick, I can but regard an intimation that knowledge in another mind would account for the dream, as an illustration of the straining of hypothesis in many of these problems, that even the most capable people fall into when they are taking the anti-spiritistic side.

Another hypothesis perhaps more strained still is, that from the billions of disconnected fragments in Mr. D.'s memory, he constructed in the ordinary way a complex dream which by pure coincidence fitted all the complex requirements of the situation. The chances against this could probably be expressed only in figures too vast for intelligent human comprehension, and yet similar hypotheses from people who consider themselves "scientific" are met with at every turn.

The only other hypothesis I can frame is that Mackenzie's soul survived and found its way over difficulties symbolized by the business interview (I shall offer a similar illustration of difficulties later), and found telepathic means of impressing its presence, and vindicating itself, to its adored benefactor.

Judgment in such cases as these is, even more than in ordinary questions, a matter of personal experience and temperament. To many the third hypothesis will appear more strained than either of the first two, strained beyond all thinkable probability as they are. To me the third seems vastly the least improbable, and I will now give incidentally some of the faintest of the reasons why. The extreme inti-

macy of the strongest reasons confines me to reasons less strong, which can give only a faint and disproportioned reflection of the actual case.

I wish I could give the argument the force it deserves by telling in full three dreams that have convinced me of personal survival, but though I remember them very distinctly—a strange experience with dreams—all I can tell is their least significant parts. As has been noted so often before, the great lack in all the published evidence for survival is that best portion which is too intimate to print.

In one dream somebody was seeking entrance to a room where I was, and somebody was opposing: there was an altercation which I could hear, but I did not recognize the voices. For reasons which will appear at once, one of them must have been demanding entrance, not for himself, but for another person, who soon appeared.

The altercation ceased, and a vision of an absolutely unexpected friend, whose voice was not that of either speaker, suddenly flashed upon me as if shown from darkness by summer lightning, and disappeared as I awoke.

The guise and pose were very extraordinary and about the last I could have expected, and the expression of countenance was as near the *opposite* of anything I could have expected, as was possible within the bounds of sympathy. These two facts puzzled me for years, until, connecting them with still more marked features of the vision, which I cannot tell, I puzzled out the meaning. It was the close of an eager sentence that was interrupted by death, and an assurance that certain difficulties involved in the completed sentence were at last surmounted.

The skeptical reader will think that I have forced this meaning into circumstances susceptible of a variety of constructions. In answer I can only say that this is the first and only construction I have been able to put upon them, and it took years to arrive at that.

The natural inquiry arises: Why wasn't the message made plainer? That inquiry has followed us through hundreds of pages. Better drop it, perhaps, and dwell rather on the indications that Nature is beginning to treat us with these vague

messages across the gulf where hitherto her perhaps most marked effort has been to render impossible any communication at all. She seems to permit the communication now because she has at last evolved us to the point where our breadth of vision and sense of duty eliminate the danger that such messages will weaken our interest in our responsibilities here, let them slip away, or even tempt us, in hours of discouragement, to cut them off.

I have these reasons for believing that the manifestation was really that of a surviving personality:

I. The obstacles to the manifestation: manifestations of personalities (if such they are) through mediums, and in some dreams (cf. the astounding ones just quoted from Mr. D.), do often seem, as this was, to be obstructed: in ordinary visions, seldom if ever, so far as my reading has gone.

II. My absolute surprise at seeing who it was. The personality could not have come from my mind: even, as said, the voice claiming entrance was not the voice of the person soon after manifested—was so different in fact as to suggest, on after reflection, that a third party was arguing the manifestor's case with the objector.

III. The very peculiar pose and guise and puzzling expression of countenance. There were ante-mortem circumstances which made all those peculiarities strangely instructive; and yet so unexpected were they—so unnatural, at first thought—that it took me years to get at their strangely appropriate fitness and significance.

IV. The probability that the manifestor, if surviving, would have been absorbed, more than by any other desire, with the desire to give just the message that was given.

V. The almost, if not quite, supernormal intelligence with which the knowledge was, so to speak, pantomimically conveyed, though the spectacle endured hardly longer than a flash.

VI. The years after the sentence was cut short by death before the rest of it, and the interpretation of it, reached me. This may have been due to the difficulties of communication—perhaps the rarity of the fortuitous(?) combination of many circumstances which in most cases seems necessary to render communication possible. But aside from the apparent difficul-

ties of communication, a very strange and important consideration in the same direction has become obvious to me. If that communication had been made much earlier, it would have changed the current of my life away from some important sources of development; being made when it did finally dawn upon me, it gave me a control over the sources of development which, without it, I could not have had, and without which I might have made a disastrous failure, whereas I have made a passable success.

This is doubly true of another dream which had one or two other resemblances to the one just treated. The person was so unexpected that in a dim room (obstacle again!) I supposed it to be somebody else, until a nickname was uttered, after which the place grew light. There were such changes of voice and aspect, too, as the many years since the time of death would have produced—notably a single streak of gray hair. All this was entirely unexpected. Yet the authorities(?) say that it was made by me—including the strange placing of the gray in the hair, which I have never seen over two or three examples of, *and never had any association with.*

The principal message in the later dream was also apparently delivered in spite of obstacles, was enigmatic, though verbal, and would have had no significance had it come much earlier in my life; but coming when it did, made easy an almost immediate interpretation that is the only significant one which seems possible, and that has been even more valuable than the message in the first dream interpreted. This interpretation of the second is entirely counter to my previous convictions. The message was repeated in various terms, but hurriedly, as if the communicator wanted to make the most of a brief opportunity. I remember but five words, and they could have been uttered by any child, if that child had had Columbus's brains and his egg, all raised to the *n*th power. And yet reflection on those five words has revolutionized my views on one of the most important perplexities of my life, and my policy regarding it, and given me additional help to turn what promised to be my ruinous defeat into a moderate victory, though with enormous difficulty, which in itself has been a source of development.

Yet, according to the good DuPrel, I lifted myself out of that quicksand by my bootstraps. I hope you're not tired of the good old metaphor I've already used twice. There seems much call for it in these regions.

The reasons for considering that this dream indicates the survival of a personality do not seem to call for a separate analysis.

There were other features—far the most important—that I cannot tell.

Those dreams contained evidences that satisfy me not only of a future life, but that it is a life superior to the ills and pettiness of earth, with a morality above the reach of earth, and (*Pace* my Puritan ancestors!) a very jolly life; in fact, in another dream that goes far to convince me of survival, one of said ancestors—a dearly loved one despite the Puritanism—appeared to that same purport, and in the one situation of my career—a very extraordinary one—where before the close of the noble though Puritanical life, the ancestor would have been least apt to indicate non-Puritanical sentiments.

I hope my necessarily reticent confessions have not bored you. They remind me of an alleged novel I once looked over, which, though it was otherwise well enough written, told merely the results of the conversations, without giving the conversations themselves. What I have been able to tell is Hamlet with Hamlet left out. I would not have told as much for a less reason than a conviction of duty—a conviction possibly exaggerated, and exaggerated for more reasons than one—not the least being that it may have been worse than useless to tell anything unless I could tell all. For the little I can tell will make the story appear to many as simply the maunderings of a credulous old fool, who is the victim of his own doddering and perverted ingenuity. But time has proved that I have been anything but a victim, and that if it had not been for those dreams I would have been a victim to circumstances and qualities of my own far worse than credulity and perverted ingenuity—least among them, perhaps, a narrow and perverted philosophy that was mainly a

blind reaction from the Puritan dogmatism that tried to mold, and did pervert, my education.

As I cannot give you the most essential details of these dreams, they may have little weight beyond whatever little you may attach to my personal judgment, and my judgment is vitiated by an emotional bias in circumstances of great complexity and difficulty. I can only repeat that the second dream reversed some important and well-studied previous opinions, and that the new opinions have *worked.* Yet perhaps bad reasons have reversed more than one bad opinion and substituted good and good-working ones.

In being put forward to account for these things, the subliminal self is not up to the job—at least not the subliminal self as an exclusively individual attribute. Whatever else it may be I don't know. I am groping like the rest of us—or like the protozoön against the beautiful bather.

In the materialistic part of the last century DuPrel and his school reasoned: "We do know that the self is conscious and purposive, and we do not know anything else that is"—any more than the protozoön knows the bather!! So, rather than go beyond what we know (as if that amounted to anything) they invented the *divided self*—not quite as good as the divided skirt—which article, though it has no relation to the facts, at least does not, like Du Prel's, oppose them, and has some uses somewhere.

I cannot believe that there's anything in my individual consciousness which my experience or that of my ancestors has not placed there—in raw material at least; or that in working up that raw material *I* can exert any genius in my sometimes chaotic dreams that I cannot exert in my systematized waking hours. All the people I meet and talk with in my dreams *may* have been met and talked with by me or my forebears, though I don't believe it; but the works of art I see have not been known to me or my ancestors or any other mortal; nor have I any sign of the genius to combine whatever elements of them I may have seen into any such designs. And when in dreams *other* persons tell me things contrary to my firmest convictions, in which things I later discover germs of most important workable truth, the persons who tell me

that, and who are different from me as far as fairly decent persons can differ from each other, are certainly not, as the good DuPrel would have us believe, myself. All these things are not figments of *my* mind—if they are figments of a mind, it's a mind bigger than mine. The biggest claim I can make, or assent to anybody else making, is that my mind is telepathically receptive of the product of that greater mind that includes ourselves and those we see in our dreams, and may be some sort of telepathic medium between us, or may connect us all in some such way as the different parts of our individual consciousnesses are connected. This is very vague, but it may be a true hint that will grow clearer some day. Isn't it simplest to suppose that each of us, in ways that we can but vaguely imagine, is but a manifestation of the world-soul—that the "plans" of us are in it, as the original plan of the Parthenon was in the architect's mind, and so that we, living, and even "dead," can, by its inflow under circumstances so far exceptional—such as permit some rare dreams, be brought into communion with each other?

We cannot imagine a world-soul without, so far as our powers go, imagining it to contain everything. But on these hypotheses, when James said that through the mediums we get only the débris, he for the moment left out of consideration much that has appeared, and that even if, through some channels, and at most times, we get only débris, through other channels, and at rare times, we certainly get things of supreme significance.

Mrs. Piper's expressions in the waking state generally indicate that she is returning from a bright and attractive world to one that by comparison seems dark and repulsive. She often says, "Dark! dark!" and calls the friends around her negroes. Her trance state is not the only dream state presenting some such contrasts. Ordinary dreams generally present conditions much more attractive than the waking life, including what often appears to be communication with those who have passed beyond death. Now *if* Mrs. Piper's dream state is really one of communication with souls who have passed into a new life, dream states generally may not extravagantly be supposed to be foretastes of that life. And

so far as concerns their desirability, why should they not be?

If we are, at death, to enter the dream life stripped of its absurdities, I confess that for one I rather like the prospect. After a long life containing at least the average share of the ordinary human experiences—especially the "practical" experiences not frequent with most of those who dream dreams and write books—I incline to hold the dream life, in proportion to its share of hours, more interesting than the waking life. This of course means *my* dream life: perhaps I have had more than my share, and I understand that some people have none at all. The dream life is free from the trammels of our waking environment and powers. In it we experience unlimited histories in an instant; roam over unlimited spaces; see, hear, feel, touch, taste, smell, enjoy unlimited things; walk, swim, fly, change things with unlimited speed; do things with unlimited power; make what we will—music, poetry, objects of art, situations, dramas, with unlimited faculty, and enjoy unlimited society. Unless we have eaten too much, or otherwise got ourselves out of order in the waking life, in the dream life we seldom if ever know what it is to be too late for anything, or too far from anything; we freely fall from chimneys or precipices, and I suppose it will soon be aëroplanes, with no worse consequences than comfortably waking up into the everyday world; we sometimes solve the problems which baffle us here; we see more beautiful things than we see here; and, far above all, we resume the ties that are broken here.

The indications seem to be that if we ever get the hang of that life, we can have pretty much what we like, and eliminate what we don't like—continue what we enjoy, and stop what we suffer—find no bars to congeniality, or compulsion to boredom. To good dreamers it is unnecessary to offer proof of any of these assertions, and to prove them to others is impossible.

The dream life contains so much more beauty, so much fuller emotion, and such wider reaches than the waking life, that one is tempted to regard it as the real life, to which the waking life is somehow a necessary preliminary. So orthodox believers regard the life after death as the real life: yet most of their hopes regarding that life—even the strongest

hope of rejoining lost loved ones—are realized here during the brief throbs of the dream life.

There seems to be no happiness from association in our ordinary life which is not obtainable, by some people at least, from association in the dream life. It may be known by but few people, and with them may be but rare and fragmentary. But if it exists, as it does, to this extent, between incarnate A and postcarnate B, why should it not exist between postcarnate A and postcarnate B, and to a degree vastly more clear and abiding than during the present discrepancy between the incarnate and postcarnate conditions?

This of course assumes, and I don't think the assumption strained, that B's appearance in A's dream life, just as he appeared on earth (though, as I know to be the case, usually wiser, healthier, jollier, and more lovable generally), is something more than a mild attack of dyspepsia on the part of A.

Dreams do not seem to abound in work, and are often said not to abound in morality, but I know that they sometimes do—in morality higher than any attainable in our waking life. Certainly the scant vague indications from the dream suggestions of a future life do not necessarily preclude abundant work and morality, any more than work and sundry self-denials are precluded on a holiday because one does not happen to perform them. Moreover, the hoped-for future conditions may not contain the necessities for either labor or self-restraint that present conditions do: there may not be the same dangers there as here, in the *dolce far niente,* or in Platonic friendships.

Yet, despite the accidents and miscarriages, life in a good body is usually good enough here; and if any just notion of a second existence comes through our dreams, including those of the mediums, it is very much the same sort of life there, only expanded, and with a future flooded in light, in place of an end in darkness.

Men are not consistent in their attitude regarding dreams. They admit the dream state to be ideal—constantly use such expressions as "A dream of loveliness," "Happier than I

could even dream," "Surpasses my fondest dreams," and yet on the other hand they call its experience "but the baseless vision of a dream." What do they mean by "baseless"? Certainly it is not lack of vividness or emotional intensity. It is probably the lack of duration in the happy experiences, and of the possibility of remembering them, and, still more, of repeating them at will. It is not vividness in the life itself that is lacking, but vividness in our memories of it. James defines our waking personality as the stream of consciousness: the dream life gives no such stream. To-night does not continue last night as to-day continues yesterday. The dream life is not like a stream, but more like a series, though hardly organic enough to be a series, of disconnected pools, many of them as enchanting, perhaps more enchanting, than any parts of the waking stream, but not, like that stream, an organic whole with motion toward definite results, and power to attain them. But suppose the dream life continuous, and under direction toward definite ends, at least so far as the waking life is, and still free from the trammels of the waking life—suppose us to have at least as much power to secure its joys and avoid its terrors as we have regarding those of the waking life, and suppose death is proved the old humbug it often seems, for which earlier priests are largely responsible. What more can we manage to want? For one, I would infinitely prefer my dream life to any fancied heaven I know of, at least before the one shown by Mrs. Piper's controls, certainly to the ridiculous one in the fancies of most of our recent ancestors and many of our contemporaries.

There have been no happier, more significant, or more fruitful moments in my whole life than some of my dream moments, and none whatever that so opened my mind to an apparently transcendent wisdom and morality; and if there is a life after dying like the life after going to sleep, I'd at least as willingly enter one as the other. This of course means so far only as concerns the life, and leaves out of account the sundering of the ties with those remaining in this life. But against that is to be offset resumption of all ties, present and past, in the new life, just as they are at moments resumed in the dream life, and with the discipline of separation to make them nearer perfect.

The suggestion has come to more than one student, and to me very strongly, that when we enter into life—as spermatozoa, or star dust, if you please—we enter into the eternal life, but that the physical conditions essential to our development into appreciating it are a sort of veil between it and our consciousness. In our waking life we know it only through the veil; but when in sleep or trance, the material environment is removed from consciousness, the veil becomes that much thinner, and we get better glimpses of the transcendent reality.

Does it not seem then as if, in dreams, we enter upon our closer relation with the hyper-phenomenal mind? All sorts of things seem to be in it, from the veriest trifles and absurdities up to the highest things our minds can receive, and presumably an infinity of things higher still. They appear to flow into us in all sorts of ways, presumably depending upon the condition of the nerve apparatus through which they flow. If it is out of gear from any disorder or injury, what it receives is not only trifling, but often grotesque and painful; while if it is in good estate, it often receives things far surpassing in beauty and wisdom those of our waking phenomenal world.

Apparently every dreamer is a medium for this flow, but dreamers vary immensely in their capacity to receive it—from Hodge, who dreams only when he has eaten too much, or Professor Gradgrind who never dreams at all, up to Mrs. Thompson and Mrs. Piper.

But it is not only Professor Gradgrind who never dreams. Only the other night I was surprised to learn from two of the leading members of the S. P. R.—men of wide open minds, and patient investigators, whose contributions to the Proceedings are important, that they virtually never dream at all. Apparently the dream faculty in its ordinary forms is no more a constant attendant upon any other qualities or degrees of character or culture that we can posit, than mediumship is. I have just heard of a second clear and strong case of mediumship in an old negress.

It looks as if all mediums were dreamers, and all dreamers, mediums. The dreams vary, among other particulars, in frequency, intensity, readiness in which the dreamers enter the dream-state, and the degree in which the dreamer's individu-

ality is merged into those of the dream-personages. In ordinary dreams there is no merging; in the dreams of the highly sensitive, the merging seems virtually complete—the dreamer thinks, talks, writes, acts as the control. Mrs. Piper becomes Phinuit or G. P. or any one of numerous others. Mrs. Thompson becomes Nellie, Mrs. Verrall and Mrs. Holland write as various persons, and sign the names of such persons.

As oft remarked, dreams generally are nonsense, but some dreams, or parts of some dreams, are perhaps the most significant things we know—unless we gauge significance by financial standards, or at least by time, space, matter, motion, and force. But it looks very much as if those dreams were in a life where there is no need of money, no moth or rust or thieves, no limitations of time or space or matter or motion or force, and yet a life that, though we now know it only by glimpses, is sometime to be open to all of us always.

CHAPTER LVI

FINAL SUMMARY

Now to sum up the bearing of all that we have been over, upon our Cosmic Relations.

However we interpret it, those relations are certainly wider, at least among living men, than they were a generation ago. Whether they are longer than they then appeared to many, is not so clear.

Many people of exceptional intelligence and even exceptional skepticism have taken from the sittings the conviction that they have conversed with friends who had left their mortal bodies and who were happy in a continued intelligent and active existence free from the infirmities of the earthly life we know; reacting with the universe much as they reacted here, only more widely; surrounded by those whom they had loved and lost; watching over those they had left behind, and exultantly happy in being able to communicate with them, and expecting to rejoin them. But the records contain nothing more—nothing to relieve man from the blessed necessity of eating his bread, intellectual as well as material, in the sweat of his brow; and, perhaps more important still, little to make the interests or responsibilities of this life weaker because of any realized inferiority to those of a possible later life.

It would apparently be inconsistent in Nature, or God, if you prefer, to start our evolution under earthly conditions, educating us in knowledge and character through labor and suffering, but at the same time throwing open to our perceptions, from another life, a wider range of knowledge and character attainable without labor or suffering.

I have no time or space or inclination to argue with those who deny a plan in Nature. He who does, probably lives away from Nature. It appears to have been a part of that plan that for a long time past most of us should "believe in"

immortality, and that, at least until very lately, none of us should know anything about it. Confidence in immortality has been a dangerous thing. So far, we haven't all made a very good use of it. Many of the people who have had most of it and busied themselves most with it, so to speak, have largely transferred their interests to the other life, and neglected and abused this one. "Other-worldliness" is a well-named vice, and positive evidence of immortality might be more dangerous than mere confidence in it.

In line with the suggestion that interest in another world competes with life here, I have been struck with a remarkable circumstance that may be significant or merely accidental. The early active members of the S. P. R. were Moses, Gurney, Sidgwick, Myers, Barrett, Lodge, Crookes, Hodgson, Podmore, and James. Barrett, Lodge, and Crookes are given to Physical Science, and with them the mediumistic and speculative business was a side issue. They survive full of years and honors. Of the others, every man is dead, and not one of them reached his three score years and ten.

Perhaps I may properly add that of all the work I have ever attempted (except mathematics beyond my capacity, and that portion of what is called philosophy which may be equally so, but which seems to me mere word-mongering), I have found no work so trying as the psychic portions of this book: the sense of doubt and insecurity that haunts almost every sentence makes writing, and especially revision, immeasurably more anxious and laborious than I ever knew them in any other connection. While the study of recognized evolution and telekinesis was a pleasure, the sense of labor came and increased as I progressed toward the questions of the other life. James wrote somewhere that at times he had come absolutely to hate the whole thing. I would often have felt the same way, but for some experiences that James did not have, and in revising the proofs I realize that I have at last come occasionally to share the feeling. After a longer confinement to the work than you are apt to suppose, my desire to get back to the studies of our usual life is like the desire to get from the fog into the sunlight.

All this, I think, supports the notion that whatever, if anything, is in store for us beyond this life, it would be a self-

destructive scheme of things (or Scheme of Things, if you prefer) that would throw the future life into farther competition with our interests here, at least before we are farther evolved here. For one, while I am glad to be confident of the after life, I am perfectly content to wait patiently for fuller knowledge, and for the reconciliation of what appear to be the main probabilities with whatever appears inconsistent with them.

How much these studies did to kill their leading devotees before old age, I don't know. Neither do I know that such a result was not the best possible reward of their devotion. Hodgson at least believed that it would be. It all calls to mind the relation of martyrdom to earlier religions.

So much for the effect of their labors. As to the effect of their faiths, James says (*Memories and Studies,* 194-5):

"When I hear good people say (as they often say, not without show of reason), that dabbling in such phenomena reduces us to a sort of jelly, disintegrates the critical faculties, liquefies the character, and makes of one a *gobe-mouche* generally, I console myself by thinking of my friends Frederic Myers and Richard Hodgson. These men lived exclusively for psychical research, and it converted both to spiritism. Hodgson would have been a man among men anywhere; but I doubt whether under any other baptism he would have been that happy, sober, and righteous form of energy which his face proclaimed him in his later years, when heart and head alike were wholly satisfied by his occupation. Myers' character also grew stronger in every particular for his devotion to the same inquiries. Brought up on literature and sentiment, something of a courtier, passionate and disdainful, and impatient naturally, he was made over again from the day when he took up psychical research seriously. He became learned in science, circumspect, democratic in sympathy, endlessly patient, and above all, happy. The fortitude of his last hours touched the heroic, so completely were the atrocious sufferings of his body cast into insignificance by his interest in the cause he lived for. When a man's pursuit gradually makes his face shine and grow handsome, you may be sure it is a worthy one. Both Hodgson and Myers kept growing ever handsomer and stronger-looking."

But nevertheless they died before their time—a case of love of the gods, perhaps.

As this is the last we shall see of James in this book, I will say here one thing that has been vainly waiting for a place.

I frequently hear it asserted that if James survives, he would be more apt to communicate than anybody else. I don't think so. Since some time before his death Mrs. Piper has not been at her best, and there is no other medium so favorably developed. Moreover, on the spiritistic hypothesis, of the three leading controls I should consider Myers more apt, and Hodgson and George Pelham much more apt, to communicate than James, and I knew the men well—all but Myers very well. But guesses upon this point have as yet very little to go upon, and my wisdom is at best that of hindsight.

Since James's death there has been a lot of frightful drivel professing to come from him through various alleged mediums, and possibly some genuine ones. There has been nothing, however, which the S. P. R. has yet published; but Dr. Hyslop has published a good deal in Pr. Am. S. P. R., VI, and a summary of it in Journal VI, where the student can find it. It is of little interest to anybody else: therefore I do not reproduce any of it. I am not, however, prepared absolutely to dissent from Professor Hyslop's evident opinion that it is worthy of the student's attention. James's make-up was so dominated by his magnificent intellect that, again on the spiritistic hypothesis, I would not expect him to be as effective a communicator as one in whom the emotions had more swing: little children, who are all emotion, are the best of the ostensible communicators.

By the way, I seem to have read of an authority generally considered, in Christendom, the highest, who said something about little children very congruous with this circumstance.

Now looking at history by and large, we children have not generally been trusted with edge tools before we had grown to some sort of capacity to handle them. If the Mesopotamians or Egyptians or Greeks or Romans had had gunpowder, it looks as if they would have blown most of themselves and each other out of existence, and the rest back into primitive savagery, and stayed there until the use of gunpowder became one of the lost arts. But the new knowledge of evolution has given the modern world a new intellectual interest; and

the new altruism, a new moral one. The reasons for doing one's best in this life, and doing it actively, are so much stronger and clearer than they were when so many good people could fall into asceticism and other-worldliness, that perhaps we are now fit to be trusted with proofs of an after life. It is very suggestive that these apparent proofs came contemporaneously with the new knowledge tending to make them safe; and equally suggestive that it is when we have begun to suffer from certain breakdowns in religion, that we have been provided with new material for bracing it up.

At the opposite extreme, it also is suggestive that these new indications that our present life is a petty thing beside a future one, have come just when modern science has so increased our control over material nature that we are in danger of having our interest in higher things buried beneath material interests, and enervated by over-indulgence in material delights.

If it be true that, roughly speaking, we are not entrusted with dangerous things before we are evolved to the point where we can keep their danger within bounds, the fact that we have not until very lately, if yet, been entrusted with any verification of the dream of the survival of bodily death would seem to confer upon the spiritistic interpretation of the recent apparent verifications, a pragmatic sanction—an accidental embryo pun over which the historic student is welcome to a smile, and which, since the preceding clause was written, I have seen used in all seriousness by Professor Giddings. Conclusive or not, that "sanction" is certainly an addition to the arguments that existed before, including the general argument from evolution. And, so far as the phenomena go to establish the spiritistic hypothesis, surely they are not to be lightly regarded because as yet they do not establish it more conclusively.

Now let us sum up the statements of the alleged personalities in the dreams of the sensitives, or in our own, regarding their alleged life after leaving the body. For convenience of statement I will, as before, generally assume the alleged personalities to be real, and the alleged statements to be actually made by them. But, as hitherto, this is provisional assumption, not assertion of opinion.

As already indicated, they give little knowledge of details. The only new statements of any consequence are that they still exist, with very much their old characters and interests. Whatever new kinds of interests are added to them, they not only do not tell us, but say they cannot. Whatever assurances of immortality the System of Things may permit them to give us, the System still seems to provide that, aside from that consolation and inspiration, the knowledge which makes this life here worth living must be discovered by ourselves.

There are, however, some details of their alleged postcarnate life, which, while not providing us with the philosopher's stone or any other short cut to knowledge or happiness, add to the interest and perhaps the probability of the alleged future life. At the cost of repetition let us summarize them. The communications involve the following apparent conditions:

I. To begin at the beginning, many of the alleged discarnate personages say, and no one of them contradicts, that they enter the new life in a weak and dazed condition resulting from the enfeeblement and physical strain preceding death, and that it takes time to recover strength—even strength to "communicate"—just as it takes time to recover strength after depressions and shocks survived "in the body."

II. This is their usual expression for the earthly life—this or some similar one contrasting their alleged disembodied state with earthly conditions. They seldom, if ever, express any contrast, in terms, between "life" and "death." The process of death they generally speak of as "passing over," "entering this [their] life" and similar phrases. Yet they claim new bodies, and speak of fatigue in communicating, and even "need of air." Yet outside of liability to that fatigue, physical infirmities and pains no longer exist; the reminiscent ones are, generally but by no means always, manifested through the medium's body for alleged evidential purposes. This does not seem concurrent with fatigue of the medium.

III. In one particular the possibilities of this life are most happily expanded in ways that we can easily appreciate, and that give us wide conceptions of a rational heaven: for the emancipated ones seem to enjoy the cosmic memory. The

expanded memory, however, seems to relate only to significant experiences, but not to unimportant names of persons or things: otherwise the memory is usually much fuller in the communicating personalities than in their friends here who participated in the same experiences.

IV. Whatever the new opportunities may be, it seems that, the more intelligence and character have been developed here, the more able they are to use the new opportunities.

V. That life seems virtually superior to the limitations of space and time. The communicators can generally summon each other and communicate with us, almost instantaneously, regardless of what, to us, is distance.

VI. The personality there seems able to manifest itself as it was at any stage of its experience. Children manifest themselves as such, and also as having grown up since they departed. I have myself had a dream vision of a young adult still young twenty odd years after departure; and shortly after, another vision of the same adult with more aged voice and the change in the hair that twenty years here would have produced.

VII. The life is a continuance, with a mere interruption at death, of the life here, though probably with additions not absolutely unlike those which new experience, opportunities, and outlooks give to the life here. The intellectual and emotional processes continue as here, only greatly facilitated; but with what additions we are not permitted, presumably not able, to know.

How much weight is to be attached to the fact that these manifestations bring before men for the first time an understandable and rational heaven? The heavens we have had before have not only been inconsistent with the universe as we know it and with themselves, and absolutely unthinkable in connection with established knowledge, but were generally sublimations of national or sectarian characteristics that were, like anything else, admirable only so far as they were not exaggerated. The contemplative virtues of India were exaggerated into the stagnation of Nirvana. The Greek civilization being based on slavery, they naturally made their heaven for their Gods alone, and consigned mere man to a very shadowy sort of future. The polygamous habits of Islam were exaggerated into the persistent orgies of the

Mahometan paradise; and what shall we say, without treading on somebody's toes, of the various Christian ideals of heaven, ranging all the way from Fra Angelico's pretty stage pictures down to a perpetual camp-meeting? Hell we will leave out of the account. The new view has no place for it. One thing may be said probably with general acceptance—that with the creation of the old ideals, Christ himself had very little to do.

The post-mortem life, then, indicated to us by the alleged participators in it, is simply this life with all its healthy interests expanded, and relieved of many of its limitations and its pains. Naturally the conditions are pronounced to a large degree inexplicable to us, but so far as we understand our own life, we can understand that one, and it has a most edifying congeniality with each man's taste, instead of the uniformity of each previous general conception, which to the holders of the other conceptions is generally loathsome. Swedenborg, who can be regarded as a precursor of the present indications, and who was unquestionably mediumistic, whatever that may ultimately be found to "mean," was perhaps the most conspicuous generalizer for any civilized world, of the Indian's very natural and rational idea of a happy hunting ground. Swedenborg's notion I know only at second hand, and it would ill accord with my idea of heaven that I should ever dig it out at first hand, though some people whom I esteem most heartily read him habitually. But I was merely told long ago, by one of his more moderately educated followers, that he taught that each man would do in heaven what he does here—that the spirit of the blacksmith would forge the spirit of the iron; the spirit of the carpenter would fashion the spirit of the wood, and so on. I can readily presume that what he actually taught was more nearly that each man would do there what he *wants* to do here. Keep that within the bounds of rational desire, and it would probably make the best and least improbable heaven that has been turned out yet. Well, that's just about the heaven of the controls, from that of Swedenborg down to that of Mrs. Piper, and though they may not be very good authorities, I don't know where to look for better ones.

It would not be a real heaven for Phinuit if he could not prescribe for people and swear at them a little, and be good

to children; or for Imperator if he couldn't indulge his amiable orotundities; or for Myers if he could not quote the classics a little more than most of us can enjoy; or for good old Hodgson if he couldn't blow into a room like a breeze that would make the papers fly; or for George Pelham if he couldn't help his friends a shade beyond their need. Allowing each individual a little more elbow room than the strictest symmetries would require, such a life has the supreme merit, which I hope to be pardoned for expressing in the only phrase that really satisfies, that it has no damned nonsense about it. I have thus ventured to introduce the most dynamic word in the language into society from which superstitions have long banished it, for more reasons than one. Whatever nonsense there may be in the life depicted by the controls, damnation is not a part of it—Lazarus does not there gloat over the sufferings of Dives. So far as I recall, no medium reported in the Pr. S. P. R. later than Stainton Moses gives any indication of malevolent forces in the spiritual world, and the alleged Moses in Professor Newbold's sittings confessed himself as having in life unconsciously colored with his own mistaken beliefs, the alleged communications through him indicative of malevolent spirits.

It is remarkable how uniformly kind and gentle the other reported communications generally are. As an illustration, while G. P. was living I occasionally saw in him a very sharp positiveness, and also credited him with a born aristocrat's Horatian hatred for the crowd; moreover, I did not regard him as particularly apt to put himself out for anybody he was not personally fond of; but the communications from his alleged surviving personality show him, while abounding in other characteristics of the man as his friends here knew him, as having gained in the alleged other life an almost pathetic patience and gentleness and helpfulness toward everybody.

All this chimes in with what I have long noticed of the apparent effect of the old-fashioned everyday spiritualism on its votaries. In the little I have seen of them they have impressed me as exceptionally kindly people. And as to those above the everyday ones, remember what I have told about its effect on Hodgson, and what James says a few pages back,

of the effect of the spiritistic beliefs of Hodgson and Myers.

Now, so far as one is ready to admit the absence of nonsense from the most modern of the heavens, it must seem congruous to admit it regarding the sources from which the ideal has emerged. If the heaven is reasonable, presumably the manifestations indicating it are, despite the fact that there is a good deal of mild nonsense in the human imperfections of the mediums and the controls, as in the rest of us: for, "thank God," in going to "Heaven" even the controls have not ceased to be human, and I humbly submit that as among the best features of the last heaven evolved.

But the controls all improve upon it, in one sense at least, by dwelling on the idea of progress—each of them, of course, much according to his own taste, from Judge Edmonds' apocalyptic visions down to the more recent scholarly ideals of Myers and the philosophical ones of George Pelham. And that, I again humbly submit, is next to the best ideal of Heaven yet evolved—that every man, and woman too, at last is to have plenty of elbow room. This is part of the rationality of the whole business.

As there seems to be this margin for tastes in pursuits and, incidentally, companionships, why not the same in surroundings? Nobody ever imagined a heaven as beautiful as some parts of this earth. Why want to leave it, except for such excursions as may interest one? The controls indicate, whether truly or fallaciously, that though not directly evident to our senses, they are still happy on earth with vastly improved powers of enjoying the whole of it, and perhaps of enjoying other planets as well, though that latter is thrown open to question by frequent calls for oxygen. Yet there may be enough for their needs even in the interstellar spaces, and if Home's alleged imperviousness to heat means anything in the connection, our amiable ghosts, if they see fit, may travel to the suns. That call for oxygen, by the way, at first seems a blow to such faith in their expositions, as other portions of the expositions have tended to inspire. True, as they have had to (*via* the medium) speak and write our language, they may really each have a "spiritual body" whose needs they can indicate to us only in terms congruous

with the temporal body we know, and without thinking to make due qualifications. There are hosts of expressions, though not always where needed, that point to just this set of considerations.

The desirability of immortality is not necessarily identical with the desirability of a belief in immortality. This latter is strongly indicated in a recent article in *The Nation* regarding the undesirable effects of the absence of such a belief, as illustrated in the life of Edward Fitzgerald. I give some extracts slightly modified and transposed for the sake of coherence among the fragments.

"Many critics have tried to reconcile the paucity of his achievements with his undoubted intellectual powers . . . shutting himself off from his famous friends to smile at their anxious ambitions, at Carlyle thundering against iniquities, Thackeray dallying with its [the world's? H.H.] conceits, Tennyson laboring to build in rhyme a meeting-place for the old faith and the new scientific inquisitiveness. What if they had seen and felt that a few passing years would sweep away all these things, merely to bring in other iniquities, and conceits, and compromises? Would not their hands have been palsied, and would not they have sunk into that philosophic silence which Carlyle so noisily proclaimed? Action, such a life as Fitzgerald's seems to say, is based on the fallacy of the present.

Fitzgerald himself said:

"'Death seems to rise like a Wall against one whichever way one looks. When I read Boswell and other Memoirs now, what presses on me most is—All these people who talked and acted so busily are gone. It is said that when Talma advanced upon the Stage, his Thought on facing the Audience was, that they were all soon to be Nothing.'

The commentator continues:

"The sense of the present as a fleeting point of time without meaning, rather than any failure of will, was what drove Fitzgerald from the crowded activities of London and made him a solitary recluse. Such a philosophy carries with it, no doubt, its own penalty; and, fleeing from the world, he could not altogether escape the hounds of *ennui:*

"'For all which idle ease I think I must be damned. I begin to have dreadful suspicions that this fruitless way of life is not looked upon with satisfaction by the open eyes above. One really ought to dip for a little misery; perhaps, however, all this ease is only intended to turn sour by-and-by.'

"It was a part of his abstinence from the present, that he could not abide harassed with problems; and his distaste is well-known for the poems of Tennyson's own middle period, which dealt with questions of evolution and religion and social disease.

"Now it is true that Fitzgerald might have been thus partly paralyzed by 'the fallacy of the present' and yet had what some people are pleased to term a belief in immortality. But if so, it must have been more like the general belief of our ancestors—divorced from any natural and vivifying development of the life that is. It could not have been such a belief as makes a man feel a new significance and importance in things here when he regards them as germs of greater things to come, and demanding his best now that he may be at his best then."

Of course the new phenomena cast a new light on some of the old arguments for immortality. Let us glance at a few of them, not, however, restricting ourselves rigidly to those on which there is something specially new to say.

I. There would be an offset to the tendency of a knowledge of immortality to diminish the significance of this life, if it were believed that the soul begins the new life with the character developed here, and that it would get more out of that life in proportion to what it had brought to it. This is just what the new mass of alleged communications indicate. They are counter to the old assumption of a sudden change into perfect character and beatitude, with a pair of wings (without muscles to move them), and a halo, and a life of nothing to do but sing songs and insult "God" with the same kind of sycophancy that has long been the fashion here among many believers in immortality. On the contrary, the alleged communications indicate that death is a mere transference into better conditions, of the individuality with whatever capacities it has developed.

It is a craven soul that would consider conditions better unless they give opportunity for more development, more work, more service to others, and more effect in the general progress. These ideals of a future life are, however, comparatively recent products of evolution, and are of still limited diffusion among the human race. Now would not an intelligent and beneficent evolution make the development of certainty (I do not say of belief) regarding a future life proceed at the same rate with the evolution of such ideals

regarding it as would tend to make that certainty a stimulus to the right conduct of this life? Faith in a future life has heretofore had little or no effect on the conduct of many professing to hold it, because it has had few, if any, of the qualities of a realized certainty. May we not now be on the brink of realized certainty?

II. Cannot the *sporadic* appearance of the new alleged channels of communication with a life beyond death be reasonably regarded as an indication of genuineness? Is not the limited sporadic appearance of this new sensibility just as consistent with the order of evolution as the earlier limited and sporadic appearance of sensibilities to light, heat, contact —mechanical and sapid—and all sensibilities whatever? And is not the *tardiness* of the evolution of the new sensibilities also just as consistent with evolution in general as was the tardy appearance (compared with all evolution that preceded them) of the old sensibilities?

III. As all previous conceptions of a "plan" of the universe, and a plan making for good, were immensely clarified and broadened by the gradually accumulated evidences of material evolution, does not that "plan" appear clearer and broader still when, to the evidences of it, are added the new evidences, doubtful as they are, for post-material evolution? If so, post-material evolution would seem part of the plan.

IV. Evolution has more and more demonstrated so many of the conflicts and agonies of the world to be promotive of good, that it is daily becoming more reasonable to believe that all are. Is it not consistent with this belief to make it include the belief that the agonizing separations by death are, after all, but temporary, and efficient in fitting those separated to give more to each other and receive more from each other when the separation ends?

V. This brings us to a new aspect of the idea that I have dwelt upon before, which, more than perhaps any other, gives the universe consistency and purport—the idea that these planets and these creatures on them are evolved in order that each creature may either develop, or appropriate from the cosmic soul, an individual soul with its possibilities of finding happiness, and increasing happiness for itself and others; and that, with the increase in the number of such souls, hap-

piness throughout the universe may be increased. The new aspect of the idea is this: As there seems a limit only to primary mind-potential, as there is to matter and force, but none whatever to its products, if the possibilities of the mind-product are not to be kept down to those of the matter and force, these must be used over and over again for new bodies, in order that there may be more souls; and there must be more souls that there may be more happiness. Wouldn't it be a futile change if all bodies died merely to give place to others? Can we imagine anything more absurd than that the trouble should be taken to shift the myriads of people three times a century, when, unless those dying here survive elsewhere, the job could have been done just as well by a single unchanging set of them, as by multiplied generations? Why not avoid the agonies of death and separation by keeping the same people right along until the planet should be filled up? Change seems reasonable only on the assumption of better conditions, to which the soul passes after those here experienced. And the mere fact that the souls are not kept along here, when the only apparent reason for putting them here is happiness, raises a presumption that they are kept along beyond here. But the only way of starting them, so far as we know or seem to have any business to know, was in bodies of flesh and bone, subject to sundry limitations and inconveniences; and there's nothing to prevent our guessing, as so many of us have, though none of our guesses are necessarily good, that at "death" we are merely relieved of those troublesome bodies—perhaps transferred to better ones.

But the biggest source of the happiness for which all this mechanism appears to have been set running, is companionship with each other, and *if* one of us is shifted into a better body, he has been taken out of that companionship, so far as it depends on the senses yet evolved, and that hurts so much that it often seems that unless the break is temporary, the whole scheme for happiness is farce and irony. Is it possible that there are being evolved new senses which prove that the break *is* temporary, and that, after all, the scheme is effective? The presumption that it is, gains weight with what appears to be a constant increase in the probability that our thoughts and feelings are not mere results

of bodily function, but are in their elements inflows from the Cosmic Soul, the body being their temporary receptacle and a mechanism for starting them on an unending development.

There is one of the old arguments on which I have been receiving so much new light by the simple process of growing old, that I cannot refrain from mentioning it, although it hardly has a legitimate place in the connection. When one has long watched his friends, not to speak of himself, he cannot fail to be increasingly impressed by the way life develops character. In a normal life, courage (moral, not physical), patience, toleration, and the power to see and weigh all sides, grow as long as the body is able to obey the mandates of the soul. Is it not counter to Nature's general ways that this development should proceed up to the end of a mortal life only to be suddenly cut off? Allow the growth of character amply to justify itself, is there not still a residuum of incongruity out of all balance with Nature's general ways, in the development of the soul for extinction, just as we develop the ox for slaughter? The death of the body releases its share of force and matter for the development of a new body, but the extinction of the soul could not add, in any way that we can conceive, to the sum of happiness that we see Nature constantly striving to increase.

When during the last century science bowled down the old supports of the belief in immortality, there grew up a tendency to regard that belief as an evidence of ignorance, narrowness, and incapacity to face the music. May not disregard of the possible new supports be rapidly becoming an evidence of the same characteristics?

When the majority of those who have really studied the phenomena of the sensitives, starting with absolute skepticism, have come to a new form of the old belief; and when, of the remaining minority, the weight of respectable opinion goes so far as suspense of judgment, how does the argument look? Isn't it at least one of those cases of new phenomena where it is well to be on guard against old mental habits, not to say prejudices?

Is it not now vastly more *reasonable* to believe in a future

life than it was a century ago, or half a century, or quarter of a century? Is it not already more reasonable to believe in it than not to believe in it? Is it not already appreciably harder *not* to believe in it than it was a generation ago?

So far as I know, the dream life, from mine up to Mrs. Piper's, vague as it is, is an argument for immortality *based on evidence.*

The mediums are not generally among the world's leading thinkers or moralists—are not generally more aristocratic founders for a new faith than were a certain carpenter's son and certain fishermen; and only by implication do the mediums suggest any moral truths, but they offer more facts to the modern demand for facts.

Spiritism has a bad name, and it has been in company where it richly deserved one; but it has been coming into court lately with some very important-looking testimony from very distinguished witnesses; and some rather comprehensive minds consider its issues supreme—the principal issues now upon the horizon between the gross, luxurious, unthinking, unaspiring, uncreating life of to-day, and everything that has, in happier ages, given us the heritage of the soul—the issues between increasing comforts and withering ideals—between water-power and Niagara.

Are the new developments at best merely to reform life here by reviving hopes of immortality which may be disappointed? Paradoxical it is, but true, that hopes of immortality can never be disappointed: for if they are not realized, we shall never know it.

But Nature has not built some of us to be content with that, nor am I ready to believe that she has built us to fool us. We have *fooled ourselves* frightfully—all through history. But has Nature, in many great issues, fooled us to our hurt? In answering, perhaps you would ask what I consider "Nature"—whether these manifestations are Nature or ourselves. My rejoinder would be: They are Nature; they contain no purpose of ours. Then you say: The inviting of them is purposeful. And I say: The phenomena themselves are not—with *our* purpose: not you nor I nor the trance medium, nor even the receptive Foster, is responsible for them. Nature gives

them to us of her own motion. Despite her little deceits, like the Mantis and protective coloring, despite the misinterpretations of our ignorance, despite the relentlessness of her laws, by and large she is honest. The doubt of immortality is not over the innate reasonableness of the belief: the universe is immeasurably more reasonable with it than without it; but over its practicability after the body is gone. We, in our immeasurable wisdom, don't see how it can work—we don't see how a universe that we don't begin to know, which already has genius and beauty and love, and which seems to like to give us all it can—birds, flowers, sunsets, stars, Vermont, the Himalayas, and the Grand Canyon; which, most of all, has given us the insatiable soul, can manage to give us immortality. Well! Perhaps we ought not to be grasping—ought to call all we know and have, enough, and be thankful; but on whatever grounds we despair of more (if we're weak enough to despair), surely the least reasonable ground is that we cannot see more: the mole might as well swear that there is no Orion.

Sill compared the Cosmic Ocean with the Polar Sea then imagined. Peary has since proved that no such sea ever existed in fact. But in regard to the other, we have, since Sill wrote, been receiving strange messages which profess to come from explorers whom we knew before they left, and come often with their phraseology and mannerisms so close that if they came from any before-unexplored part of earth, no one would think of doubting them—so close that, even coming from sources generally held impossible, they startle us and convince many skeptical investigators of their genuineness, and draw from other investigators close and constant attention with an inclination toward acceptance inch by inch. On the other side, many people of high intelligence (though perhaps none with intelligence as high as James' or Lodge's) have declared the mere messages *a priori* fraudulent or obviously illusive.

Well, whatever they are, the case is not closed, and will not be until it is cleared up, even if, as James thinks not improbable, it takes a century: the facts are too insistent and too important. We know already that something does exist

to which every observer has given some such name as the Cosmic Ocean: the question is whether some messages from it are from explorers who have left us, or are from other sources; and if so, from what sources. That they were always forged by the messengers who bring them seems absolutely out of the question. Even Imperator and his gang, if they were unconsciously forged by Moses, and copied by Mrs. Piper, have fooled (if they have fooled) very few, and they have fooled, if they have fooled, because there were no facts with which to test them. But the facts in regard to G. P., the Thaw babies, Hodgson, and hosts of other alleged controls are abundant to prove that the presentations of them and the verisimilitude of their messages, are too nearly exact to be accidentally coincident figments of imagination, and so nearly exact as to be beyond any powers of mimicry that we understand, even supposing the mimic to be in possession of the data for mimicry, which at first was suspected, and now is overwhelmingly proved impossible.

But however bright anybody's hopes may be, it is not natural and would not be well that the prospect should absorb our constant attention. The principal reasons why it should not are found in the history of monasticism. The best that the prospect can do for us is to serve as a cheerful background for our duties and our sorrows; but this background once acquired, the natural place for our attention is on the duties, and, though harder to recognize, on the sorrows too, when our attention is called there.

At a final survey it all seems to me, as nearly as I can express it, about like this. We have grown up with anthropomorphic ideas of spirits. But the new physics and the new psychology, especially admitting telepathy, have materially modified them. To the latest science the ghost is still the essential personality we know here: but as already said, that is merely an individualized aggregate of cosmic vibrations with the power of producing on us certain impressions. That to produce those impressions, we must have that particular part of the vibrations which we call body is a very primitive notion, and to-day perhaps rather a stupid one. All the vibrations which we care for come in dreams, while the body lies almost as inactive as

if non-existent. We know now that after that portion of the vibrations consituting "the body" disappears, there still exists somewhere—perhaps only (though that is losing probability every day) in the memories of incarnate survivors, the capacity of impressing us, at least in the dream of life, as of old. And that life begins to look mightily as if it were the true life, the waking life being only ancillary to its development. Now with our anthropomorphic habits, we want to know "where" this abiding capacity to impress us abides. The thinkers generally say: In the Cosmic Reservoir, which I would rather express as the Psychic Ocean, boundless, fathomless, throbbing eternally.

The evidence seems very strong that the currents and inflows of the Psychic Ocean—or hadn't we better leave the metaphor (though perhaps you will call the changed terms but a new one) and say the telepathy from the Cosmic Soul?—can restore or create in the individual soul everything we have experienced or do experience, and probably infinitely more that we are to experience—that those currents can restore and continue lost thoughts and lost joys and lost loves; and make new combinations and evolutions that beggar all our experiences and imaginings. Regarded rightly, the brightest prospect we can conceive is that

> ".....we—all we—
> Are drifting rapidly
> And floating silently
> Into that unknown sea,
> Into eternity."

Some of the old arguments are taking on new aspects, and there are two of them so responsive to the pragmatic eddy in current thought that they may be worth drawing attention to. The first has weight only with those who, like perhaps most thinking men who went through the philosophic change introduced by Evolution, have known both denial and belief regarding immortality. It is the enormous increase brought by the belief to coherence and expansion in one's view of the Cosmic Relations. The second argument is in the following question, and will weigh with only those who find an affirmative answer: Does the course of my life seem to conform to some

plan, not mine, which is profoundly significant if I am to survive the combination called my body, and which is foolishness if I am not?

Now all this is going to appear to you either hifalutin nonsense, or a not unthinkable interpretation of facts, with some reasonable claim to be at least held provisionally until we get more facts. If it shall appear the former, regard an old man's vagaries as charitably as you can. If, happily for me, perhaps for both of us, it shall appear the latter, you may have found among all these dreams and metaphors and guesses, some word worth while.

Every book ought to contain things which will make its reader an inhabitant of a larger universe than he was before, and such is peculiarly the duty of any book attempting the themes of this one. Unless it has done that for you, it has failed. If it has done that, though I may never know that it has, the labor in it is compensated.

And now good-bye, and thank you for all your patience. We may not meet again here: for I leave soon; but whether we do or not, perhaps some time we will meet where meeting may be easier.

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Many words are indexed in various forms: e.g., Dream, Dream life, Dream states, Dreaming, Dreams, Hypnosis, Hypnotic, Hypnotism, Hypnotized.

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